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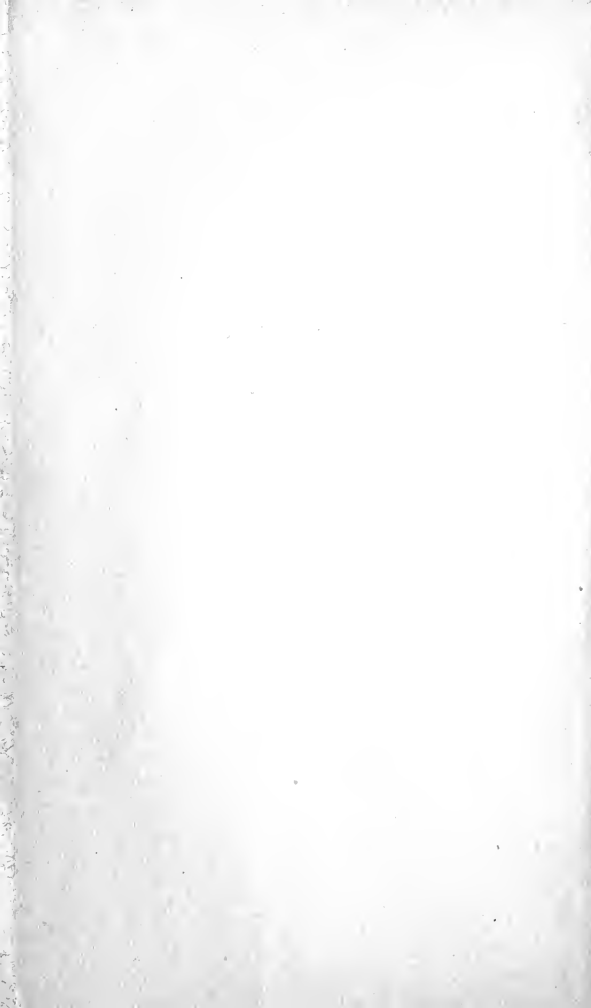












“The gayest heart, when its gaiety is that of innocence, is likewise often, when need is, the most grave; \* \* \* therefore will ‘*The Amulet*’ be not the less, nay, far the more pleasant in thy privacy, because the word ‘Christian’ is on its fair title page,—a sacred word, not misapplied, for a meek and unobtrusive religion breathes over its leaves in undying fragrance, so that ‘*The Amulet*’ may lie on the couch of the room where friends meet in health and cheerfulness,—or below the pillow of the room where sickness lies afar from sorrow, and the patient feels that no medicine is better for the weakness of the body than that which soothes and tranquillizes the soul.”

BLACKWOOD’S EDIN. MAG.

*This day is Published,*

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(The same size and shape as the volumes for 1828 and 1829.)

# THE JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT,

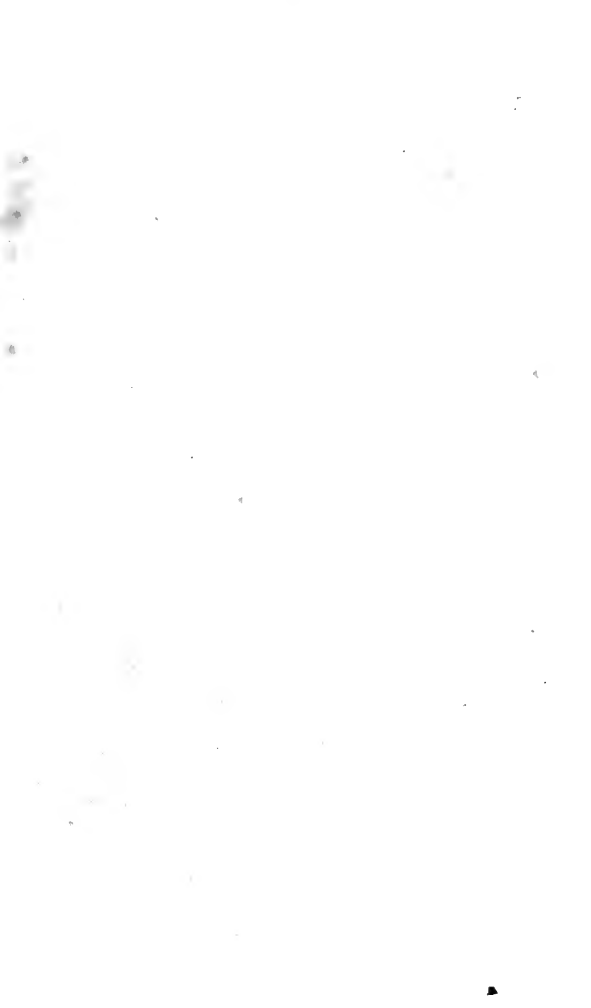
**For 1830.**

EDITED BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

A

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS' GIFT, OR BIRTH-DAY PRESENT,

Intended expressly for the instruction and amusement of Children.





THE

# A M U L E T;

A

CHRISTIAN AND LITERARY

REMEMBRANCER.

EDITED BY S. C. HALL.

LONDON:

FREDERICK WESTLEY AND A. H. DAVIS;  
AND R. WARDLE, PHILADELPHIA.

MDCCCXXX.

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1830  
9155  
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out 21

LONDON :

PRINTED BY JOHN WESTLEY AND CO., IVY LANE.

**POLYMERIZATION OF VINYL MONOMERS**

NOTES ON THE CONTRIBUTORS



## P R E F A C E.

IN submitting to the Public, a fifth volume of 'The Amulet,' the Editor ventures to express, with more than ordinary confidence, his hope, that the support he has hitherto experienced will be found to have stimulated him to those exertions, without which success cannot be of long duration.

While endeavouring to contribute to the innocent enjoyment of the most social period of the year, he has never ceased to remember that information may be blended with amusement, and that Religion is always most powerful when she is made to delight those whom it is her office to instruct.

## PREFACE.

To several distinguished patrons of British Art, at the head of whom is his Most Gracious Majesty, from whose collections the Editor has been permitted to select several valuable paintings, the engravings from which embellish his work, he is bound to return his grateful thanks; as well as to the various individuals to whose co-operation he is indebted for the excellence he ventures to attribute to the present volume.

In expressing his deep sense of the public support by which his labours have been rewarded, he feels it his duty to add, that his hopes of the future are raised upon experience of the past.

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## THE CRUCIFIXION.

CITY of God ! Jerusalem,  
    Why rushes out thy living stream ?  
The turban'd priest, the hoary seer,  
    The Roman in his pride are there !  
And thousands, tens of thousands, still  
Cluster round Calvary's wild hill.

Still onward rolls the living tide,  
    There rush the bridegroom and the bride ;  
Prince, beggar, soldier, Pharisee,  
    The old, the young, the bond, the free ;  
The nation's furious multitude,  
All maddening with the cry of blood.

'Tis glorious morn ;—from height to height  
Shoot the keen arrows of the light ;  
And glorious, in their central shower,  
Palace of holiness and power,  
The temple on Moriah's brow  
Looks a new risen sun below.

But woe to hill, and woe to vale !  
Against them shall come forth a wail :  
And woe to bridegroom and to bride !  
For death shall on the whirlwind ride :  
And woe to thee, resplendent shrine,  
The sword is out for thee and thine.

Hide, hide thee in the heavens, thou sun,  
Before the deed of blood is done !  
Upon that temple's haughty steep  
Jerusalem's last angels weep ;  
They see destruction's funeral pall  
Black'ning o'er Sion's sacred wall.

Like tempests gathering on the shore,  
They hear the coming armies' roar :  
They see in Sion's halls of state,  
The Sign that maketh desolate—  
The idol-standard—pagan spear,  
The tomb, the flame, the massacre.



They see the vengeance fall ; the chain,  
The long, long age of guilt and pain :  
The exile's thousand desperate years,  
The more than groans, the more than tears ;  
Jerusalem a vanished name,  
Its tribes earth's warning, scoff and shame.

Still pours along the multitude,  
Still rends the Heavens the shout of blood ;  
But in the murderer's furious van,  
Who totters on ? A weary man ;  
A cross upon his shoulders bound—  
His brow, his frame, one gushing wound.

And now he treads on Calvary.  
What slave upon that hill must die ?  
What hand, what heart, in guilt embrued,  
Must be the mountain vulture's food ?  
There stand two victims gaunt and bare,  
Two culprit emblems of despair.

Yet who the third ? The yell of shame  
Is frenzied at the sufferer's name.  
Hands clenched, teeth gnashing, vestures torn,  
The curse, the taunt, the laugh of scorn,  
All that the dying hour can sting,  
Are round thee now, thou thorn-crowned king !

Yet cursed and tortured, taunted, spurned,  
No wrath is for the wrath returned ;  
No vengeance flashes from the eye ;  
The sufferer calmly waits to die :  
The sceptre-reed, the thorny crown,  
Wake on that pallid brow no frown.

At last the word of death is given,  
The form is bound, the nails are driven ;  
Now triumph, Scribe and Pharisee !  
Now Roman, bend the mocking knee !  
The cross is reared. The deed is done.  
There stands MESSIAH's earthly throne !

This was the earth's consummate hour ;  
For this had blazed the prophet's power ;  
For this had swept the conqueror's sword,  
Had ravaged, raised, cast down, restored ;  
Persepolis, Rome, Babylon,  
For this ye sank, for this ye shone.

Yet things to which earth's brightest beam  
Were darkness—earth itself a dream.  
Foreheads on which shall crowns be laid  
Sublime, when sun and star shall fade :  
Worlds upon worlds, eternal things,  
Hung on thy anguish—King of Kings !

Still from his lip no curse has come,  
His lofty eye has looked no doom ;  
No earthquake-burst, no angel brand,  
Crushes the black, blaspheming band,  
What say those lips by anguish riven ?  
“ God, be my murderers forgiven ! ”

HE dies ! in whose high victory  
The slayer, death himself, shall die.  
HE dies ! by whose all-conquering tread  
Shall yet be crushed the serpent's head ;  
From his proud throne to darkness hurled,  
The god and tempter of this world.

HE dies ! Creation's awful Lord,  
Jehovah, Christ, Eternal Word !  
To come in thunder from the skies ;  
To bid the buried world arise ;  
The Earth his footstool ; Heaven his throne ;  
Redeemer ! may thy will be done.

*Χριστιανος.*

# THE TWO DELHIS.

A TURKISH TALE.

IN the year of the Christian era, 1390, Amurath the Great, the most powerful warrior and statesman that ever filled the Turkish throne, put himself at the head of an army of 200,000 men, to crush the last resistance of the Hungarians and Servians. The sternness of the Ottoman government had alienated the chief tribes of that immense region lying between the Adriatic and the Euxine; and the abilities and intrepidity of Lazarus, the prince of Servia, had combined their strength into an insurrection that threatened the empire of the Turks in Europe. Amurath, though nearly seventy years old, instantly rushed into the field, passed the Dardanelles, and clearing the way with an irresistible cavalry, laid the land in ruin up to the memorable plain of Cassovia. But there he found that he must fight for his supremacy. The army of the confederates of Hungary, Croatia, and Servia, reinforced by knights and eminent

soldiers from France and Germany, were seen drawn up before him, under the command of Lazarus. The Ottoman troops had never encountered so formidable an enemy, and even the invincible Lord of the Janizaries began to fear for the result of the day. The battle commenced, as usual in the Turkish warfare, by successive charges of cavalry. They were repulsed, and the mass pressed back towards the infantry, where the Sultan had continued, sitting upon his horse, and waiting for the tidings from the troops engaged. While he was nervously listening to every sound of the struggle, he saw two of his Delhis, that corps of desperadoes, which always, as a forlorn hope, heads the Turkish charge, rushing back from the field. Amurath galloped up to meet them. They were both covered with wounds; and their chargers were evidently exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood; yet they bounded through the thicket and broken ground with extraordinary rapidity, and the Sultan could catch but a sentence from each as they darted by him. The first cried out, "Thou shalt conquer!" The second, "Thou shalt be conquered!" then instantly plunged into the depths of the forest, and pursuit was vain. Amurath, like all his countrymen, was superstitious; and the contradiction of his Delhis seemed a foreboding of some strange catastrophe. But there was now no time for thought. He advanced at the head of the Janizaries, gradually bore down all resistance, and,

after a day of various change and memorable havoc, remained master of the field, and with it, of the destinies of Servia.

But, even in the tumult of battle and of triumph, the words of the Delhis were not forgotten; and Amurath, while still in the field, ordered that they should be brought before him,—the prophet of good to receive a present, and the prophet of evil to pay for his presumption by the loss of his head.

They were speedily found, and brought before this resistless dispenser of life and death. Yet, as the Delhis prided themselves on their love of hazard, both men kept a firm countenance, and seemed to have even taken advantage of the few moments of delay afforded them, to clear the dust and gore from their forms and features. They were two remarkably handsome soldiers, and with but little difference except in colour, one having come of the bright-skinned race of Georgia, and the other wearing the deep tinge of Asia Minor.

“Thou saidst,” was the Sultan’s exclamation to the Asiatic, “that I should conquer.”

“Said I not true?” was the soldier’s reply.

At a sign from Amurath, a purse of a thousand sequins, a pelisse, and a richly caparisoned charger were the reward of the lucky prediction.

“And thou saidst that I should be conquered,” was the scornful observation to his Georgian comrade.

“Said I not true?” was the reply.

The Pashas were indignant at the mockery, and would have cut him to pieces on the spot. But Amurath, respecting the dignity of justice in a strange land, ordered that he should be reserved for death after evening prayer.

The sun was going down when the Sultan, awaiting the return of his son Bajazet from the pursuit, walked over the field, attended by the Vizier and a glittering train of Beys and Agas. He paused on reaching a spot where the last charge of the Janizaries had decided the day; and pointing to a heap of the dead, laughed at the weakness of prediction.

“There,” said he, “lie those who were to have trampled on my turban.—Yet last night I had a dream that disturbed me. I thought that a man stood beside my couch, and summoned me to walk forth. I followed him, and the spot was not unlike the one where we now are. He fiercely accused me of blood; I resisted the charge, and would have turned away. But he seized me with an irresistible strength, stamped on the ground, and from a multitude of dead two rose up at his command. They had the hue of the grave, but both wore golden diadems. On the head of one the diadem was complete, though stained with gore. On the head of the other it was also stained, but it was broken, and round the neck was a heavy chain. While I gazed,

life came into their faces, and in one of them I recognized my own countenance, and in the other that of my son."

The Vizier, prostrating himself, said, "May the evil be to the enemies of my lord. What are dreams, but the inventions of the spirits of the air? So saith the book of wisdom, the volume of the prophet."

"True," exclaimed the Sultan with a smile, "dreams are the work of folly, and let fools alone believe them; this day's chances are over."

He turned away disdainfully, and grasped the mane of his horse, that he might ride to welcome Bajazet, who was now seen coming back in triumph at the head of the cavalry. His foot accidentally struck one of the wounded lying on the field. The man, though at the point of death, rose on his knee, and gave a bewildered look round him. The Sultan held his foot suspended in the stirrup as he gazed with a fixed eye on the wild yet singularly grand figure, thus rising as from the tomb, there in the next moment to return.

"Is the battle to the Christian or the Infidel?" asked the warrior.

"God is great," said the Sultan, "and the dogs have died the death."

The man sprang on his feet, and drove his sabre up to the hilt in the Sultan's bosom. They fell side by side.



“Now we are equal,” he exclaimed with his last breath; “the master and the slave are one. Amurath has died by the hand of Lazarus.”

Amurath lived two hours. He sent for the Delhi who had so ominously predicted his fate, and with a more than oriental magnanimity, ordered that he should not merely be set at liberty, but rewarded. The mighty lord of the Ottoman then expired, recommending both the Delhis to his son’s protection, as brave soldiers and tellers of the truth—a rare distinction in a land of slavery.

Bajazet was himself a desperado, and he loved the furious bravery of the Delhis. Achmet the Georgian, and Murad the Asiatic, were taken into his guards, and became his peculiar favourites. Both were alike handsome, intelligent, and brave. Yet there were differences of character, sufficiently palpable, even in their soldiership. The Georgian was chivalric, showy, and generous in his pursuit of his master’s favour. The bravery of the Asiatic was ferocious, he loved battle for its plunder and its massacre. Murad rapidly gained ground in the congenial ferocity of the young Sultan.

“What shall I do with that boy?” exclaimed Bajazet, gloomily, one day, as he saw his young brother Zelibi riding, and throwing the spear, with an activity that raised shouts of applause.

“Make him Governor of one of your provinces,”

said Achmet, "and teach him the art of doing honour to the great Prince who has placed him there, and good to the people."

Bajazet continued to ponder.

"What says my brave Murad?" were his first words.

"The Osmanli must have but one Sultan at a time," was the answer.

Bajazet's sullen smile showed that he felt the full meaning of his councillor. On that night the bow-string was round the neck of Zelibi, and the first instance given of the tremendous succession of fratricides that have dipped the Ottoman throne in perpetual gore. The dawn saw Murad, Aga of the Janizaries.

The history of this famous Sultan was thenceforth the history of perpetual triumph. Europe trembled at the name of Bajazet. The rapidity of his marches, the vigorous decision of his councils, and the tremendous remorselessness of his vengeance, struck the continent with alarm; and all the minor fears and feuds of the European princes were absorbed in the one great terror of seeing the Turkish arms flooding every kingdom; Christendom seemed about to shrink and be extinguished in the mighty shadow of Mahometanism. The Osmanli hailed Bajazet as the sent of heaven, the conqueror on whose lips had descended the wisdom of Mahomet, and in whose hand

was grasped the scimitar of Ali. The universal name for him, through the East, was "Ilderim," the lightning. They saw in him the embodied principle of strength and terror, heaven-descended, and heaven-sustained, resistless by human power, and inexhaustible by human devastation; inscrutable in its movements as the fire from the clouds, and at once the most fearful and the most magnificent of the agents of the Divine will.

His first exploit was the seizure of the silver mines of Servia. In the year of his ascending the throne, he rushed from Asia, and before the Servians could collect their forces, was seen pouring his armed thousands through the passes of her mountains. He found their capital, Cracova, almost defenceless. But it contained the principal Servian nobles and their families, who had fled from the invasion. They sent a deputation to entreat him to spare their city. He received them on horseback, at the head of the Spahis. Achmet and Murad were still at his side; but Achmet still wore the simple vesture of a private Delhi. Murad glittered like a sunbeam in the superb dress of General of the Turkish cavalry. The Sultan demanded their advice. "Spare the suppliant, and take the tribute. Is it not so written?" said Achmet. "The scent of the blood of the unbeliever is more precious than all the gums of Arabia. Is it not so written?" was the answer of Murad. The new Pasha's advice was congenial to the spirit of the Sultan. He

ordered the Janizaries to the attack. Cracova, reduced to despair, made a heroic resistance, and repelled the first assault. In the night offers were made to capitulate. The offers were accepted by the Sultan; but the first sound at day-break was the thunder of the cavalry pouring in at the open gates; and the last sound at evening was the dying curse of the last inhabitant of Cracova.

A long course of unbroken successes followed; and in them all the Sultan was attended by the two Delhis. Their characters continued the same,—Achmet perpetually the adviser of peace, mercy, and justice. Murad the perpetual spur to the ambition, boldness, and vengeance of his master. The natural wonder of the Court was, that the adviser, who so resolutely thwarted the impulses of his Sovereign, had not long before expiated his obstinate honesty by the bow-string. Yet the troops would have reluctantly seen Achmet destroyed. His fearlessness and singular sagacity, in some of the most trying moments of the war, had secured to him the respect of this fierce soldiery; and his habitual gentleness and attention to the sufferings that all war produces, even among the conquerors, made them form many a wish that when peace should return them at last to their homes in Asia, those homes might be under the government of Achmet the Delhi. Bajazet endured him, from the mere facility of extinguishing him when he

pleased. He spared him as the tiger spares the dog in his cage, conscious that a single grasp of his talons could crush out his life.

Murad's rights to eminence allowed no wonder; he was pre-eminent in soldiership, the great talent of the day. His military invention seemed inexhaustible; he remodelled the troops, and established a discipline that in itself was equivalent to victory. He was the unfailing resource of the Sultan in the intricacies of council, and of the army in the difficulties of the field. When Murad mounted his horse, the battle was looked upon as decided, and the event never fell short of the omen. His personal appearance might alone have been a claim to popular admiration. Among the noblest figures and countenances on earth, the Osmanli, Murad was the handsomest. The surpassing skill with which he rode, the singular distance to which he threw the lance, the extraordinary force with which his scimitar cleft alike the cuirass and the turban, were the unceasing admiration of the troops; and to be like Murad Pasha in any one of his crowd of warlike accomplishments, was amongst the highest aspirations equally of the court and the field.

Constantinople had been the grand hope of all the Turkish conquerors, from the hour when, in the 13th century Othman, the son of the Turkoman Ortogrul, first girded on the scimitar in the mountains of Bithynia; to the triumph of Mahomet II., and

the death of the last Emperor in the last entrenchment of his famous city. Bajazet had already approached it twice; had broken the Greek troops, had marched within sight of the golden Crescent on the summit of Santa Sophia, and had each time been forced away by distant hostilities. But those impediments were at length overcome. He had crushed the loose squadrons of the Karamanian princes, divided their dominions among his Pashas, and dragged the unfortunate sovereigns in chains with his army. The great Hungarian insurrection under King Sigismond, in which the revolters, confident in their multitudes, loftily boasted, that "were the sky now to fall, they could prop it up with their spears," was extinguished in the blood of the nation, and the Sultan was without a rival. On the evening of that memorable victory, Bajazet, wearied by the fatigues of the day, threw himself on his couch, and sank into a heavy slumber, which lasted till midnight. His attendants had long observed that he was violently agitated in his sleep, and he started up in singular disturbance, ordering Achmet and Murad to be instantly sent for.

"My father Amurath," said he to the Delhis, "died for his contempt of a dream. Listen to mine, and interpret for me, if you can. I thought that as I was sleeping in this tent, I heard a voice calling me to walk forth. I rose. It was morning. All signs of

the battle had disappeared; and I saw a country covered with verdure and harvest. But I saw what was to me worth all other sights on earth, the battlements and palaces of Constantinople rising more magnificent than ever before me. I would have rushed towards them, but felt myself plucked back by an invisible hand. Twice I made the effort, and was twice baffled. In my despair I cursed my destiny, and demanded of the prophet to strike me with his lightnings, or to make me master of the city of the golden towers.

“ The thunder rolled above, and the bolt struck the ground at my feet. From the spot in which it plunged, I saw two founts of water gush up; they swelled with astonishing rapidity, and rushed forward, in two vast streams, direct towards the city. I longed to plunge into the first that would bear me into glorious possession. At that moment I heard your disastrous voice, Achmet, and saw you at my side. I felt instinctively that you were come to thwart me, and expected to hear some of your chilling wisdom. But, to my surprise you pointed to the walls, and declared that you were come to guide me there. I followed, and we sailed down one of the rivers. The stream was singularly bright, and I could count the smallest pebble at the bottom. It spread as we advanced; and the verdure on its banks grew continually richer;—the sky was reflected on its bosom with matchless beauty; and crowds of travellers, with

their horses and camels, came to drink securely of the waters. Yet, with the spreading of the stream I found that its swiftness had diminished. It made a thousand bends and wanderings from the direct course ; and, though it wandered through a country of still increasing richness, yet Constantinople seemed almost as far off as ever.

“ I grew impatient, and sprang upon the bank. There, Murad, I found you awaiting me ; and your advice was like what your own gallant and decided soul has always given. ‘ Try the swifter stream at all hazards.’ We left Achmet to his eternal voyage, and embarked on the untried stream.

“ Nothing could be less like the river that we had left : it rushed down with the force and dashing of a mountain torrent. I saw Constantinople constantly enlarging on the eye, and growing visibly more worthy of the triumph of the son of Othman. Yet, if our course was swift, it was perilous ; we swept over rocks every instant, and darted through billows that almost shook our chaloupe to pieces. The water too had lost its transparency, and was stained with blood, and encumbered with wrecks and remnants of the dead. I felt a strange feebleness growing upon me ; but still I went on. Our course was now swifter than the swiftness of a lance flung by a powerful hand. The stream had again changed its hue ; and from the deep crimson of recent massacre was of



the brightness of gold. My spirit revived. We were rushing down a torrent of actual gold. I touched it, I grasped it, I exulted in the consciousness that I was master of infinite treasure. I looked upon the countenance of my guide. It still bore your features, Murad ; but it was of even a bolder cast. His glance was loftier, and his words, few and solemn, sank into the soul with a power that I had never felt from man. He smiled haughtily at my weakness, and pointed to the gates of the city, which already rose with visible grandeur above our heads. I uttered a shout of joy.

“ The swiftness of the vessel now outstripped the eagle’s wing. My sight was dazzled by the frightful speed with which we shot down between the rugged banks of this tremendous stream. The roar of whirlpools and the thunder of cataracts was in my ears. I glanced again at my fearful guide. His visage was sterner than ever ; but its dignity was gone. The noble features were heightened and sharpened with an expression of indescribable scorn : but in the eye which had so lately beamed with the splendours of the mighty mind, the glory was no more, and its look was fixed above, with an expression of pain and woe that smote me like the arrow of the angel of death. I turned from it in fear, and bent my eyes on the stream. Its hue was again changed. The gold had darkened, and streaks of sullen fire were shooting along its surface.

The thickening flames burst upwards; we were in a torrent of fire.

“I now felt many a pang for the rashness of abandoning the guidance of Achmet; but it was too late. I thought of the smoothness of the river, the softness of the perfumed and refreshing breeze, the luxuriance and fertility of the landscape, and the brilliant glory of the sky above. Round me all was terrible contrast. We darted down between walls and straits of sullen precipice, that rose to the very heavens; the light grew darker at every plunge of the vessel, the precipices closed over our heads, and at length we rushed through a perpetual cavern, with no other light than that of the flames which curled and dashed away before our prow. My heart panted with terror inexpressible. My tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, I felt scorched and suffocating. In this extremity I raised my half-blinded eyes to you for help. But with a gesture of haughty scorn you pointed to the torrent. It was now a bed of liquid fire, boiling and rushing redly along, like metal from the furnace. I gazed in a frenzy of fear, that took away all strength from me. My heart was withered and collapsed within me. My sinews were dried up. I was an infant in nerve; but in the agony of feebleness I was a thousand years old. As I gazed on the torrent, I saw it filled with hideous life. Along its billows I saw forms and faces slowly rise, distorted as if in torment. I saw my mighty ancestor Othman,

in the wolf-skin that he wore when he first rushed down from the Caucasus. By his side rose my father Amurath, as I saw him on the night of his death at Cassovia. Then followed a long succession of Sultans glancing on me with fierce and tortured visages, and rolling along the stream thick with turbans and jewels, broken armour, and the glittering fragments of thrones. A wild shout at length roused me. I lifted my eyes and saw that all my hopes were on the point of triumph. We were at the gates of Constantinople; the outcry was from the Greeks gathered upon the battlements in despair. I rushed exultingly forward. At that moment I felt myself grasped by a hand to whose strength mine was like the reed waving in the wind. The hand was Murad's, yet Murad no longer, but a gigantic figure, surrounded with lightnings, and flinging out two mighty pinions, black as thunder clouds, upon the air. He caught me, and held me quivering over the torrent. My yell was answered by a withering laugh that echoed round the horizon. We rushed on—we reached the edge of the cataract. My eye recoiled from its unfathomable steep. I was plunged in. Prophet of Heaven, can such things be but a dream! I felt every moment of the measureless descent. I felt with the keenness of tenfold life the contact of the burning torrent. I shot down its depths with the rapidity of a stone from the brow of a mountain. The fire seized upon every nerve and

fibre of my frame, I felt it penetrating through my veins, drinking up my blood, becoming a portion of my being. I was changing my nature, but with a living susceptibility of torture beyond all the powers of flesh and blood. I became fire, intense, imperishable, essential fire."

The Sultan, overcome by the recollection of his horrors, sank on the ground: and remained, for some time, helpless and exhausted. But his natural vigour of mind at length threw off his bodily depression, and he demanded, what was to be done. Achmet was silent. "Speak," said his haughty master, "you have followed me ten years; yet your obstinacy has kept you in the turban of a Delhi still. Be silent now, and you may have no head for even the turban of a Delhi." He was still silent. But Murad's cheerful and bold voice interposed. He laughed at the idleness of dreams, and intreated the Sultan to overlook the folly of his old comrade; and to refresh his own wearied frame with the banquet. It was brought, and among its luxuries was wine. Bajazet, in all his military excesses, had preserved the personal temperance which is not more a dictate of Mahometanism, than a precaution of health in the feverish climates of the East. But on this night of anxiety, excited by the example of Murad, whose love of wine was known to the camp, he drank freely. In the height of the banquet, a Tartar rode into the camp bearing letters from Constantinople.

The Emperor Manuel had been driven from the throne by his nephew John, aided by the troops of the Sultan. But the same despatch which announced the accession of the new Emperor, announced that he, in the pride of sudden power, refused to perform the stipulations for the aid of Bajazet. The Sultan's eye sparkled with ferocious triumph at this excuse for the long meditated seizure of the capital of Greece. He ordered the trumpets to sound instantly through the camp, and the Spahis to mount. Murad filled a goblet of wine to the success of the expedition, and on the knee presented it to the Sultan. As he was lifting it to his lips, he glanced on Achmet; the Delhi's eye was fixed on him with ominous melancholy. Bajazet involuntarily shrank, but his haughty temper overcame the instinctive alarm, and he demanded, whether he was to be "always thwarted by the insolent rebuke of a slave."

"The slave and the Sultan have alike one master," was Achmet's calm reply.

Bajazet, with a livid lip, retorted, "The earth does not contain the master of the Sultan."

"Neither the earth nor the heaven of heavens contains him," answered the Delhi, with increasing firmness, "but that master lives, and solemnly and terribly will he demand the innocent blood at the hands of the bloodshedder."

The tone sank with strange power into the hearer's

soul, and he looked to Murad for assistance. But he found it there speedily. Murad, with the most profound prostration, stooped before the agitated Sultan, and imploring him to rely on the prudence, zeal, and attachment of his faithful followers, again presented the cup. Then, suddenly starting on his feet, he poured forth his eloquent indignation against the ingratitude, the coldness, and the treachery of an advice, which, by depriving the Ottoman of the glories of war, when its noblest prize was in his grasp, must be intended to stain the lustre of the past, and break down the strength of the empire of the faithful for all time.

Bajazet found it impossible to withdraw his eyes from this energetic councillor. Murad seemed to have derived a new dignity of presence from his noble wrath at the tardiness of his old comrade. His stature appeared loftier, his gesture more commanding. The natural beauty of his singularly handsome countenance glowed and beamed with a more intellectual and impressive beauty, as the words rushed from his lips in a torrent of proud and generous feeling.

“Ask,” said the fascinated Sultan, “ask what you will, even to the half of my throne, and this hour it shall be granted.”

“Evil be to the enemies of my lord,” was the submissive reply. Then, turning to the Delhi, “Let my reward be—the head of the traitor Achmet.”

The Sultan paused. The long services of his

brave but uncourtly follower rose in his recollection ; the suspicion that Murad's jealousy of an adviser so near the throne had mingled with his zeal, perplexed him ; and he remained lost in thought. But a sudden burst of martial music flourished on the air. A shout of the camp, on hearing the signal for the march, followed. Murad took advantage of the new impulse, gave the cup to his quivering lip, saw it drunk off, and, as the Sultan rushed from the tent to his charger, heard the triumph of his ambition in the words, " Let the Delhi die." On that night Murad was Vizier !

Before morning, the Turkish army were in full march for Constantinople. The Greek Emperor, himself an usurper, could throw but few obstacles in the way of a force of 200,000 men, the most warlike in Europe, accustomed to conquer, and commanded by the boldest sovereign of his age. They were driven before the Spahis, like chaff before the wind. The entrenchments of Adrianople and Byrza were reddened with the blood of the best soldiers of the Palæologi, and the banner of Bajazet waved on the heights that command Constantinople. The triple rampart of the Constantines alone lay between the Sultan and the most magnificent conquest that ever tempted the ambition of man. By his position on the Bends, or great reservoirs of water, and on the chief road, by which provisions were brought into the city,

he had the alternative, of either gradually reducing the population by famine, or overthrowing them by storm. His fierce nature, already stimulated to the height of military pride, determined on the quicker execution of the sword. The Janizaries were ordered to assault the "golden gate" by day break. But at midnight a Tartar rode up to the Sultan's tent; Bajazet was still at the table, where he had now accustomed himself to indulge. The Tartar's despatches were put into Murad's hands, and the bold spirits of the favourite and his master were alike chafed by their perusal. They bore at the head, the name of Timourlenk, the Tamerlane of after-times, already terrible through the east; and commanded Bajazet to withdraw from the walls of Constantinople.

"Dost thou not know, Turkoman," was the language of this memorable letter, "that Asia is vanquished by us?—that our invincible fortresses stretch from sea to sea?—that the kings of the earth form a line before our gate?—that we have extinguished chance, and made fortune watch over our empire? And what art thou, but a robber, and the son of robbers? What are thy horsemen, but swift to flee; and thy Janizaries, but dust to be swept away by the shaking of my banners? Thou, thyself, art but a worm. Wilt thou dare to meet the feet of my elephants? Fool, they will trample thee, and not know that they have trodden thee into nothing.



Leave the city of the Greek, and bow down the head of a slave at the feet of the Mongol."

Fire flashed from the Sultan's eyes as he heard this epistle. He tore it into a thousand fragments, and ordered the Janizaries instantly to the attack. But a new obstacle arose. The serenity of an oriental night was changed into tempest. The Janizaries, accustomed to brave the elements and man alike, still advanced. But the tempest thickened round them; the leading columns lost their way; deluges of rain fell, and disordered their ranks; the fosses at the foot of the rampart were found full; thunderbolts and flashes of lightning dazzled and broke the troops; and, almost without resistance from the walls, they were repelled with the loss of thousands.

Bajazet, in his fury, cursed the elements, and the power that had armed the elements against him. But he had now no time for indolent wrath. Every hour brought into his camp crowds of pashas and generals, full of fearful news of their own defeats and the irresistible advances of Timour. They described his army as rushing on, less like a human force, than an ocean. "The torch and the sword were the crown and sceptre of the Mongol. Cities, fortresses, fields, the forest, the mountain, all were rolled in a sea of fire. Man, and the works of man, were engulfed; and all that remained behind, to tell of the march of Timour, was ashes."

Bajazet would have made one desperate effort more to seize Constantinople; but, for the first time, he found Murad opposed to him. The favourite, no longer in fear of a rival influence, had become stern and imperative; and Bajazet felt that he had established a tyranny over himself. But he felt a strange powerlessness of mind in the presence of the Vizier. And with many a bitter regret, and many a sensation of indignant wonder at suffering another's control, he gave the order to break up, and pass the Bosphorus to meet the invader. Every hour of his advance through the lesser Asia, gave fatal proof of the necessity of destroying or being destroyed by his enemy. The old fury of Timour in Tartary and Hindostan was tame to the unbridled devastation that he let loose within the Ottoman frontier. The assault of Sebastî, on the borders of Anatolia, where he buried alive the garrison of four thousand Armenians; the ruin of Aleppo and Damascus; and the pyramid of ninety thousand heads raised as a monument of wrath on the remnants of Bagdad, remain among the recollections that to this hour make the name of Timour terrible to the Osmanli.

The ambassador of Bajazet found him in the midst of the conflagration of Aleppo. The Mongol affected the language of humility, "You see me here," was his singular harangue, "a poor, lame, decrepit mortal, yet by my arms has the eternal been pleased to smite

the great kingdoms. He has, with my arrows, brought down the flight of Iran, Turan, and Hindostan. Heaven is powerful! by my spear he has opened the veins of the Tartar, and smote the Chinese on his throne; but by the blowing of my poor breath he will sweep away the pride of the Sultan. I am not a man of blood! heaven is my witness, always have I been attacked first. But heaven is my witness, that the sons of misfortune are they who attack the lame, lowly-hearted, and dying Timour."

This extraordinary harangue of pride, scorn, and superstition, which is still among the traditions of the Mongol, was repeated, word for word, by the Tartar envoys, in the presence of Bajazet. It was poison to his feverish soul; he tore his beard at the insult, and ordered the death of the envoys, and the immediate march of the army. But while the pen for his signature to the order of death was in his hand, the curtains of the tent opened, and one of the wandering Derveishes that attend a Turkish camp, solemnly walked in. Even the fury of war respects the Derveish; but the striking and stately presence of this man commanded veneration. He was in the deepest vale of years, yet his step was full of majesty, and his countenance had the powerful intelligence of a being that seemed to borrow light from that world of splendour on whose verge he was treading. "Spare the innocent blood," were the first and only words of the Derveish. Murad, with

a cry of loyal wrath at this defiance of his master, sprang on his feet, and rushed with his scymetar drawn to strike off the intruder's head. But the look of the old man excited a strange power over the Vizier, and the scimitar remained suspended, The Derveish fixed his gaze upon the Sultan, "Let my Lord think of mercy," said he, bending before the throne, "all are mortal; and Sultan Bajazet, who can tell, but He who sitteth above the stars, whose voice may be next raised to call for pardon?" The speech was answered only by a smile of supreme scorn from Murad. But that smile decided the Sultan, he waved his hand thrice, the usual sign for execution, and the envoys were led out to be massacred. The Derveish had left the tent in the confusion, and was no where to be found. Battle was now inevitable; and on the third day of his march Bajazet poured his army into the memorable plain of Angora.

Since the fall of the Roman Empire under the northern barbarians, dominion was never fought for on so gigantic a scale as by the armies that now moved from the extremities of Asia, to fatten the soil with their blood. Bajazet brought into the field four hundred thousand horse and foot of the most famous and highest disciplined troops in the world. Timour, gathering his force on the mountains, rushed down with twice the number, inferior in their equipment and order, but accustomed to Asiatic war; and

confiding in the splendid genius, and still more in the perpetual prosperity of their mighty chieftain. The battle was fought in the year 1401; the year of the Hegira 804. During the early part of this tremendous encounter, Bajazet drove all before him. The square of the Janizaries, flanked by two columns of thirty thousand cavalry, trampled down the light-armed multitude of the Mongols, and the battle seemed won. It is recorded that, exactly as the day was in the meridian, Bajazet, spurring his horse up a slight ascent in the centre of the plain, and seeing it covered to the horizon with the flying squadrons, cried aloud, with a gesture of pride and scorn to the sun, "that thenceforth he might hide his beams, for Bajazet should be the glory of the world." A well-known voice sounded in his ear, "By pride fell the angel of the stars." He turned, and to his unspeakable surprise saw at his side Achmet the Delhi. "By pride," said another voice, "that fallen angel is still king of the air." The voice was Murad's, who had just ascended the hill, and was gazing at the defeat of the enemy. A sudden roar of battle below checked the Sultan's answer; and brandishing his lance, and giving his horse the rein, he rushed forward, with but one wild exclamation; "Nor heaven nor hell shall snatch this victory out of my hand!"

The battle had been renewed. Timour's reserve, in itself an army, had advanced and charged the

Janizaries ; fatigue, and the intense heat of a burning day of Asia, had exhausted those brave troops ; but the arrival of Bajazet, as he rode shouting in front of the immense square, and the brilliant courage of the Vizier, gave them new strength, and they repelled the charge with desperate slaughter. The Sultan now ordered the cavalry to advance and trample the disordered ranks of the enemy ; but a sudden shout was heard, and the whole of the Anatolian horse wheeling round, galloped off to the standard of Timour, leaving the flank of the Janizaries uncovered. The cry of treachery spread, and all was immediate ruin. The Mongol arrows came showering in incessant flights ; charge upon charge, the grand manœuvre of Timour's battles, wore down the Ottomans. On that day the square had repulsed nineteen distinct attacks ; but the Sultan, as the sun was just touching the horizon, saw that a more formidable attack was preparing, and saw, with a bitter reflection on his boast, that the light of his glory on that day was not to survive the decline of the great luminary. The twilight is rapid in the climates of the south, and objects were scarcely visible beyond a few paces, when the Sultan heard a trampling, which shook the ground under him. He knew it to be the movement of Timour's whole reserve of cavalry. The dust came before them like a whirlwind ; and the screams and clashing of arms, as they tore their way over the Turkish squadrons in his

front, told with what irresistible force they must soon reach the spot where he sadly stood, amid the last veterans of his once magnificent army. "The hour is come for us all to die," said the dejected monarch. "Blessed are they who die in the act of mercy," said Achmet, stooping over his saddle-bow to give a cup of water to a wounded soldier. "Glorious are they who die in the act of vengeance," exclaimed Murad, as he put spurs to his horse, and darted forward into the darkness, with the force of a thunderbolt.

He returned at full speed, dragging a young Mongol chieftain by the hair. Bajazet's simitar already flashed over the prisoner's head. The voice of Achmet again restrained his fury. "To every man," said the Delhi, "are given at his birth two angels—one to destroy, and one to save; which will the Sultan obey?" His hearer paused. But Murad spurred up to his side, and, pointing to the prisoner, exclaimed, "There stands the only offspring of Timour." The blood boiled in Bajazet's bosom at the thought; he whirled the weapon round his head to make the blow sure; but at the same instant he felt as if his brain were crushed in by a blow of a mace, and dropped under his horse's feet. While he lay writhing on the ground, in the last paroxysm of ruined ambition and thwarted love of blood, he saw the countenance of Achmet change. It gazed upon him with a sublime pity. He saw the form dilate into supernatural loftiness and

grandeur. He saw beauty the most divine, surrounded with a light of unearthly glory. The Delhi was no more. The figure rose by instinctive power on the air, and with its countenance of sorrow fixed on him to the last, rose into the heavens.

A voice of derision rang in the Sultan's ear. The Vizier was beside him, still grasping the head of the Mongol. But Bajazet saw alone the robes of the Vizier; the visage was wild, keen, and writhing with furious passions. The guide of his evil voyage stood there; he saw him suddenly assume the aspect of the fallen angels. Blasphemy burst from the lips of the evil one; flame swept round him; and bidding the Sultan to despair and die, he swept away with a force like the rushing of a whirlwind. The light vanished from Bajazet's eyes, and he sank insensible. On that day his tyranny, his ambition, his freedom, and his throne, had passed away for ever.

The chief of the Tartars, the Zagatai Khan, found him in the field under a heap of corpses, and brought him in chains to the feet of Timour. But the conquered prince was spared the consciousness of his degradation. His sense was gone, he was a raving madman; and in this state he was carried at the head of Timour's march through Asia Minor, as a terrible example of the wrath of the universal conqueror.

But the Sultan had fallen under a more powerful hand. In this moving dungeon, the iron cage, so



widely commemorated in Eastern history, he was often heard reproaching himself wildly for the crime of resisting his guardian spirit. He was heard through the night calling on the name of Achmet, whom he described as invested with the splendours of Paradise; or shrinking in tones and gestures of horror from the evil supremacy of Murad. "Son of Eblis," he would exclaim, "why was I not taught by the vision of my early days to dread your counsel? Why was not my demon-guide down the torrent of fire and blood revealed to me under the visage of the Vizier? Why were power, and beauty, valour, and eloquence combined in the fiend? And why was the good angel hidden in the humble friendship of the Delhi?"

Thus he raved in the anguish of a broken mind, a spectacle of astonishment and fear to the East, until, in the tenth month of his captivity, he was one morning found dead, with his breast torn and crushed against the bars of his cage.

Αλκαίος.

# MY NATIVE VALE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

## I.

My native vale, my native vale,  
In visions and in dreams  
I see your towers and trees, and hear  
The music of your streams :  
I feel the fragrance of the thorn  
Where lovers loved to meet ;  
I walk upon thy hills and see  
Thee slumbering at my feet.  
In every knoll I see a friend,  
In every tree a brother,  
And clasp thy breast, as I would clasp  
The bosom of my mother.

## II.

There stands the tottering tower I climbed,  
And won the falcon's brood ;  
There flows the stream I've trysted through,  
When it was wild in flood ;  
There is the fairy glen—the pools  
I mused in youth among,  
The very nook where first I poured  
Forth inconsidered song :  
And stood with gladness in my heart,  
And bright hope on my brow—  
Ah! I had other visions then  
Than I have visions now.

## III.

I went unto my native vale—  
Alas ! what did I see ?  
At every door strange faces, where  
Glad looks once welcomed me :  
The sunshine faded on the hills,  
The music left the brooks,  
The song of its unnumbered larks  
Was as the voice of rooks ;  
The plough had been in all my haunts,  
The axe had touched the grove,  
And death had followed—there was nought  
Remained for me to love.

## IV.

My native vale, farewell ! farewell !—

My father, on thy hearth

The light's extinguished—and thy roof

No longer rings with mirth ;

There sits a stranger on thy chair ;

And they are dead and gone

Who charmed my early life—all—all

Sleep 'neath the church-yard stone :

There's nought moves save yon round red moon,

Nought lives, but that pure river

That lived when I was young—all—all

Are gone—and gone for ever.

## V.

Keir with thy pasture mountains green,

Drumlanrig with thy towers ;

Carse with thy lily banks and braes,

And Blackwood with thy bowers ;

And fair Dalswinton with thy walks

Of scented thorn and holly,

Where some had toiled the day, and shared

The night 'tween sense and folly.

Farewell, farewell, your flowers will glad

The bird, and feed the bee,

And charm ten thousand hearts—although

No more they'll gladden me.

## VI.

I stood within my native vale,  
Fast by the river brink,  
And saw the long and yellow corn,  
'Neath shining sickles sink—  
I heard the fair-haired maidens wake  
Songs of the latter day;  
And joyed to see the bandsmen smile,  
Albeit their locks were grey;  
I thought on mine own musings—when  
Men shook their tresses hoary,  
And said, “ alas !” and named my name,  
“ Thou art no heir of glory !”

# THE TEARS OF VIRGIL.

A SONNET.

BY RICHARD GOOCH, ESQ. OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE,  
CAMBRIDGE.

“ Un beau fantome, au visage vermeil,  
Sur un rayon detache du soleil.”

*La Pucelle.*

As if the Heavens had reveal'd the sight,  
Robed in the majesty of other years,  
A spirit-form, whose eyes were dim with tears,  
Stood on the capitol's revered height  
Surveying Rome! Imperial—fallen Rome!  
For century on century had pass'd,  
Since he had gaz'd on Cæsar's palace last,  
And laid him low, in his neglected tomb!  
I knew the seer—'twas Maro! He who sung  
In honied accents her ennobled birth,  
Nor little dream'd, that, least upon the earth,  
Pitied and powerless, and prone among  
The kingdoms of the world, a Cæsar's throne  
Should live in after days by fame alone!







# THE FIRST INTERVIEW

## BETWEEN THE

### SPANIARDS AND PERUVIANS.

THE track of the Spaniards in South America was invariably marked with blood ;—towards the innocent and confiding people of the newly-discovered country they were as merciless as they were rapacious—but history records no event so utterly indefensible as the conduct of Pizarro, and his few brutal followers, during the first invasion of Peru. Its atrocity is aggravated by the fact, that their ostensible motive was conversion, and that they professed to march under the banner of the gospel of peace.

In the year 1531, Pizarro, accompanied by a force scarcely numbering two hundred armed men, landed at Peru, and soon afterwards directed his course into the interior of the kingdom. In the immediate vicinity of the small village of Caxamalca, the Inca, Atahualpa, lay encamped at the head of an immense army.

According to the usual artifice of his countrymen, the Spanish soldier assumed the character of a friendly ambassador ; and, after a few negotiations, succeeded in so far practising on the credulity of the monarch, as to induce him, first to provide accommodation for the strangers, then to offer them rich presents, and finally to visit them in their quarters, and to grant them a formal audience in the presence of his people. The merciless Spaniard, at once decided as to the course he was to pursue—coolly made arrangements for the event that was to follow—and calmly awaited the arrival of his victims.

The scene that occurred upon the plains of Caxamalca, is so powerfully described by the historian, and in language so inimitably clear, beautiful and expressive, that we should do injustice equally to our readers and ourselves, did we introduce any other accompaniment to the print, that we may be justly proud to place among the illustrations of this volume.

“ Early in the morning the Peruvian camp was all in motion. But as Atahualpa was solicitous to appear with the greatest splendour and magnificence in his first interview with the strangers, the preparations for this were so tedious, that the day was far advanced before he began his march. Even then, lest the order of the procession should be deranged, he moved so slowly, that the Spaniards became impatient, and ap-

prehended that some suspicion of their intention might be the cause of this delay. In order to remove this, Pizarro dispatched one of his officers with fresh assurances of his friendly disposition. At length the Inca approached. First of all appeared four hundred men, in a uniform dress, as harbingers to clear the way before him. He himself, sitting on a throne or couch, adorned with plumes of various colours, and almost covered with plates of gold and silver enriched with precious stones, was carried on the shoulders of his principal attendants. Behind him came some chief officers of his court, carried in the same manner. Several bands of singers and dancers accompanied this cavalcade, and the whole plain was covered with troops, amounting to more than thirty thousand men.

As the Inca drew near the Spanish quarters, Father Vincent Valverde, chaplain to the expedition, advanced with a crucifix in one hand, and a breviary in the other, and in a long discourse explained to him the doctrine of the creation, the fall of Adam, the incarnation, the sufferings and resurrection of Jesus Christ, the appointment of St. Peter as God's vicegerent on earth, the transmission of his apostolic power, by succession, to the popes, the donation made to the king of Castile by Pope Alexander of all the regions of the New World. In consequence of all this, he required Atahualpa to embrace the Christian faith, to acknowledge the supreme jurisdiction of the pope, and to sub-

mit to the king of Castile as his lawful sovereign ; promising, if he complied instantly with this requisition, that the Castilian monarch would protect his dominions, and permit him to continue in the exercise of his royal authority ; but if he should impiously refuse to obey this summons, he denounced war against him in his master's name, and threatened him with the most dreadful effects of his vengeance.

This strange harangue, unfolding deep mysteries, and alluding to unknown facts, of which no power of eloquence could have conveyed, at once, a distinct idea to an American, was so lamely translated by an unskilful interpreter, little acquainted with the idiom of the Spanish tongue, and incapable of expressing himself with propriety in the language of the Inca, that its general tenor was altogether incomprehensible to Atahualpa. Some parts in it, of more obvious meaning, filled him with astonishment and indignation. His reply, however, was temperate. He began with observing, that he was lord of the dominions over which he reigned, by hereditary succession ; and added, that he could not conceive how a foreign priest should pretend to dispose of territories which did not belong to him ; that if such a preposterous grant had been made, he, who was the rightful possessor, refused to confirm it ; that he had no inclination to renounce the religious institutions established by his ancestors ; nor would he forsake the service of the sun, the immortal divinity

whom he and his people revered, in order to worship the God of the Spaniards, who was subject to death; that with respect to other matters contained in his discourse, as he had never heard of them before, and did not now understand their meaning, he desired to know where the priest had learned things so extraordinary. "In this book," answered Valverde, reaching out to him his breviary. The Inca opened it eagerly, and turning over the leaves, lifted it to his ear: "This," says he, "is silent; it tells me nothing:" and threw it with disdain to the ground. The enraged monk, running towards his countrymen, cried out, "To arms, Christians; to arms, the word of God is insulted; avenge this profanation on those impious dogs." Pizarro, who, during this long conference, had with difficulty restrained his soldiers, eager to seize the rich spoils of which they had now so near a view, immediately gave the signal of assault. At once the martial music struck up, the cannon and muskets began to fire, the horse sallied out fiercely to the charge, the infantry rushed on, sword in hand. The Peruvians, astonished at the suddenness of an attack which they did not expect, and dismayed with the destructive effect of the fire-arms, and the irresistible impression of the cavalry, fled with universal consternation on every side, without attempting either to annoy the enemy, or to defend themselves. Pizarro, at the head of his chosen band, advanced directly towards the

Inca, and though his nobles crowded around him with officious zeal, and fell in numbers at his feet, while they vied one with another in sacrificing their own lives, that they might cover the sacred person of their sovereign, the Spaniards soon penetrated to the royal seat; and Pizarro, seizing the Inca by the arm, dragged him to the ground, and carried him as a prisoner to his quarters. The fate of the monarch increased the precipitate flight of his followers. The Spaniards pursued them towards every quarter, and with deliberate and unrelenting barbarity continued to slaughter wretched fugitives, who never once offered to resist. The carnage did not cease until the close of day. Above four thousand Peruvians were killed. Not a single Spaniard fell, nor was one wounded but Pizarro himself, whose hand was slightly hurt by one of his own soldiers, while struggling eagerly to lay hold on the Inca."

ROBERTSON.

# THE UNKNOWN POET'S GRAVE.

BY L. E. L.

“ In the divine land which he had so yearned to tread—in the purple air in which poesy and inspiration mingled with the common breath and atmosphere of life—his restless and unworldly spirit sighed itself away; and the heart which silence and concealment had been long breaking broke at last.”

THE DISOWNED.

THERE is no memory of his fate,  
No record of his name ;  
A few wild songs are left behind—  
But what are they to fame ?  
No one will gaze upon the scene,  
Remembering—but there he has been.

Not his the memory that makes  
A shrine of every place,  
Wherever step or song of his  
Had left their deathless trace ;  
None say “ ’twas here his burning line  
Was dreamed—and hence is all divine.”

Yet here thy step has often been,  
And here thy songs were sung;  
Here were thy beating heart and lute  
Chord after chord unstrung;  
Thy dying breath was on this air—  
It hath not left its music there.

No:—nameless is the lowly spot  
Where that young poet sleeps;  
No glory lights its funeral lamp,  
No pity on it weeps;  
There weeds may grow, or flowers may bloom,  
For his is a forgotten tomb.

And yet how often those dark pines,  
Once heard thy twilight song;  
'Twas written on those autumn leaves  
The wild winds bear along.  
Of all who gaze on Tivoli,  
Who is there that remembers thee?

That dark-eyed lady, she who taught  
Thy most impassioned tone;  
The spirit of thy poetry—  
Her fate has been thine own:  
A weary brow, a faded cheek,  
A heart that only beat to break.



Thy friends, thou wert too delicate  
For many to be thine ;  
And like words written on the sands  
Are those on Friendship's shrine :  
A few set words, a few vain tears,  
And so is clos'd the faith of years.

The world it had no part in thee ;  
Too sensitive to bear  
Unkindness or repulse ; too true  
The usual mask to wear :  
Alas ! the gold too much refined,  
Is not for common use designed.

Thy dreams of fame were vague and void,  
The mystery of a star,  
Whose glory lifted us from earth,  
The beautiful, the far ;  
And yet these dreams of fame to thee  
Were dearer than reality.

Alas ! e'en these have been in vain,  
The prize has not been won ;  
Thy lute is a forgotten lute,—  
Thy name, a nameless one :  
The wild wind in the pine tree bough,  
Is all the requiem for thee now.

And I, who, in vain sympathy,  
    These mournful words have said,  
Not mine the hand that can bestow  
    The laurel on the dead :  
I only know thy nameless fate  
To me seems life's most desolate.

Methinks it is not much to die—  
    To die, and leave behind  
A spirit in the hearts of men  
    A voice amid our kind ;  
When fame and death, in unison,  
Have giv'n thousand lives for one.

Our thoughts, we live again in them,  
    Our nature's noblest part ;  
Our life in many a memory,  
    Our home in many a heart :  
When not a lip that breathes our strain,  
But calls us into life again.

No, give me some green laurel leaves  
    To float down memory's wave ;  
One tone remain of my wild songs,  
    To sanctify my grave ;  
And then but little should I care  
How soon within that grave I were.

## A SCENE IN CAFFERLAND.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

A rugged mountain, round whose summit proud  
The eagle sailed, or heaved the thunder cloud,  
Poured from its cloven breast a gushing brook,  
Which down the grassy glades its journey took ;  
Oft bending round to lave the bowery pride  
Of groves of evergreens on either side.  
Fast by this stream, where yet its course was young,  
And, stooping from the heights, the forest flung  
A grateful shadow o'er the narrow dell,  
An emigrant had built his hermit cell.  
Woven of wattled boughs, and thatched with leaves,  
The sweet wild jasmine clustering to its eaves,  
It stood, with its small casement gleaming through  
Between two ancient cedars. Round it grew  
Clumps of acacias and young orange bowers,  
Pomegranate hedges flushed with scarlet flowers,  
And pale-stemmed fig-trees with their fruit yet green,  
And apple blossoms waving light between.

All musical it seemed with humming bees ;  
And bright-plumed sugar-birds among the trees  
Fluttered like living blossoms.

In the shade

Of a dark rock, that midst the leafy glade  
Stood like a giant sentinel, we found  
The habitant of this fair spot of ground—  
A plain tall Scottish man, of thoughtful mien,  
Grave but not gloomy. By his side was seen  
An ancient Chief of Amakosa's race,  
With javelin armed for conflict or the chace.  
And, seated at their feet upon the sod,  
A youth was reading from the Word of God,  
Of Him who came for sinful men to die,  
Of every race and tongue beneath the sky.

Unnoticed, to the rock we softly step :  
The white man's eyes were shut ; the warrior wept,  
Leaning upon his hand ; the youth read on ;  
And then we knew the group : the Chieftain's son  
Training to be his country's Christian guide—  
And BROWNLEE and Old ZATZOE side by side.

# ARE THERE MORE INHABITED WORLDS THAN OUR GLOBE ?

BY EDWARD WALSH, M. D.

PHYSICIAN TO HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.

"Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be known,  
'Tis ours to trace Him only in our own." *Essay on Man.*

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri." *Horat. Epist. i. lib. i.*

" . . . . ut potero explicabo, nec tamen ut Pythias Apollo, certa  
ut sint et fixa quæ dixero : sed ut homunculus---probabilia conjectura  
sequens." *Cicero, Tusc. Quæst. lib. i.*

THE general diffusion of knowledge in almost every department of science and the fine arts, which distinguishes the present times when there are almost as many writers as readers, has scarcely been extended to ASTRONOMY, the noblest of them all. True, that science has been, and is cultivated by a few learned men in every country in Europe, who have acquired the highest attainments in it ; but these stand aloof from the literary world, and are a caste by themselves ; remarkable, besides, for being inaccessible to every impulse of envy or rivalry. With the rest of man-

kind, Astronomy is a sealed volume; for the little that enters into the education of young persons, joined to Geography, can hardly be deemed an exception.

The people devoted to business confound Astronomy with Astrology, and concentrate all their studies in the Almanack. That "*Vox Stellarum*" has been a never-failing source of profit to the publishers, and no small addition to the revenue of the Stamp Office. In these prophetic tracts the most interesting of all topics are discussed—namely, the weather and politics, —and to the rise and fall of states and empires; if the stars would deign, through their agent, Francis Moore, Physician, to warn us of the rise and fall of Stocks, nothing more would be wanted to render perfect the Book of Fate: we need not then seek for bulls and bears in the skies.

With those of superior rank and more polished education, the case only differs in degree. They never think of a flight—

"Beyond this visible diurnal sphere."

They are sufficiently amused with light summer reading, of which ephemera the libraries furnish an inexhaustible supply, and have no taste or inclination for any study that puts them to the labour of thinking. Yet there was a time when Astronomy was fashionable, and the only periodical *Souvenir* which flourished between the years 1760 and 1780, was the "*Ladies'*

Diary," in which some of the most important problems in Mathematics were solved.

What then can we hope for in recommending a subject, whose very title, with its most flattering accompaniments, is repulsive?—for what is the music of the spheres, compared to a concert of Rossini's; or a dance of the Pleiades to quadrilling at the Argyle Rooms?

Yet man was made for higher attainments:—

"For God created man to be immortal, and made him the image of his own eternity," \* to enable him to contemplate his infinite power, wisdom, and goodness in the works of the creation; and for this he endowed him with superior faculties—

"To look through nature up to nature's God." †

He composed for his use two volumes; the one, the universe, always open to his inspection; the other, his revealed word, which frequently appeals with the most impressive eloquence to the glories of the firmament, particularly in the Psalms and in the Book of Job.

Nor was this high destination unknown to the wise among the heathens. Ovid, that delightful poet, who seems to have been acquainted with the writings of the Old Testament, thus energetically describes him:

\* Wisdom of Solomon, chap. xi, v. 23.

† Essay on Man.

" Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri  
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus." \*

With front sublime---to man alone was given  
To tread the earth and scan the starry heaven.

It does not require, however, to be much conversant with Geometry, Fluxions, Algebra, and the other branches of the Mathematics, to be able to comprehend abstract and general views of Astronomy. The laws by which the universe is regulated are already established as mathematical truths. In this respect we may safely trust to the conclusions of Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Leibnitz, Sir I. Newton, Dr. Halley, and to those of more recent astronomers,—D'Alembert, La Lande, La Place, Maskelyne, Herschel, and others still living. But it is different with regard to their various hypotheses. We may reject or agree with them, as we find them confirmed or rejected by our own judgment.

At the present day, in which opinions are combated by opinions, there are writers who would become famous by an attempt to overturn the Newtonian system, as contrary to Scripture and the evidence of the senses; whilst others throw out doubts on the cosmogony of Moses, as inconsistent with the laws of Nature. Both are wrong.

Nature, for many ages, remained closely enveloped in her veil; and although a few highly-gifted men among the ancients discerned the attractive contour of

\* Metamorph. lib. 1.



her figure through the envelope, yet it was reserved for a few others among the moderns, of still greater genius, to remove the covering. Bacon, with a daring hand, made the first attempt; Copernicus, more timidly, uncovered the dazzling beauty of her face, and started at his own rashness; finally, Newton took it off altogether, and the august goddess stood unveiled in all her loveliness.

But so far were these men from divulging the truth at the expense of the evidence of the Bible, that they were all eminent advocates for Christianity on the authority of the Scriptures. Newton, in particular, founded his chronology on the base of the Old Testament; and he exerted his vast talents to prove the truth of prophecy, in his Commentaries on the book of Daniel and on the Revelations.

The account of the creation, in the first Chapter of Genesis, does not interfere with systems of any kind. Moses was deputed, not to teach the chosen people the Copernican system, but to enjoin them to fear the Creator of the World and to keep his commandments. When the Scriptures describe natural objects, or disclose the acts or commands of the Almighty, the vernacular idiom is used,—to accommodate the ineffable ideas of the Creator to the limited understanding of the creature. In the figurative style of Oriental languages, it is usual to put a definite for an indefinite term, in the computation of time;

as in the seventy weeks of Daniel, which are weeks of years: so the six days of creation implies—that a fixed portion of eternity was so divided, that the operations of the Deity, in succession, might be understood. “The evening and the morning,” were words taken from known ideas, to distinguish those operations; and for proof, the measures of time, the sun and moon, were not created until the fourth day. We may, then, rationally conclude, that the six days might comprise—six hundred—six thousand—or six million of years. For what has time to do with the Eternal, with whom the past and the future are always present? \* The first act was the sublime invocation of light by the omnipotent fiat, which at once flashed from the dark and turbulent bosom of chaos, and is thus alluded to by Hesiod, the most ancient of the Greek writers;

“From chaos sprung the sunshine and the day.”

But the solar and lunar orbs were not created before the fourth day, or the fourth indefinite portion of eternity. The final end, therefore, for which the six days were appointed, was to form a distinct people, and to keep them separate from the surrounding nations of polytheists by dedicating the seventh or sabbath, as a day of rest, consecrated to the worship of one God—Jehovah.

\* As a drop of water to the sea, so are a thousand years to the days of eternity. Ecclesiasticus, chap. xiii.

It is worthy of remark, that in the original Hebrew the Creator is designated *Elohim*, in the plural, and further used in the sentence, "Let us make man." Some pious Christians have supposed that *Elohim* indicated the mystic union of the Trinity. Ovid, who closely follows the cosmogony of the Bible, makes the Demiurgus, or Framèr of the Universe, "*Quisque fuit ille Deorum*," the Unknown God. He was too well acquainted with the characters he was about to describe, of the family of Olympus, to give that high office to any one of them.\*

There is no ambiguity in the construction of the world, as we read it in Genesis. The line of demarcation is perfect, "between the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under (that is, lower than) the earth." The two great lights are appointed to rule the day and night, and "the stars also, to be for signs and for seasons, for days and for years." The sun daily issues from his chambers in the east, and runs his course to the west; after which, the moon and stars pass over the cœlestial vault in the same direction, whilst the vast earth and ocean are stretched out to an illimitable extent, and remain fixed for ever on sure foundations. †

\* P. Ovid. Nas. Metam. lib. 1.

† The measure thereof is longer than the earth and broader than the sea. Job, ch. xl. v. 9. The pillars of heaven tremble and are astonished at his reproof. Job, ch. xxvi. v. 11.

Now this arrangement speaks at once to the senses and the understanding ; it is the only system that the Hebrews of that period could comprehend, because it appealed directly to natural appearances. Moreover, it is the only system that nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, out of every million of mankind, give credit to ; and even philosophers and astronomers themselves, when treating of their own science, find it convenient to retain the popular terms of the rising and setting of the sun, moon, and stars.

A few other particulars of ancient physics, as deduced from the Bible, may be necessary to mention. The ancients believed the sky, above the lower atmosphere, to be made of chrystal, or some such solid transparent substance, and thence called the firmament ; and within it, was contained all the artillery of the skies—thunder and lightning, hail, snow, and rain. The windows of heaven are said to be opened to pour them out ; and in Job there is a remarkable reference to this transparent, solid, celestial vault :—

“ Hast thou, with Him, spread out the sky, which is strong, as a *molten looking-glass* ? ” \*

As to other astronomical facts, stated in the oldest records of science, the sacred volume is silent. The signs of the zodiac do not appear to have been known to the early Jews, and but a few of the constellations

\* Job, ch. xxxvii. v. 9.

are alluded to. It is the same with other very ancient writers. Hesiod and Homer mention only, Arcturus, Orion, and the Pleiades. These, it appears, were favourite stars, for they are referred to oftener than once in the book of Job, and also in Amos. The interrogation of Jehovah to the humbled patriarch, is in a fine burst of poetry :

“ Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth \* in his season, or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons? ”†

The great legislator of the Hebrews having been brought up at the court of Pharaoh, was initiated in all the learning of the Egyptians, and, consequently, of the recondite mysteries of the Magi. The natural philosophy of the Pentateuch has been already stated ; but to its historic annals we are indebted for all we know of the ancient history of the human race. The oldest historians of foreign nations, extant, are Herodotus and Manetho ; but they wrote many centuries after Moses, and yet they deduce the origin of some nations thousands of years before the creation of man. The Hindoo and Chinese chronicles are to be considered only as extravagant fables. In fact, comparatively speaking, the world is as

\* There is no Greek substitute for Mazzaroth in the Septuagint: perhaps it is Sirius, which is a notable star of the southern hemisphere.

† Job, ch. xxxviii. v. 32.

yet in its infancy. The arts and sciences, and the monuments still remaining, shew recent origins, and a very great portion of the inhabitants of the globe are still in a savage and barbarous state. The descendants of Noah, who inhabited Mesopotamia, the plains of Shinar, and the valley of the Euphrates, soon became so populous, that, together with the primitive language being split into dialects, made it imperative for the various tribes or clans to emigrate and colonize other countries. The longevity of the antediluvians was not hitherto considerably shortened, which accounts for the speedy peopling of the countries on the coasts of the Mediterranean \*.

Misraim, the grandson of Noah, led his colony to Egypt 250 years after the flood, and gave his name to the country: and if Egypt was not the first settled and civilized, it very soon far surpassed all the rest. A country fertilized by a river of never-failing water, and

\* There are writers who have attempted to disprove the length of life before the flood, by stating that the year was shorter, or that their years were months; but it is evident that the same longevity continued in a degree after the deluge. Noah lived 350 years after that event, in all 950 years.

Shem, the patriarch of the chosen people . . . .	600 years
Arphaxed, his son, . . . . .	438 ditto
Salah, . . . . .	433 ditto
Eber, . . . . .	460 ditto
Peleg . . . . .	239 ditto
Reu . . . . .	239 ditto
Terug . . . . .	230 ditto
Terah, the father of Abraham . . . . .	205 ditto
Nahor . . . . .	148 ditto
Abraham . . . . .	150 ditto

its cultivateable soil narrowed and restricted by parallel chains of mountains, was annually inundated by the overflowing Nile. The inhabitants, therefore, by the force of circumstances, became mathematicians and astronomers. They had sufficient leisure, during the inundation, to contemplate their serene and cloudless skies, and, by acquiring a practical knowledge of geometry, they became excellent engineers; and on the subsiding of the waters, they apportioned out and divided their lands into allotments, and constructed dykes, canals, and huge embankments, on which their towns and houses were erected. By the rising and setting of certain stars, they were able to calculate the first rising, and subsequent subsiding of the waters of the Nile, on which their very existence depended. That rising was announced by the heliacal rising of Sirius—which the Egyptians deified under the name of Anubis, or the Dog—on account of his vigilant warning.

Darwin in his philosophical poem describes this event, with much spirit and poetic feeling.

“Sailing in air, when dark Monsoon inshrouds  
 His tropic mountains in a night of clouds,  
 High o’er his head the beams of Sirius glow,  
 And dog of Nile, Anubis, barks below;  
 Nymphs! you from cliff to cliff attendant guide  
 In headlong cataracts the impetuous tide;  
 Or lead o’er wastes of Abyssinian sands  
 The bright expanse, to Egypt’s show’rless lands.  
 Her long canals the sacred waters fill,  
 And edge with silver every peopled hill;

O'er furrow'd glebes and green savannahs sweep,  
And towns and temples laugh amid the deep."\*

The Egyptians are said to have first observed the oblique path of the sun, through certain groupes of stars, which to them bore a fancied resemblance to animals, and thence called the zodiac ; but other authors deny the invention to the Egyptians, and assert, with some probability, that the signs were invented by a more northern people ; for the early year beginning in March,—the northern symbols were taken from beasts of pasture and of agriculture. But, in fact, every ancient nation had a zodiac adapted to its soil and climate, in which its symbols were made from its animals and productions. The Spanish monks in the army of Cortez found that the Mexicans not only had a zodiac, but that they calculated the annual solar revolution, with more accuracy than either Egyptians or Greeks. Their year of 365 days was regulated by thirteen intercalary days, at the completion of fifty-two years, which answered exactly to our leap-years. Even the Canadian Indians make attempts to form figures from the stars ; they call the arctic constellations "Bears," from an imaginary likeness to those

\* Botanic Garden, p. 127-8, 4to. The late Fuseli has illustrated Darwin's striking description by a grand design, quite in his own peculiar style. Anubis is drawn as a colossal figure, with a dog's head, striding across the river and barking at the misty Sirius, whilst old father Nile, in the distance, pours from his hair, and beard, and mystic wings, his foaming cataracts.



animals ; and if they sketched an outline of them, it would resemble that on our cœlestial globes ; the great she-bear with her fore-foot uplifted, plodding through the woods, with her cub close behind. The Hindoos and Chinese \* had both zodiacs peculiar to their habits. In fine, those starry symbols have been general among the ancients, and retained by the moderns, not so much to assist in astronomical calculations, as to form plans of astrology—a book of fate to foretel the destinies of poor silly mortals !

There are strong reasons for believing that Greece was originally colonized by Egyptians. A friendly intercourse subsisted between the two nations before the age of Alexander, after which, a Greek dynasty was established at Alexandria, which once more identified, and, so to say, amalgamated the two people. But the Egyptians had nothing to teach the Greeks ; all that they knew was wrapped up in their incomprehensible hieroglyphics.† In the early epoch of their history all their boasted knowledge in science and physics, was known to the world only through the refining medium of Grecian strainers. No book or treatise in the land of

\* The Chinese zodiac is curious. The animals, except the second, being different from those of all others. 1 Mouse ; 2 ox ; 3 tiger ; 4 hare ; 5 dragon ; 6 serpent ; 7 horse ; 8 sheep ; 9 monkey ; 10 cock ; 11 dog ; 12 boar.

† Great pains have of late been taken by learned philologists to decypher the hieroglyphics with the aid of parallel Greek inscriptions, but the information obtained was trivial. The mountain in labour.

paper, has ever been seen, of Egyptian authorship, before the reign of the Ptolemies! and the first three most excellent monarchs, had the rare merit of transferring the learning of Athens to Alexandria. Before the foundation of the Alexandrian school, there is no direct proof that the Greeks had any real, or even partial, knowledge of the true system of the world. It is true that with a few mathematical, but no astronomical instruments, they made surprising guesses; but guesses they were and nothing more. The diurnal motion and spherical figure of the earth, and the theory of eclipses appear to have been scarcely known, even to Plato and Aristotle, in whose writings are to be found every thing that was known in their times.

Is it possible to believe that Nicias, the most accomplished Athenian next to Pericles, would have lost his army and his life, at the siege of Syracuse, from a superstitious dread of an omen, caused by a total eclipse of the moon, had the cause of the obscuration of that satellite been known? Well would it have been had that brave and virtuous general been acquainted with the Chinese method of proceeding in such cases; he would have anticipated Kien Long and his mandarins, and would have drawn up his army during the darkness, and ordered them with shouts and clashing of arms, to drive away the five-clawed dragon of superstition from devouring the luminary.

The Athenian people are an anomaly in the charac-

ter of human nature : in the short space of 150 years, they carried to a perfection which has never since been equalled, the arts of poetry, painting, music, sculpture, architecture, oratory, history, jurisprudence, and moral philosophy ; yet all these did not save them from ruin in consequence of their gross and cruel superstition. About 400 years afterwards, St. Paul found them the same restless, inquisitive, captious race ; their glory faded, and science decayed—nothing remained of their former state, but superstition.

Philosophy, among the ancients, was divided into sects, as religion is among the moderns. Each sect had its founder or master, and his *ipse dixit* became the sole code of his followers. These sects were strongly opposed to each other ; and though the professors were “ stiff in opinion,” they employed no sharper weapon than raillery against their opponents. They did not consign to utter perdition those who took a different view of the subject ; on the contrary, their disputes were conducted with mildness and urbanity. It is delightful to see this conduct exemplified in Cicero’s admirable treatise “ *De Natura Deorum*.” Three philosophers, warm supporters of their respective tenets, meet at Cicero’s villa, a Stoic, an Epicurean, and an Academic, and agree to make Cicero umpire of the dispute. In conclusion, he decides in favour of the Stoic, on account of the severity of the morality ; but he gives to the Epicurean the greatest

share of eloquence and wit, and the umpire himself inclines to the scepticism of the new Academy.

The adoption of unproved hypotheses was the cause of the small advances that were made in natural philosophy and metaphysics. All the theories of the ancients were founded on the FOUR ELEMENTS, one or other of which was thought to give origin to the world. Thales of Miletus taught, that all nature was formed out of water; Aniximenes, that air was the principle of all things; Heraclitus of Ephesus supposed that the world was created from the element of fire; whilst Democritus of Abdera, the master of Epicurus, affected to laugh at them all: but under this gaiety he entertained the most profound views of nature; he was the author of the Atomic system. He lived to be 109 years old. Anaxagoras, the master of Pericles and of Socrates, was the Berkley of the ancients, he taught that Spirit or Intellect formed the universe. He was persecuted and condemned to death by the Athenians for advocating the unity of the Deity. But, by the great exertions and influence of Pericles, his sentence was changed into exile. He left Athens saying, "There is a straight road to heaven in every country." He flourished nearly 500 years before the Christian æra.

For the reasons mentioned, and from their neglect of experiment, the Greeks were most deficient in natural philosophy. Their superstition was a bar

to their making any advance in the science of medicine, and in the art of surgery. Of CHEMISTRY they knew nothing at all:—the very name is Arabic. They gave names, indeed, from trivial observation, to electricity and magnetism ; but they were ignorant of the astonishing effects of these phenomena. It was reserved for the moderns to discover that the four elements can be analysed and divided into substances totally differing from each other. They are, therefore, compounds, which may, possibly, be further subdivided. We cannot now decide what an element is.

Such was the state of learning in Greece, when Ptolomy Philadelphus founded the school of Alexandria, about 290 years before the Christian æra. This school may be well deemed an University, since its founder invited men of science from all countries to form its establishment. It soon became very famous, especially for its successful cultivation of astronomy. Here the true length of the solar year was first ascertained. The stars, in the inflated dialects of the East, were called innumerable. But a new star appearing in the heavens at this time, Hipparchus, for the benefit of posterity, made a catalogue of all that were visible, with their latitudes and longitudes. They were found to amount to no more than 1022.

This seat of learning continued to flourish, until the third century after the birth of Christ, during which all that was known before of astronomy and physic, was col-

lected and digested in a work called the "*Almagest*," which has come down to us. From this work the famous PTOLOMÆAN SYSTEM was formed. It was so named, not from any of the monarchs of the Greek dynasty in Egypt, but from its author, Claudius Ptolemy, a native of Pelusium, who flourished in the reign of Adrian, A. D. 130. In this system, which was acknowledged by all mankind as the true one, for more than six hundred years, the earth occupied immoveably the centre of the universe. Its general reception proves that in the reveries of the old Greeks, and particularly of Pythagoras \*, there was really nothing that refers

\* The world has been much biassed by its veneration for the ancients. Pythagoras brought his Metempsychosis from Egypt. He pretended to have known his own shield, which he bore at the Trojan war a thousand years before, when it belonged to Euphorbas, whose body he then animated, and from which his soul was dismissed by Menelaus. The shield was hung up in the temple of Juno at Argos. It was rather ungallant of the Samian sage,---who appears to have been a taciturn old bachelor,---to assign to the erring soul of man, as the first grade of punishment, a prison in the beautiful body of woman: which proves that he either thought the fair sex had no souls, or that their animating principle was the soul of a man doing penance. His physics and metaphysics were equally obscure. He taught that the principles of all things were numbers and symmetries; of the quaternary number four the soul was formed, and that that number was sacred. "By the holy four," was the oath his disciples took on the most solemn occasions. Yet Pythagoras was a great and good man, though somewhat of a charlatan.

Plato borrowed all his metaphysics from Pythagoras; but to number he added geometrical figure. If "*The Loves of the Triangles*" had been a work of the divine Plato, it would be supposed to contain all the mysteries of nature. Nothing can be conceived more beautiful than the stile and diction of Plato; nothing more elevated than his sentiments; nothing purer than his Ethics; but his physics and metaphysics are quite incomprehensible. See his works, translated by Thomas Taylor, with more fidelity than elegance.

to the motion of the earth, and the fixed station of the sun in the centre. Ovid, in a few elegant hexameters, gives a sketch of the Ptolomæan System; nay, by anticipation, he actually alludes to the theory of gravitation—

. . . . . circumfuso pendebat in aere Tellus  
Ponderibus librata suis. P. Ovid. lib. i., l. 12.

The central earth suffused in fluid air,  
Is by its proper weight self-balanced there.

The Saracens succeeded the Greeks, and they transferred into the Arabic, a language as copious and nearly as perfect as Greek, all that Greece knew, and added important discoveries which the Greeks never dreamed of. They rendered mathematics comparatively easy, by the invention of the ten cyphers, of Algebra, and of trigonometry, as now practised. They were the first that measured time by the invention of clocks; but, above all, they invented CHEMISTRY, a science that gave an entire new feature to natural philosophy.

The ignorant, stupid, and ferocious crusaders to the Holy Land—

“: . . . . Eremites and friars,  
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.  
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek  
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heaven.”

Parad. Lost, book iii.

and they found in the Saracens a people as brave, and incomparably more learned and civilised than themselves. But finally, they imbibed a tincture of huma-

nity from their enemies, and returned home with great acquisitions.

At length Europe awoke from its lethargic slumbers, and the greatest events in science took place, nobody knows how caused or by whom. They started into existence, all complete, like Minerva from the head of Jove ; and the discovery of the mariner's compass, of gunpowder, and of printing, fairly upset the world.

We are undoubtedly indebted to the cloister for the preservation of several of the works of the ancients, and for the invention of some useful arts, particularly paper : but, on the other hand, what has not the cloister destroyed ? The pages of Cicero and of Tacitus were erased to make room for the lives and miracles of St. Anthony of Padua, and St. Francis D'Assise !

But the last of the inventions, and the most important to astronomy, was the TELESCOPE. It appears that the circumstance which led to its construction, was caused by the children of a spectacle maker of Middleburg having, in their play, fixed a lens at either end of a hollow cane, and then pointing it to the weather-cock of the steeple, were delighted to find that it brought the object apparently within their reach. From this beginning, Galileo completed his Telescope.

All the discoveries of the ancients in astronomy were arranged and concentrated in the Ptolomæan



system, which was put together with so much skill, and was so conformable to the aspect of nature, that it was universally received by all nations. But its chrystalline spheres, with their cycles and epicycles, and primum mobile, were demolished at once. A touch of Prospero's wand, wielded by Copernicus, dissolved "the unsubstantial pageant into thin blue air." It is difficult to conceive how such a complicated apparatus could be composed, containing the sun, planets, and fixed stars, with their crystal frame work, and made to move round the little globe of earth in four and twenty hours. One may as well suppose that a speculating mechanic might get a patent for an enormous grate, filled with coals, and made to move round about by wheels within wheels, to roast a woodcock ! instead of simply turning the bird on a string before the fire.

It has already been stated, that neither Pythagoras, who himself has left no writings, nor yet the Pythagorean Philolaus \*, whose hypothesis is casually mentioned by Plutarch, nor any others among the ancients, promulgated the true system of the world. From the fortunate surmise of this last, it is supposed that Copernicus deduced his system. What must have been the profound sagacity of this modest and simple

\* Philolaus of Crotona flourished about 450 years before Christ. He taught that there was an immense fire in the centre of the universe, round which the sun and planets revolved, and from which the sun reflected heat and light, as from a concave mirror.

man, who, with imperfect instruments, and prior to the invention of telescopes, should have at once unsealed the volume of nature. Yet the doubts and prejudices against the system might have continued to this day, had not the discoveries in optics confirmed them. Nicholas Copernicus was born at Thorn, on the Vistula, in Polish Prussia, A.D. 1473. He was bred to medicine, in which he obtained a doctor's degree; but the bent of his mind irresistibly inclined him to the study of the mathematics and astronomy. His discoveries were strongly objected to at first; but he vindicated them: "for that the noblest works of nature might not appear devoid of that harmony and proportion which discover themselves in her meanest productions;" and he answers objections, which he admits to be valid, with almost superhuman sagacity. "If," say the objectors, "the earth move round the sun, the moon must also bear company in the annual revolutions of both; moreover, if the planets Venus and Mercury also revolve round the sun, in orbits comprised within that of the earth, they must sometimes appear horned, and have the same phases as the moon, in their apsides or approach towards the earth." "All these will be proved in the course of time," answered Copernicus: "Venus will be horned, at present our sight is not perfect enough to see those changes." All which predictions were soon after fulfilled. Copernicus had all that indifference to fame and wealth

which appertains only to genius of the first order. He took no measures whatever to publish his discoveries and to make proselytes. Though his work was completed in 1530, he withheld it thirteen years, lest he might be charged with heterodoxy, and his system be the cause of religious persecutions. At length, at the urgent importunities of his intimate friends, he consented to its publication, with an apologizing dedication to Pope Paul III. In its progress through the press, the author was seized with a paralytic stroke, and only received a printed copy on his death-bed. He died May 23rd, 1543, in his seventieth year.

The philosophical mantle of Copernicus fell on a worthy disciple. Galilei Galileo, the son of a Florentine nobleman, was born 1564. All the celestial phenomena hitherto concealed, were at once submitted to the searching gaze of the "Tuscan artist." The phases of Venus—the satellites of Jupiter, which he named Medicean stars, in compliment to the illustrious house of Medici, and which was imitated by Herschel, in calling his planet "Georgium Sidus," in honour of his late majesty,—the mystic ring of Saturn—the inequalities of the moon's surface—the spots on the sun's disk—the innumerable stars of the milky way, were the conquests of his telescope. His bold opinions and discoveries were condemned by the inquisition, and he was thrown into the dungeons of that tribunal, from which, after a year's confinement, he

was released, on his making a public recantation. Soon after, however, he published his work on the annual and diurnal motion of the earth, and maintained the doctrine of the Antipodes; for this he was once more thrown into the prison of the holy office, and his book condemned to be burnt by the common executioner. Galileo would undoubtedly have shared the same fate, had he not again abjured his heresy, after two year's imprisonment. What! to maintain a doctrine at once so impious and irrational, as that there were countries where men, women, and horses walked and trotted, with their heads down and feet up, like flies on a ceiling! How the republican spirit of Milton must have been chafed—for he was in Italy at the time—is apparent from the interest he took in the new discoveries. He seems to have halted between the old and new systems, but evidently inclines to the latter. The friendly Raphael answers to the inquiries of our first parents in the following exquisite lines:—

“Whether the sun, predominant in heaven,  
Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun,  
He from the east his flaming road begin,  
Or she from west her silent course advance,  
With inoffensive pace, that spinning sleeps  
On her soft axle, while she paces even,  
And bears thee soft, with the smooth air along;  
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,  
Leave them to God above.”

Parad. Lost, book viii.

Before the death of Galileo, which took place in 1646, Tycho Brahe, a noble Dane, invented a system

which united that of Copernicus with the Ptolomæan. But though Tycho was a man of vast abilities and erudition, and had the most splendid and convenient observatory that ever was constructed, his system could not support itself, even during his life-time. Kepler was a disciple of Tycho, but surpassed him in genius. He discovered the famous problem : That the squares of the periodical times of the planets, are as the cubes of their distances from the sun, and the satellites from their primaries. Des Cartes was the precursor of Sir I. Newton. He endeavoured to account for the power by which the planets moved in their orbits and on their axes. He borrowed the theory of atoms from Epicurus, and supposed they were endued with a moving power, which caused them to fly round and round, like the tourbillons of sand of the Lybian deserts. This he called a vortex.

The Cartesian theory of vortices was superseded by the Newtonian system of ATTRACTION, which is alone competent to explain all the operations of universal nature. Attraction is a power inherent in matter, by which the largest masses, as well as the smallest particles, attract, and are mutually attracted. The sun, the centre of the system, attracts all the planets, and they, in turn, attract him. But as the sun is more than three hundred thousand times larger than all the planets and comets put together, it must follow that they would sooner or later fall on his body, had they

not received a first impulse ; by which, on the other hand, they would wander for ever in the regions of space. Now this impulse and attraction generates a third motion, that causes the planets and comets to revolve round the sun, and also the satellites round their primaries, in orbits more or less eccentric and elliptical, each describing equal areas in equal times. These adverse powers are named *centrifugal* and *centripetal* forces ; that is to say, flying from, and inclining to the centre. The first impelling motion must have had a beginning ; and what is it that causes it ? Surely nothing else but the GREAT FIRST CAUSE, THE OMNIPOTENT GOD.

Of the origin or first formation of the sun and planets of our system, there have been various hypotheses. That which comes nearest to natural appearances supposes, that the sun was formed out of the chaotic elements, in a state of intense fusion ; that having received a rotatory motion from the GREAT FIRST MOVER, it shot forth masses of burning matter far into the regions of space ; each of these masses formed by the law of gravitation an orb or planet, the molten matter of which, ejected portions of itself, that formed its satellites. The farthest from the centre being composed of the lightest materials, as a volcano explodes its smoke and ashes at an immense height ; while the more weighty are sent a shorter distance from the crater. This theory is strongly

corroborated by the density of the planets, each of which is dense or ponderous, not in proportion to its magnitude, but to its nearness to the centre. Thus compared with the weight of water as unit, Mercury is nine times and a quarter heavier, and Saturn lighter than water.

Darwin seizes this hypothesis with avidity, to illustrate his philosophical poem. With what energy and grandeur he thus describes the birth of the moon :

“ Gnomes—how you shriek’d ! when, through the troubled air  
Roar’d the fierce din of elemental war,—  
When rose the continents, and sunk the main,  
And earth’s huge sphere exploding—burst in twain !  
. . . . When from her wounded side,  
Where now the South Sea heaves its waste of tide,  
Rose on swift wings the moon’s refulgent car,  
Circling the solar orb, a sister star;  
Dimpled with vales, with shining hills emboss’d,  
And roll’d round earth her airless realms of frost.” \*

It has been proved to demonstration that the earth must have existed, thousands of years, a sterile rock of granite, before its surface produced vegetables and animals by the creative power of God ; and that these successively perished, and others of different genera succeeded, and thus proceeded for many centuries before the creation of man. Every day some new discoveries are made in the different strata of the earth, establishing the truth of the facts. Among the relics of innumerable animals which no longer exist, no human skeleton has ever been found.†

\* Botanic Garden, 4to. p. 66.

† See the works of Baron Cuvier, Professor Jamieson, &c.

Our solar system consists of the sun, in the centre, (880,000 miles in diameter) seven primary planets, and eighteen secondary or satellites, all moving round him. There have been also discovered between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, four others, but so small as to be seen only through the telescope.† Besides these, there are, belonging to the system, more than four hundred comets, which have been noted in the annals of Astronomy. They move round the sun with incredible swiftness, in orbits very eccentric, having the sun in one of the foci. Their bodies or nucleus' appear to be not so solid as those of the planets; in some it seems quite vapoury, and they have tails of many millions of miles in length, not dissimilar to the Aurora Borealis, and through which the stars may be discerned. The periods and returns of those bodies have been attempted to be calculated, but it seems without success. Some are supposed to have fallen on the sun, others to have lost their way in the regions of illimitable space, and perhaps to be attracted by some larger body. Their uses have been variously assigned: the hypothesis that supposes them to form and diffuse the electric fluid through the

\* These Telescopic Planets, having the plane of their orbits nearly similar, are supposed by some to be parts of a larger planet, which had exploded like a bomb. The first, called Ceres, was discovered in Italy by Piazzi. Two others, Pallas and Vesta, by Dr. Olbers, of Bremen; and Juno, the fourth, by M. Harding.



planetary spaces, has the greatest share of probability.\*

It now remains to be examined, how far all, or any of these orbs are fitted for the support of animal or vegetable existence.

It is natural to suppose that the wonderful appearance of the celestial orbs, as seen through optic instruments, would give rise to new theories and opinions. The first speculation was that the moon, enjoying all the advantages of our earth, was as fitted for the habitation of animals and the growth of vegetables, as its primary. Galileo, strongly persuaded of the great probability of it, made the first map of the moon. It was adopted by most of the astronomers of his time, and they actually began to dispute about the right of giving names to districts and seas, which they fancied they could discover on the disk of that satellite. Milton, with whom Galileo appears to have been a favourite philosopher, alludes to his plausible supposition, though he did not believe it was founded in fact. The most probable, says an excellent French proverb, is not always the most true. In his description of the shield of Satan, he thus alludes to the subject :

\* See Dr. Hamilton's Treatise "on the Ascent of Vapours." He also published an esteemed Geological work on the Coast of Antrim. Science has sustained a loss in his hard fate; he fell a victim to the insurgents in the north of Ireland.

“ . . . . The broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders, like the moon, whose orb  
Through optic glass, the Tuscan artist views  
At evening from the top of Fesole,  
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
Rivers, or mountains in her spotty globe.”

Parad. Lost, book i.

There has been great diversity of opinions on the subject. Many eminent astronomers and philosophers maintain, that not only the moon, but the sun and planets are inhabited. Sir Isaac Newton, indeed, is wholly silent on the subject, but Dr. Herschel affirms with confidence that the body of that luminary is cool enough for inhabitants to dwell there; that its luminous atmosphere is about 2,500 miles from the surface of his orb, which is occasionally seen through the breaches called spots, which fluctuate irregularly on his atmosphere. Huygens, an astronomer and mathematician of the first distinction, has published a work called “*Cosmotheoris*,” in which he peoples the moon and planets with inhabitants precisely similar in body and mind to those of the earth. But a little treatise published in France more than a century ago, Fontenelle’s “*Pluralité des Mondes*,” which has been translated into all the European languages, and even into Greek, was once so fashionable as to be found in all the boudoirs of Paris: being founded, however on the Cartesian theory, and otherwise erroneous, it has

now become obsolete.\* Others, as Whiston and King, attempting to combine philosophy with religion, teach us, that the sun is the abode of the blessed, gathered from all the planets of the system—in short, the New Jerusalem, sparkling with gems and gold; at the same time they suppose that comets are so many places of punishment for the wicked,

“ ————— Who feel, by turns, the bitter change  
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,  
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice.”

Parad. Lost, book ii.

With our satellite, the moon, we ought to be better acquainted, as she revolves round the earth and her own axis at the same time, and also round the sun in the same period as the earth, which she always accompanies; indeed she makes great efforts to be united, and is sometimes one-fifth nearer her primary, than

\* The following extract is a specimen with what frivolity, wit, and gallantry a gay philosopher of eighty can instruct a beautiful marchioness in philosophy.

*Marchioness* (who advocates the cause of the earth).—“ We have great convenience in the situation of our world: It is not so hot as Mercury and Venus, nor so cold as Jupiter and Saturn. I have heard of a philosopher who was grateful that he was born a man and not a beast—a Greek and not a barbarian;—for my part, I render thanks that I am placed in the mildest planet in the universe.”

*Fontenelle*.—“ You have more reason to give thanks that you are young and not old; and that you are young and handsome, and not young and plain;—that you are young, handsome, and French, and not young, handsome, and an Italian. \* \* \* I confess I am guilty of so much weakness as to be in love with what is beautiful. What if other worlds make ours look small? They cannot spoil fine eyes and a pretty mouth. Their value is still the same in spite of all the worlds that can possibly exist.”

Pluralité des Mondes, les Soires iv. v.

at others, her mean distance being about 240,000 miles from its centre.

The view of the earth from the moon must be awfully beautiful, being more than thirteen times larger. Our planet exhibits in succession, as she "spins on her soft axle," the continents, oceans, seas, islands, mountains, and rivers of the eastern and western hemispheres, whilst the polar regions, with their icebergs and snows, and the snowy summits of the Alps and Andes, sparkle like emeralds and pearls in reflecting the solar rays.

The lunarians, if such there be, of one lunar hemisphere, enjoy a day and night, each a fortnight long, but never see the earth, whilst the natives of the other half bask in the earth-shine with similar, but opposite phases to those of the moon, but they never see the sun.

The refraction of the rays of light from a rarer to a denser medium, is aptly illustrated by placing a silver coin in the bottom of a basin. It will not be seen at a little distance, but by pouring on water it becomes enlarged, and visible over the edge. Thus it is in our atmosphere. The sun and moon descending from the zenith, into thicker air, gradually assume a larger disk as they approach the horizon, when the lower segments appear swelled out in breadth, and when their orbs have actually set, their images will be represented for some minutes in the horizon. Our atmosphere is also the conductor of heat as

well as light, yet although it extends about 50 miles in height, at only six miles above the surface it would not sustain life, even in the torrid zone. The same effect takes place in ascending in a balloon, whilst the ocean of moving clouds and vapour hides from the aëronaut the surface of the globe. Now to apply these facts to the moon and planets. When seen from the earth in clear weather, they always appear serene and cloudless. Nothing is so deceptive as optical illusions : we believe we see what we wish to see, and there are mirages among the stars, as well as on the earth. The solar rays are reflected from the cold face of the moon, but produce no warmth. On the obscuration of a planet or star by her broad disk, it causes no change in the stars, nor leaves a spectrum for a moment behind ; the star immerses in an instant behind the moon : such also is the case with the satellites of Jupiter, which are objects of constant observation. Further, if there were seas in the moon, the attraction of the earth, being twelve times greater than hers, would inevitably deluge that portion of her globe nearest the earth, especially when in conjunction with the sun, it would cause spring tides. Now the moon being similar in substance to the earth, and moving in the same orbit, it is proved she is without air or water, and cannot, therefore, support animals or vegetables ; still less could the other planets of the system, which, labouring under the same privations, occupy such sites that no

animal could exist in them, even if they could breathe.

Mercury, the smallest and weightiest planet of the system, must be vitrified or calcined from his vicinity to the solar fire, if his matter were less compact. To suppose inhabitants could exist there, one must imagine them to be so many basaltic Memnons animated. Venus is farther removed, and is besides as large, or even larger than the earth. Great expectations were raised, that a satellite and atmosphere would be demonstrated on her famous transit over the sun's disk in 1769—but neither appeared.

Those astronomers who support the hypothesis of planetary inhabitants, refer to Venus and Mars, as the nearest to and most resembling the earth. They pretend to see snow on the polar regions of Mars, and say, therefore, that the intertropical parts are warm enough for the support of life, and that the polar regions of Venus are cool enough. This weak reasoning confutes itself.

Of the nature of the three immense superior planets, Jupiter, Saturn, and Herschel, with the magnificent accompaniments of satellites, belts and rings, we know almost nothing: their distance from the sun is so great that he must appear but as a bright star to them, his light is however strong enough to be reflected, but his heat would be scarcely perceptible even in Jupiter. They are formed of light matter; for the orb of Jupi-

ter is but a little heavier, and those of the others are lighter than water.

They are, possibly, hollow oblate spheroids. The enormous orb of Jupiter, more than 80,000 miles in diameter, whirls round his axis in less than ten hours. What rapid mutations must his sky exhibit in his day and night of five hours each ! The sun, stars, and planets, flying across the celestial arch,—rise and set in quick succession,—whilst his four moons appear,—sometimes single,—sometimes altogether,—eclipsing the sun and each other. His year is equal to twelve of ours, and his season is invariable. Supposing the rotation of Saturn (for it has not been ascertained), be equally rapid, it may account for the formation of his ring,—in consequence of the prevalence of the centrifugal form of his equatorial parts,—which detached the matter of which it is composed, from the body of the planet. It must be evident, that no animal could live in them.

And what then is this grand display—the work of an all-wise and omnipotent God intended for ? That must remain among his secret purposes, until in his wisdom and goodness, he may please to reveal them. The world is still young, and eternity a long day. These glorious orbs may be now in preparation for inhabitants ; the earth revolved round the sun many ages without any.

In taking a final survey of the solar system, it is

strikingly evident, that no situation could be so happily chosen, as that which is occupied by the orbit of the earth; midway between the orbits of Mars and Venus. Had it been somewhat nearer the first, the frost and snow of the poles would spread over the temperate zones and compel the inhabitants to occupy solely the torrid zone. On the other hand, if moved a little towards Venus, the heat would be so great, that the tropical regions must become an arid and burning desert, as they were supposed to be by the ancients.

Our little globe, therefore, appears to be highly favoured;—and when we contemplate the glorious sun in all his splendour and the serene majestic moon, “walking in brightness,” and the mingled radiance of the stars, and the varied charms of our own lovely planet, what heart so insensible as not to feel the profoundest gratitude to the Great Giver of all these gifts? What soul could refrain from exclaiming in the words of our sublime Poet?—

“ These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty, thine this universal frame;  
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable,—who sit’st above these heavens,  
To us invisible, or dimly seen,  
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.”

Parad. Lost, book v.







# THE DORTY BAIRN.

A FABLE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WILKIE, D.D.

THERE was a little stubborn dame,  
Whom no authority could tame,  
Restive by long indulgence grown,  
No will she minded but her own :  
At trifles oft she'd scold and fret,  
Then in a corner take a seat,  
And sourly moping all the day  
Disdain alike to work or play.  
Papa all softer arts had tried,  
And sharper remedies applied ;  
But both were vain, for every course  
He took still made her worse and worse.  
'Tis strange to think how female wit  
So oft should make a lucky hit,  
When man, with all his high pretence  
To deeper judgment, sounder sense,  
Will err, and measures false pursue :  
'Tis very strange, I own, but true.

Mamma observ'd the rising lass  
By stealth retiring to the glass,  
To practice little airs unseen,  
In the true genius of thirteen :  
On this a deep design she laid  
To tame the humour of the maid ;  
Contriving, like a prudent mother,  
To make one folly cure another.  
Whene'er, by accident, offended,  
A looking-glass was straight suspended,  
That it might shew her how deformed  
She look'd, and frightful when she stormed ;  
And warn her, as she prized her beauty,  
To bend her humour to her duty :  
All this the looking-glass achieved,  
Its threats were minded and believed.

The maid, who spurned at all advice,  
Grew tame and gentle in a trice ;  
So, when all other means had failed,  
The silent monitor prevailed.

Thus, fable to the human kind  
Presents an image of the mind ;  
It is a mirror, where we spy  
At large our own deformity,  
And learn, of course, those faults to mend,  
Which but to mention would offend.

# ANNIE LESLIE.

AN IRISH STORY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

“Then think of this maxim, and cast away sorrow,  
The wretched to-day may be happy to-morrow.”

ANNIE LESLIE was neither a belle nor a beauty—a gentlewoman, nor yet an absolute peasant—“a fortune,” nor entirely devoid of dower;—although born upon a farm that adjoined my native village of Bannow, she might almost have been called a flower of many lands; for her mother was a Scot, her father an Englishman; one set of grand parents Welsh; and it *was* said that the others were—(although I never believed it, and always considered it a gossiping story), Italians, or foreigners, “from beyant the salt sea.” It was a very charming pastime to trace the different countries in Annie’s sweet expressive countenance. Ill natured people said she had a red Scottish head, which I declare to be an absolute story. The maiden’s hair was *not* red; it was a bright chesnut, and glowing

as a sun-beam—perhaps in particular lights it *might* have had a tinge—but, nonsense ! it was any thing but red : the cheek-bone was certainly elevated, yet who ever thought of that, when gazing on the soft cheek, now delicate as the bloom on the early peach, now purely carnationed, as if the eloquent colour longed to eclipse the beauty of the black lustrous eyes that were shaded by long, long, eye-lashes, delicately turned up at the points, as if anxious to act as conductors to my young friend's merry glances, of which, however, I must confess, she was usually chary enough. Her figure was, unfortunately, of the Principality, being somewhat of the shortest ; but her fair skin, and small delicate mouth, told of English descent. Her father was a respectable farmer, who had been induced, by some circumstance or other, to settle in Ireland, and her mother—but what have I to do with either her father or mother just now ?——

The sun fires had faded in the west, and Annie was leaning on the neat green gate that led to her cottage ; her eyes wandering down the branching lane ; then to the softening sky, and not unfrequently to a little spotted dog, Phillis by name, who sat close to her mistress' feet ; looking upwards and occasionally cocking her ear, as if she expected somebody to join their party. It was the full and fragrant season of hay-making, and Annie had borne her part in the cheerful and pleasant toil.

A blue muslin kerchief was sufficiently open to display her well-formed throat ; one or two wilful ringlets had escaped from under her straw hat, and twisted themselves into very picturesque, coquettish attitudes, shaded, but not hidden, by the muslin folds : her apron was of bright check ; her short cotton gown pinned in the national three-cornered fashion behind, and her petticoat of scarlet stuff, displayed her small and delicately turned ankle to much advantage. She held a bunch of mixed wild flowers in her hand, and her fingers, naturally addicted to mischief, were dexterously employed in scattering the petals to the breeze, which sported them amongst the long grass.

“ Down Phillis, down Miss,” said she at last to the little dog, who, weary of rest, stood on its hind legs to kiss her hand—“ down, do, y’er always merry when I am sad, and that’s not kind of ye.” The animal obeyed and remained very tranquil until its mistress unconsciously murmured to herself—“ Do I really love him ?” Again she looked down the lane, and then, after giving a very destructive pull to one of the blossoms of a wild rose, that clothed the hedge in beauty, repeated somewhat louder, the words “ Do I indeed love him ?” “ Never say the word twice—ye do it already, ye little rogue,” replied a voice that sent an instantaneous gush of crimson over the maiden’s cheek—while from amid a group of fragrant elder trees, which grew out of the mound that encompassed the

cottage, sprang a tall, graceful youth, who advanced towards the blushing maiden.

I am sorry for it, but it is nevertheless an incontrovertible fact, that women, young and old,—some more and some less—are all naturally perverse ; they cannot, I believe, help it ; but their so being, although occasionally very amusing to themselves, is undoubtedly very trying to their lovers, whose remonstrances on the subject, since the days of Adam, might as well have been given to the winds.

It so happened that James Mc Cleary was the very person Annie Leslie was thinking about ; the one of all others she wished to see ; yet the love of tormenting, assisted, perhaps, by a little maiden coquetry, prompted her first to curl her pretty Grecian nose, and then to bestow a hearty cuff on her lover's cheek as he attempted to salute her hand.

“ Keep your distance, sir, and don't make so free,” said the pettish lady.

“ Keep my distance, Annie ! Not make so free !” echoed James, “ an' ye jist this minute, after talking about loving me !”

“ Loving you, indeed ! Mister James Mc Cleary ; it was y'er *betters* I was thinking of, sir ; I hope I know myself too well for that.”

“ My *betters*, Annie, what's come over ye ? Surely ye hav'n't forgot that y'er father has as good as given his consint,—and though y'er mother is partial to Andrew



Furlong, the tame negur! jist because he's got a bigger house; (sure it's a public, and can't be called his own) and a few more guineas than me, and never thinks of his being greyer than his ould grey mare;—yet she'll come round;—let me alone to manage the women—(now don't look angry)—and didn't y'er own sweet mouth say it, not two hours ago, down by the loch—and, by the same token, Annie, there's the beautiful curl I cut off with the reaping hook—that however ye trate me, shall stay next my heart, as long as it bates—and oh, Annie, as ye sat on the mossy stone, I thought I never saw ye look so beautiful—with that very bunch of flowers that ye've been pulling to smithereens, resting on y'er lap. And it wasn't altogether what ye said, but what ye looked, that put the life in me; though ye did say—ye know ye did—‘James,’ says you, ‘I hate Arthur Furlong, that I do, and I'll never marry him as long as grass grows or water runs, that I won't.’ Now, sure, Annie, dear sweet Annie, sure ye're not going against y'er conscience, and the word o' true love.”

“Sir,” interrupted Annie, “I don't like to be found fault with. Arthur Furlong, is what my mother says, a well-to-do dacent man, staid and steady. I'll trouble ye for my curl, Mister James—clever as ye are at managing the women, may be ye can't manage me.”

James had been very unskilful in his last speech;

he ought not to have boasted of his managing powers, but to have put them in practice: the fact, however, was, that though proverbially sober, the fatigue of hay-making, and two or three “noggins” of Irish grog, had in some degree bewildered his intellects since Annie’s return from the meadow. He looked at her for a moment, drew the long tress of hair half out of his bosom, then replaced it, buttoned his waistcoat to the throat, as if determined nothing should tempt it from him, and said in a subdued voice—

“Annie, Annie Leslie, like a darlint, don’t be so fractious—for your sake—for ——”

“My sake, indeed, sir! My sake! I’m very much obliged to you,—very much, Mister James; but let me tell ye, ye think a dale too much of y’erself to be speaking to me after that fashion, and ye *inside* my own gate; if ye were *outside* I’d tell ye my mind; but I know better manners than to insult any one at my own door-stone: it’s little other people know about dacent breeding, or they’d not abuse people’s friends before people’s faces, Mister James Mc Cleary.”

“I see how it is, Miss Leslie,” replied James, really angry; “Ye’ve resolved to sell y’erself for y’er board and lodging to that grate cask of London porter, Andrew Furlong by name, and a booby by nature; but I’ll not stay in the place to witness y’er parjury—I’ll go to sea, or—I’ll——”

“Ye may go where ye like,” responded the maiden,

who now thought herself a much aggrieved, injured person, "and the sooner the better." She threw the remains of the faded nosegay from her, and opened the green gate at the same instant; the gate which not ten minutes before she had rested on, thinking of James Mc Cleary—thinking that he was the best wrestler, the best hurler, the best dancer, and the most sober lad in the country;—thinking, moreover, that he was as handsome, if not as genteel, as the young 'squire; and wondering if he would always love her as dearly as he did then. Yet, in her perversity, she flung back the gate for the faithful-minded to pass from her cottage, careless of consequences, and, at the moment, really believing that she loved him not. So much for a wilful woman, before she knows the value of earth's greatest treasure—AN HONEST HEART.

"Since it's come to this," said poor James, "any how bid me good bye, Annie.— What, not one 'God be wid ye,' to him who will soon be on the salt—salt sea?" But Annie looked more angry than before; thinking, while he spoke, that he would come back fast enough to her window next morning, bringing young grass for her kid, or food for her young linnets, or, perchance, flowers to deck her hair; or (if he luckily met Peggy the fisher) a new blue silk neckerchief as a peace-offering.

"Well, God's blessing be about ye, Annie; and

may ye never feel what I do now." So saying, the young man rushed down the green lane, frightening the wood pigeons from their repose, and putting to flight the timid hare and tender leveret, who sought their evening meal where the dew fell thickly and the clover was most luxuriant. There was a fearful reality about the youth's farewell that startled the maiden, obstinate as she was;—her heart beat violently, and the demon of coquetry was overpowered by her naturally affectionate feelings. She called, faintly at first "James, James, *dear* James;" and poor little Phillis scampered down the lane, as if she comprehended her mistress's wish. Presently, Annie was certain she heard footsteps approaching; her first movement was, to spring forward, and her next (alas! for coquetry), to retire into the parlour and await the return of her lover;—"what she wished to be true love bade her believe;"—there she stood, her eyes freed from their tears, and turned from the open window. Presently the gate was unlatched: in another moment a hand softly pressed her arm, and a deep drawn sigh broke upon her ear.

"He is very sorry, thought she, and so am I." She turned round, and beheld the good humoured rosy face of mine host of the public. His yellow bob wig evenly placed over his grey hair; his Sunday suit well brushed; and his embroidered waistcoat (pea green ground, with blue roses and scarlet lilies),

covering, by its immense lapelles, no very juvenile rotundity of figure. Poor Annie, she was absolutely dumb: had Andrew been an horned owl she could not have shrunk with more horror from his grasp. Her silence afforded her senior lover an opportunity of uttering, or rather growling forth his "proposal." "Ye see, Miss Leslie, I see no reason why we two should'nt be married, becuse I have more regard for ye, tin to one, than any young fellow could have; for I'm a man of exparience, and know wrong from right, and right from wrong—which is all one. Y'er father, but more especially y'er mother (who has oceans of sense, for a woman), are for me; and beautiful as ye are, and more beautiful for sartin than any girl in the land, yet ye can't know what's good for ye as well as they! And ye shall have a jaunting car—a bran new jaunting car of y'er own, to go to mass or church, as may suit y'er conscience, for I'd be far from putting a chain upon ye, barring one of roses, which Cupid waves, as the song says, 'for all true constant loviers.' Now Miss, machree, it being all settled—for sure ye're too wise to refuse sich an offer!—here, on my two bare knees; in the moon bames, that Romeyo swore by, in the play I saw when I was as good as own man to an honourable member o' parliament, (it was in this service he learned to make long speeches, on which he prided himself greatly)—do I swear to be to you a kind

and faithful husband—and true to you and you alone.”

Mister Andrew sank slowly on his knees, for the sake of comfort resting his elbows on the window sill, and took forcible possession of Annie’s hand; who, angry, mortified, and bewildered, hardly knew in what set terms to vent her displeasure. Just at this crisis the garden gate opened; and little Phillis, who by much suppressed growling had manifested her wrath at the clumsy courtship of the worthy host, sprang joyously out of the window. Before any alteration could take place in the attitudes of the parties, James Mc Cleary stood before them, boiling with jealousy and rage. “So, Miss Leslie—a very pretty manner you’ve treated me in;—and it was for that *carcase* (and he pushed his foot against Andrew Furlong), that ye trampled me like the dust; it was because *he* has a few more bits o’ dirty bank notes, that he scraped by being a lick-plate to an unworthy mumber, who sould his country to the Union and Lord Castlereagh: but ye’ll sup sorrow for it—ye will, Annie Leslie, for y’er love is wid me, bad as ye are; y’er cheek has blushed, y’er eye has bright’ned, y’er heart has bate for me, as it never will for *you*, ye foolish, foolish ould cratur, who thinks the finest—the holiest feeling that God gives us, can be bought with gould! But I am done; as ye have sowed, Annie, so reap. I forgive ye—though my heart—

my heart—is torn—almost, almost broken; for I thought ye faithful—I was wound up in ye—ye were the core of my heart—and now ———” the young man pressed his head against a cherry tree, whose wide spreading branches overshadowed the cottage, unable to articulate. Annie, much affected, rushed into the garden, and took his hand affectionately; he turned upon her a withering look, for the jealous fit was waxing stronger—

“What! do ye want to make more sport of me to please y’er *young* and *handsome* lover? Oh! that ever I should throw ye from me.” He flung back her hand, and turned to the gate; but Andrew, the gallant Andrew, thought it behoved him to interfere when his ladye-love was treated in such a disdainful manner; and after having, with his new green silk handkerchief, carefully dusted the knees of his scarlet plush breeches, came forward—

“I take it that that’s a cowardly thing for you to do, James Mc Cleary—a cow——”

“What do you say?” vociferated James, whose passion had now found an object to vent itself on,—“did you dare call me a coward?” He seized the old man by the throat, and griping him as an eagle would a land tortoise, held him at arm’s length: “Look ye, ye fat ould calf, if ye were my equal in age or strength, it is’nt talking to ye I’d be; but I’d scorn to ill trate a man of y’er years—though I’d give a thousand

pounds this minute that ye were young enough for a fair fight, that I might have the glory to break every bone in y'er body—but there!”—He flung his weighty captive from him with so much violence, that mine host found himself extended amid a quantity of white-heart cabbages; while poor James sprang amid the elder trees, which before had been his place of happy concealment, and rushed away.

Annie stood erect under the shadow of the cherry tree, against which James had rested; and the rays of the clear full moon flickering through the foliage, shewed that her face was pale and still as marble. In vain did Phillis jump and lick her hand; in vain did Andrew vociferate, in tender accents, from the cabbage bed where he lay, trying first to turn upon one side, and then on the other—“Will no one take pity on me?”—“Will no body help me up?” There stood Annie, wondering if the scene were real; and if all the misery she endured could possibly have originated with herself. She might have remained there much longer, had not her father and mother returned from the meadows, where they had been distributing the usual dole of spirits to their bare-legged labourers. “Hey, mercy, and what’s the matter noo!” exclaimed the old Scotch lady, “why, Annie, ye’re clean daft for certain; and good man Andrew! what has happened you, that ye’re rubbing y’er clothes with y’er bit napkin, like a fury. Hey! mercy me, if my



beautiful kail isn't perfectly ruined, as if a hail hogs-head of yill had been row'd over it. Speak, ye young hizzy,"—and she shook her daughter's arm—"What is the matter?"

"Annie," said her less eloquent father; "tell me all about it, love: how pale you are." He led his child affectionately into the little parlour; while Andrew, with doleful tone and gesture related to the "gude wife" the whole story, as far as he was concerned. The poor girl's feelings were at length relieved by a passionate burst of tears; and sobbing on her father's bosom, she told the truth, and confessed it was her love of tormenting that had caused all the mischief.

"I do believe," said the honest Englishman, "all you women are the same. Your mother was nearly as bad in our courting days. James is too hot and too hasty—rapid in word and action; and, knowing him as you do, you were wrong to trifle with him: but there love, I must, I suppose, go and find him, and make all right again; shall I, Annie?"

"Father!" exclaimed the girl, hiding her face in that safe resting place, a parent's bosom.

"Send old Andrew off, and bring James back to supper—eh!"

"Dear father."

"And you will not be perverse, but make sweet friends again?"

“ Dear, *dear* father.”

The good man set off on his embassy, first warning his wife not to scold Annie ; adding, somewhat sternly, he would not permit her to be *sold* to any one. To which speech, had he waited for it, he would doubtless have received a lengthened reply.

As Mr. Leslie proceeded down the lane I have so often mentioned, he encountered a man well known in the country by the *soubriquet* of “ Alick the Traveller,” who, with his wearied donkey, was in search of a place of rest. Alick was a person of great importance, known to every body, high and low, rich and poor, in the province of Leinster : he was an amusing, cunning, good-tempered fellow, who visited the gentlemen’s houses as a hawker of various fish, particularly oysters, which he procured from the far-famed Wexford beds ; and, after disposing of his cargo, he was accustomed to re-load his panniers from our cockle strand of Bannow, which is equally celebrated for that delicate little fish. Neither shoes nor stockings did Alick wear ; no, he carried them in his hand, and never put them on, until he got within sight of the *genteel* houses ;—“ he’d be long sorry to give dacent shoes or stockings such usage : sure his feet were well used to the stones !” His figure was tall and erect ; and the long stick of sea-weed with which he urged poor Dapple’s speed, was thrown over his shoulder with the careless air that in a well dressed

man would be called elegant. A weather-beaten *chapeau de paille* shaded his rough but agreeable features; and stuck on one side of it, in the twine which served as a hat-band, were a "cutty pipe," and a few sprigs of beautifully tinted sea-weed and delisk, forming an appropriate but singular garniture. He was whistling loudly on his way, and cheering his weary companion occasionally by kind words of encouragement.

"God save ye this fine evening, Mr. Leslie; I was jist thinking of you, and all y'er good family, which I hope is hearty, as well as the woman that owns ye. And I was just saying to myself that maybe ye'd let me and the baste stay in the corner to-night,—for I've a power o' beautiful fish, and I want to be early among the gentry. But if the misthress likes a taste of news, or a rattling cod——"

"Alick," said Leslie, who knew by experience the difficulty of stopping his tongue "when once it was set a going." "Go to the house; and there's a hearty welcome—a good supper and clean straw for ye both. But tell me have you seen James Mc Cleary this evening?"

"Och! is it James ye're after? There's a beautiful lobster—let Kenny, Paddy Kenny (may be ye don't know Paddy the fishmonger, wid the blue door at the corner of the grass-market in Wexford), let Paddy Kenny bate that!——"

“ But James Mc Cleary——”

“ True for ye, he'll be glad to see ye. Now mister Leslie, tell us the truth, did ye ever see sich crabs as thim in England? Where 'ud they get them and they so far from the sea?”

“ I want——”

“ I humbly ax y'er pardon—I saw him jist now cutting off in that way, as straight as a conger eel—I had one t'other day, mister Leslie (it's as thrue as that ye're standing there), it weighed——”

“ What? did he go across the fields in that direction?”

“ Is it he?—troth no, I skinned him as nate——”

“ Skinned who?—James Mc Cleary?”

“ Och! no; the conger.”—

“ Will you tell me in what direction you saw James Mc Cleary go?—the misfortune of all Irishmen is, that they answer one question by asking another.”

“ I don't like ye to be taking the country down, after that fashion, mister Leslie: its bad manners, and I can't see any misfortune about it; and if I did there's no good in life of making a cry about it:—but there's an iligant cod! there's a whopper! there's been no rest or peace wid that lump of a fellow all the evening—whacking his tail in sich a way in the face of ivery fish in the basket; I'll let the mistress have him a bargain if she likes, jist to get rid of him—the Tory!——”

Leslie at last found that his questions were useless ; so he motioned “ Alick the Traveller ” to his dwelling, and proceeded on his way to James’s cottage ;—while Alick, gazing after him, half muttered, “ there’s no standing thim Englishmen : the best of them are so dead like—not a word have they in their head ; not the least taste in life for conversation. Catch James !—I hope it didn’t turn out bad though,” he continued, in a still lower tone : “ what I said a while ago was all out o’ innocence, for a bit o’ fun wid the ould one.” He turned, and for a moment watched the path taken by Leslie, then proceeded on his way, muttering, “ ’tis very quare though.”

At the door of James Mc Cleary’s cottage Leslie encountered the young man’s mother. “ I was jist going to your place to ask what’s come over my boy,” said she, “ I can’t make him out ; he came in, in sich a fluster about tin minutes ago, and kicked up sich a bobbery in no time : floostered over his clothes in the press, cursed all the women in the world, bid God bless me, and set off, full speed, like a wild deer, across the country.”

“ Indeed ! ” exclaimed Leslie.

“ I know, Mister Leslie, that my boy has been keeping company wid your girl ; and I have nothing to say agin her : she has a dale o’ the lady about her, yet is humble and modest as any lamb ; but I think may be they’ve had a bit of a ruction about some

footy thing or other; but men can't bear to be contradicted, though I own its good for them, and more especially James, who has a dale of his father in him, who I had to manage (God rest his sowl) like any babby. However, James has too much sense to go far, I'm thinking—only to his aunt's husband's daughter, by the Black-water, fancying, may be, to bring Annie round; and so I was going to see her, to know the rights of it."

The kind-hearted farmer told her nearly all he knew; with fatherly feeling glossing over Annie's pettishness as much as he possibly could. Mrs. Mc Cleary remained firm in her opinion that he had only gone down to the Black-water, and would return the next day. But Leslie's mind foreboded evil. When he arrived at home, he found "Alick the Traveller" comfortably seated in the large chimney corner; a cheerful turf fire casting its light sometimes in broad masses, sometimes in brilliant flashes, over the room: the neat white cloth was laid for supper; and the busy dame was seated opposite the itinerant man of fish, laughing long and loudly at his quaint jokes and merry stories. Annie was looking vacantly from the door that was shut, to the window through which she could not see; and Phillis was stretched along the comfortable hearth, rousing herself occasionally to reprimand the rudeness of a small white kitten, Annie's particular pet, who obstinately

persisted in playing with the long silky hairs of the spaniel's bushy tail. When Leslie entered, the poor girl's heart beat violently; and the colour rose and faded almost at the same moment. She busied herself about household matters to escape observation; broke the salt-cellar in endeavouring to force it into the cruet-stand, and verified the old proverb, "spill the salt and get a scolding," for the mother did scold, in no measured terms, at the destruction of what the careless hizzy had broke.—"Did ye na ken that it had been used for twenty years and mair?" she reiterated, "and did christian woman ever see sic folly, to force a broad salt, of thick glass, into a place that can na mair than haud a wee bottle! The girl's daft, and that's the end on't." Notwithstanding the jests of Alick, the evening passed heavily: Annie complained of illness, and went soon to bed; and as her father kissed her at the door of her little chamber, he felt that her cheek was moist and cold. Mrs. Leslie soon followed; and the farmer replenished his long pipe as Alick added fresh tobacco to his stumpy one. "I'm sorry to see Miss Annie so ill," said the honest hawker in a kindly tone; "but this time all the girls get tired at the hay-making; well, it bates all to think how you farmers can be continted jist wid looking on the sky, and watching the crops, over and over again in the same place. I might as well lay down and die at

onst, as not keep going from place to place. One sees a dale more o' life; and one sees more o' the tricks o' the times. Och but the world's a fine world, only for the people that's in it!—its them *spiles* it. —I had something to say to you, mister Leslie, very particklar, that I came to the knowledge of quite innocent. Ye mind that mister Mullagher, Maley, as he calls himself for the sake of the *English*, has been playing the puck wid Lord Clifford's tinnants, as might be expected; for his mother was a chimbley sweeper, that had the luck to marry a dacent boy enough, only a little turned three score; and thin this beautiful scoundrel came into the world, and betwixt the two, they left him the power and all o' hard yellow ginnees. Now he being desperate cute, got into my lord's employ, being only a slip of a boy at the time. Well, lords to my thinking (barring the ould ancient ones), are only foolish sort of min any how. I can go bail that my Lord Clifford hadn't a full knowledge box any way, and so through one sly turn or other, this fellow bothered him so, and threw dust in his eyes, and wheedled him, that ye know at last he comes the gintleman over us; and tould me, 'tother day, that as fine a jacky dorey as iver ye set y'er two goodlooking eyes on, was nothing but a fluke: the ignorant baste! Fine food for sharks he'd be; only the cratur that 'ud ate him must be hungry enough—the thief o' the world."



“What has all this to do with me, Alick?” enquired the Englishman steadily, while the traveller, incensed at the remembrance of the insult offered to his fish, scattered the burning ashes out of his cutty pipe, to the no small consternation of the crickets, merry things! who had come on the hearth-stone to regale on the cold potatoe. “I know,” he continued, “that the agent, or whatever he calls himself, is no friend of mine. When my landlord came to the country he did me the honour to ask my opinion. I shewed him the improvements that I, as an English farmer, thought might be profitable to the estate; he desired me to give in an estimate of the expense. I did so; but the honest agent, or more properly speaking, middle-man, had given one in before; his lordship found that, by my arrangements, the expense was lessened one half; but Maley persuaded my lord that his plans were best, and so——”

“Ay,” interrupted Alick, “couldn’t ye have been content to mind y’er farm, and not be putting English plans of improvement into an Irish head, where it’s so hard to make them fit. When the devil was civil, and like a jintleman held out his paw to ye, why didn’t ye make y’er bow, and take it?—sure that had been only manners, let alone sense—don’t look so bleared!—What, ye don’t understand me?” Alick advanced his body slowly forward, rested his elbows on the small table, pressed his face almost close to Leslie’s, whose

turn it was now to lay down his pipe, and slowly said in a firm, audible whisper—"Whin Tim Mullaghar, the curse o' the poor—the thing in man's shape, but widout a heart—met ye one evening by chance, as you thought, at the far corner of the very field ye cut to-day: what tempted ye (for ye mind the time, my Lord thought a dale about y'er English notions thin), whin he axed ye, as sweet as new milk, to join him in that very estimate unknownst to my Lord, and said, ye mind, that it might be made convanient to the both o'ye, and a dale more to the same purpose; and instead of seeming to come in, my jewil! *you* talked something about 'tegrity and honour, which was as hard for him to make out as priest's Latin, and walked off as stately as the tower of Hook."

"But I never mentioned a syllable of his falsehood to do him injury," exclaimed the astonished farmer; "I never breathed it even to Lord Clifford."

"And more fool you—I ax y'er pardon, but more fool you—that was y'er time; and it was the time for more than that, it was the time for ye to get a new laase upon the ould terms, and not to be trusting to lords' promises, which are as easy broke as any body else's."

"You are a strange fellow, Alick, how did you know any thing about my lease? at all events, though it is expired, I am safe enough, for I am sure that even Maley could not wish a better tenant."

“ A better tinant !” responded Alick, fairly laughing: “ A better tinant !—fait that’s not bad. What does he care, whether y’er a good or bad tinant to my lord ; doesn’t he want, man alive ! to have ye body and sowl ! the riglar rint, to be sure, for the master ; all fair : the little *dooshure* for himself, the saaling money, if a laase is to the fore, and a five-pound note, not amiss as a civility to his bit of a wife ; thin the duty-hens, duty-turkies, duty-geese, duty-pigs ; thin the spinning and the knitting. Sure, if my lord or my lady isn’t to the fore, they’ll save them the trouble of looking after sich things ; and they, ye know, get the cash ; that is as much as the agent chooses to say is their due, and spend it in foreign parts, widout thinking o’ the tears and the blood it costs at home :—Och, Mister Leslie ! it’s no wonder if we’d have the black heart to sich as them !”

Leslie, for the first time of his life, felt a doubt as to the nature of the situation in which he was placed, he looked around upon the fair white walls, so dear : so very dear to the purest affections of his heart : every object had a claim on his bosom, even the long brass peg upon which his great coat hung behind the door, was as valuable to him as if it were of gold.

“ I can hardly understand this,” said he at last, “ you know I have always been on good terms with my neighbours, yet I have acquired little knowledge in these matters, I have always paid my rent to the moment ;

and as my twenty-one years' lease only expired two or three days ago, I have had little opportunity of judging how Irish agents behave on such occasions."

"Don't be running down the country, Mr. Leslie," said Alick, quickly, "there's a dale in the differ betwixt the rale gentry and such *musheroons* as he; but keep a look out; for he's after no good. The day afore yesterday, whin he behaved so unhandsome to my jackey dorey; ('twould ha' done y'er heart good to look at that beautiful fish), he was walking with another spilogue of a fellow (the gauger, by the same token); and so, as they seemed as thick as two rogues, whispering and nodding, and laying down the law, I thought if I let the baste go on, he'd keep safe to the road, and so as they walked up one side of the hedge that leads to the hill, I jist streeled up the other, to see, for the honour of ould Ireland, if I could fish out the rogue's meaning. Well, to be sure! they settled as how the rint should be doubled on the land that fell, more especially yours, and fines raised, and the gauger's to act as 'turney:' but he said that he knew you'd pay any thing rather than lave the house ye settled up y'erself; and then 'tother said that ('twas the word he spoke), 'the ould Scotch cat' wouldn't let ye spind the money; and then 'tother held to it and said, ye must go, for ye set a bad example of indipindence to the neighbours, and a dale more; but the upshot was, that they must get rid o' ye. And now, God be wid ye, and do y'er

best ; and take care of that girl o' yours, and don't let the mistress bother her about that ould man, any more ; she's full o' little tricks—may *sense*, not *sorrow*, sober thim, say I : good night, and thank ye kindly, Mr. Leslie, I'm the boy 'ill look to ye, and don't think bad o' my saying that to the likes o' you ; for ye remimber how the swallow brought word to the eagle where the fowler stood. God's blessing be about ye all, Amin!" And the keen, wandering, good-natured fellow left the house, to share, according to custom, Dapple's couch of clean straw, in the neighbouring shed.

The next morning Leslie's family received a visit from the agent, to the surprise of Annie and her mother, who welcomed him with much civility, while the farmer's naturally independent feelings, struggled stoutly with his interests. If there be one thing more than another that I love in the character of English yeomen, it is their steady bearing towards their superiors : they feel that they are free-born men, and they act as such ; but an Irish farmer must play the spaniel to his landlord, and to all that belong to his household, or bear his name : the very sound of justice is to him unknown, he hardly dare believe himself a man, much less fancy that from his Maker's hand he came forth a being gifted with quick and high intellect ; with a heart to feel and a head to think, as well, if not better, than the lord of the soil. But Mind, though it may be suppressed, cannot be destroyed ; with the Irish

peasant *cunning* frequently takes the place of *boldness*, and he becomes dangerous to his oppressors. Landlords may thank their own wretched policy for the crimes of their tenantry, when they cease to reside amongst, or even visit them, but leave them to the artful management of ignorant and debased middle-men, who uniformly have but two principles of action—to blindfold their employer, and gain wealth at the expense of proprietor and tenant.

“Y’er house is always nate and clane, Mrs. Leslie,” said Maley, “and y’er farm does ye credit, master; I’m sorry it’s out of lase, but my duty to my employer obliges me to tell you, that a new lase, if granted, must be on more advantageous terms to his lordship. Y’er present payments, arable and meadow land together, average something about two pound five or six per acre.”

“Yes,” replied Leslie, “always paid to the hour.”

“And if it please ye, Sir,” said the good dame, “when his lordship was down here, he made us a faithfu’ promise, on the honour of a gentleman, that he’d renew the lease on the same terms, in consideration of the money and pains my husband bestowed on the land.”

The agent turned his little grey eye sharply on the honest creature, and gave a grunt, that was less a laugh than a note of preparation for one, observing, “Maybe he’s lost his memory; for there, Mr. Leslie, is the

proposal he ordered me to make—(he threw a sheet of folded foolscap on the table), so you may take it or lave it.”

“He was preparing to quit the cottage, when his eye glanced on a basket of turkey eggs, that Annie had arranged to set under a favourite hen—“What fine eggs,” he exclaimed, “I’ll take two or three to shew my wife.” And one after another he deposited all the poor girl’s embryo-chickens in his capacious pockets.

Leslie really roused by the barefaced impudence of the act, was starting forward to prevent it, when his wife laid her hand on his arm; not that she did not sorrow after the spoil, but she had a point to gain.

“May-be, Sir, ye’d jist tell me the laird’s present address; Annie put it down on that bit paper.”

“Tell his address! any thing ye have to say must be to me, good woman. And so ye write, pretty one, I wonder what is the use of taaching such girls as you to write: but ye’re up to love letters before this; ay, ay, ye’ll make the best of y’er black eyes, my dear.” With this insulting speech the low man in power left the cottage.

Bitter was the anguish felt by that little party. The father sat, his hands supporting his head, his eyes fixed on the exorbitant demand the agent had left upon his table; large tears passed slowly down Annie’s cheek;

and if the poor mother suffered less than the others, it was because she talked more.

“Dinna be cast doon, Robert,” said she, at last, to her husband, “ye hae nae reason, even if he ask sae much money, as ye say, as a premium, forbye other matters ; why, there are as gude farms elsewhere, and landlords that look after their tenants themselves. Oh that wicked, wicked wretch, to see him pocket the eggs—and his speech to my poor Annie.”

“My darling girl!” exclaimed the father, pressing his daughter to his bosom, where he held her long and anxiously.

It was almost impossible for Leslie to accede to the terms demanded : four pounds an acre for the land, a heavy fine, and both duty-work, and duty-provisions, required in abundance.

“Dinna think o’t, Robert,” repeated the dame, “we’ll go elsewhere, and find better treatment. If ye keep it at that rate, we shall all starve.” But the farmer’s heart yearned to every blade of grass that had grown beneath his eye : he hoped to frustrate the intended evil, and yet keep the land. His crops had been prosperous, his cattle healthy ; then his neighbours, when, through Alick’s agency, they found how matters stood, had, with the genuine Irish feeling that shines more brightly in adversity than in prosperity, come forward, affectionately tendering their services.

“Sure the cutting the hay need niver cost ye a



brass fardin," said the kind hearted mower, "I'm half my time idle, and I may jist as well be doing something for you, as nothing for myself; so don't trouble about it, Sir, dear; we like to have ye among us."

Then came "Nelly the Picker," as the spokeswoman of all her sisterhood, "Don't think of laving us, Mrs. Leslie, Ma'am, sure every one of us 'ill come as usual, but widout fee or reward, excipt the heart love, and do twice as much for that as for the dirty money; and I'll go bail the pratees will be as well picked, and the corn as well reaped, bound, and stacked, as iver. Sure, though we didn't much like ye at first, hasn't Miss Annie grown among us, born as she is on the sod, and a credit to it too, God be praised."

These were all very gratifying instances of pure and simple affection: and, indeed, Arthur Furlong forgot his somerset in the cabbage-bed, and posted down to the farm with his stocking full of gold and silver coins of ancient and modern date, which were all at Leslie's service, to pay the premium required by the agent for the renewal of the lease. This last favour, however, the worthy farmer would not even hear of; he therefore sold a great part of his stock, and to the annoyance of the agent, obtained the lease. From this circumstance, he might be said to triumph over the machinations of his enemy, but matters soon changed sadly: the family was as industrious as ever; the same

steady perseverance on the farmer's part ; the same bustle and unwearying activity on that of the good dame ; and though poor Annie's cheek was more pale and her eyes less bright, yet did she unceasingly labour in and out of their small dwelling. Notwithstanding all these exertions, the next season was a bad one ; their sheep fell off in the rot, their pigs had the measles, their chickens the pip, and two of their cows died in calf. Never did circumstances in the little space of six months undergo so great a change. Leslie's silence amounted almost to sullenness ; his wife talked much of their ill fortune ; Annie said nothing ; but her step had lost its elasticity, her figure its grace, and her voice seldom trolled the joyous, or even the mournful songs of her native land in the elder bower, that, before the departure of James Mc Cleary, had rung again and again, with merry laughter and music. James never returned after that eventful evening ; and his mother had only twice heard from him since his absence ; his letters were brief—" He had gone," he said, " to sea, to enable him to learn something, and to forget much." His mother and younger brother managed the farm with much skill and attention, during his absence. No token, no word of *her* whom he had doatingly loved, appeared in his letters. It was evident that he tried to think of her as a heartless jilting woman, unworthy to possess the affections of a sensible man ; but there must have been times

when the remembrance of her full beauty, of her frank and generous temper, of her many acts of charity (and in those she was never capricious), came upon him; then the last scene at the cottage was forgotten, and he remembered alone her sweet voice, and sweeter look in the hay meadow when he cut off the curling braid of hair which doubtless rested on his bosom in all his wanderings. And then he refreshed his memory by gazing on it, in the clear moonlight, during the night watches, when only the eye of heaven was upon him. Let not any one imagine that such love is too refined to throb in a peasant's bosom; trust me it is not. The being who lives amid the beauties of nature, although he may not express, must feel the elevating, yet gentle influence of herb, and flower, and tree. Many a time have I heard the ploughman suspend his whistle to listen to that of the melodious blackbird; and well do I remember the beautiful expression of one of my humblest neighbours, when resting on his hay fork, he had silently watched the sun as it set over a country glowing in its red and golden light, "it is very grand yet hard to look upon," said he, "one can almost think it God's holy throne."

The last letter that reached our sailor-friend contained, amongst others of similar import, the following passage—"Ye'll be sorry to hear, James (though it's nothing to ye now), that times are

turned bad with the Leslies; there has been a dale of underhand work by my lord's agent; and the girl's got a cold dismal look. My heart aches for the poor thing; for her mother is set upon her marrying Andrew Furlong, which she has no mind in life to."

Gale-day (as the rent-day is called in Ireland), had come and gone, and much sorrow was in the cottage of Robert Leslie. In the grey twilight he sat in a darkened corner of his little parlour, the very atmosphere of which appeared clouded; the dame stood at the open casement, against which Annie reclined, more like a stiffened corpse, than a breathing woman. Andrew Furlong was seated also at a table, looking earnestly on the passing scene.

"Haven't ye seen," said the mother, "haven't ye seen, Annie, the misery that's come upon us, entirely by my advice being no minded. And are ye goin' tamely to see us turned out o' house and hame, when we have na the means of getting anither? I, Annie," she continued, "am amaisht past my labour; ah, my bonny bairn, it was for *you* we worked; for you we toiled; y'er faither an' me had but the one heart in that; and if the Lord Almighty has pleased to take it frae us, its na reason why you should forget how ye were still foremost in y'er parents' love."

Annie answered nothing.

"Speak to her Robert," said Mrs. Leslie, "she disna mind me noo."

Annie raised her eyes reproachfully to her mother's face. The farmer came forward,—he kissed the marble brow of his pale child, and she rested her head on his shoulder. As he turned towards her she whispered, “Is all indeed as bad as mother says?”

“Even so,” was his reply, “unless *something* be done, tomorrow we shall have no home. Annie, it is to shield you I think of this; my delicate, fading flower, how could you labour as a hired servant? And—God in his mercy look upon us!—I should not be able to find a roof to shelter my only child.”

“My bairn,” again commenced Mrs. Leslie, “sure the mother that gave ye birth can wish for naething sae much as y'er weel-doing. And sure sic a man as Maister Furlong couldna' fail to make ye happy. All the goud y'er faither wants he will gie us noo, trusting to his bare word; to-morrow, and it will be too late;—all these things sauld—the sneers of that bitter man—the scorn (for poverty is aye scorned) of a cauld warld—and, may-be, y'er faither in a lanely prison; eh, child!—wat could ye do for him then?”

“Mother,” exclaimed the girl, starting with convulsive motion from her father's shoulder; “say no more; here—a promise is all he wants to prevent this—here is my hand—give it where you please.” She stretched out her arm to its full length—it was rigid as iron. Furlong advanced to take it, and whether Leslie would have permitted such a troth-plight or not

cannot now be ascertained, for the long form of Alick the Traveller, stalked abruptly into the room.

“Asy, asy, for God’s sake; put up y’er hand Miss Annie, dear; keep your sate, I beg, Mister Furlong; no rason in life for y’er rising; all of ye be asy. Will nobody quiet that woman, for God’s sake?” he continued, seeing that the dame was, naturally enough, angry at his intrusion; “first let me say my say, and be off, for sorra’ a minute have I to waste upon ye. Robert Leslie by name, didn’t I, onst upon a time, tell ye truth; and a sore hearing it was, sure enough. Well thin, I tell it ye agin, and if it’s not true, why ye may hang me as high as Howth;—don’t let y’er daughter mum herself away after that fashion. Mister Furlong, ye’re a kind-hearted man, so ye are, and many a bit an’ a sup have ye bestowed upon me and the baste—thank ye kindly for that same—but yarra a much sense ye have, or ye wouldn’t be looking after empty nuts:—what the divil would be the good o’ the hand o’ that cratur, widout her heart? And that ye’ll niver have. Mistress Leslie, Ma’am, honey, don’t be after blowing me up;—now jist think—sure I know that ye left the bonny hills and the sweet scented broom of Scotland, to marry that Englishman. And ye mind the beautiful song that ye sing far before any one I iver heard—about loving in youth, and thin climbing the hill, and thin sleeping at the fut of it—John Anderson, ye call it: wouldn’t ye rather

have y'er heart's first love, though he's ould and grey now, than a king upon his throne? Ay, woman, that touches ye! And do ye think *she* hasn't some o' the mother's feel in her? Now, Mister Leslie, don't—don't any of ye make her promise to-night; ye'll bless me for this, even you, Mister Andrew, by to-morrow sunset; promise, Robert Leslie——”

“ You told me truth before,” said the bewildered man, “ and I have no right to doubt you now—I do promise.”——Alick strode out of the cottage; Andrew followed, like an enraged turkey cock, and the family were left again in solitude. The words of the fisherman had affected Mrs. Leslie deeply: she had truly fancied she was seeking her child's happiness; and, perhaps for the first time, she remembered how miserable she should have been with any other husband than “ her ain gude-man.”

The little family passed the night almost in the very extremity of despair. “ Such,” said Leslie afterwards, “ as I could not pass again; for the blood now felt as if frozen in my veins—now rushing through them with fearful rapidity—and as my head rested on my poor wife's shoulder, the throbbing of my bursting temples but echoed the beating of her agitated heart.” The early light of morning found Annie in a heavy sleep; and the mid-day sun glowed as brightly as if it illumined the pathway of princes, on three or four ill-looking men who

entered the dwelling of the farmer. Their business was soon commenced—it was a work of heart-sickening desolation. On Annie's pure and simple bed sat one of the officials, noting down each article in the apartment. Leslie, his arms folded, his lips compressed, his forehead gathered in heavy wrinkles over his brow, stood firmly in the centre of the room. Mrs. Leslie sat, her face covered with her apron—which was soon saturated by her tears, and poor little Phillis crouched beneath her chair;—Annie clung to her father's arm; her energies were roused as she feelingly appealed to the heartless executors of the law. What increased the wretchedness of the scene was the presence of Mr. Maley himself, who seemed to exult over the misery of his victims. He was not, however, to have it all his own way; several of the more spirited neighbours assembled, and forgot their own interests in their anxiety for the Leslies. One young fellow entered, waving his shilela, and swearing, in no measured terms, that “he'd spill the last drop of his heart's blood afore a finger should be laid on a single scrap in the house.” The agent's scowl changed into a sneer as he pointed to the document he held in his hand. This, however, was no argument to satisfy our Irish champion; and in truth matters would have taken a serious turn, but for the prompt interference of an old man, who held back the arms of the young hero. The door was crowded by the sympathising



peasantry; some, by tears, and many by deep and awful execrations, testified their abhorrence of the man “dressed in a little brief authority.” “Oh,” ejaculated Mrs. Leslie, “Oh! that I had never lived to see this day of ruin and disgrace. Oh! Annie *you* let it come to——”

“Hold, woman,” exclaimed her husband, “remember what we repeated last night to each other; remember how we prayed, when this poor child was sleeping as in the sleep of death; remember how we both bethought of the fair names of our parents; how you told me of the men of your kin who fought for their faith among your native Scottish hills; and my own ancestors, who left their possessions and distant lands for conscience’ sake! Oh woman, Janet, remember the words, ‘yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.’”

Doubtless Mrs. Leslie felt in their full force these sweet sounds of consolation;—again she hid her face and wept. It is in the time of affliction that the words of Scripture pour balm upon the wounded spirit;—in the world’s turmoil they are often unhappily forgotten; but in sorrow they are sought for, even as the hart seeketh for the water brook.

The usually placid farmer had scarcely given vent to this extraordinary burst of feeling, when there was a bustle outside the door, which was speedily accounted for. A post chaise! rattling down the lane

and stopping suddenly opposite the little green gate: from off the crazy bar, propt upon two rusty supporters in front of the creaking vehicle, sprang our old friend, Alick the Traveller:—"Huzza! huzza boys! Ould Ireland for ever! Och! but the bones o' me are in smithereens from the shaking. Huzza for justice! Boys, dear, wont ye give *one* shout for justice?—*tisn't often it troubles ye*—Och! stand out o' my way for I'm dancing mad! Och! by St. Patrick!—Stand back ye pack o' bogtrotters 'till I see the meeting. Och! love is the life of a nate—Och! my heart's as big as a whale!"

While honest Alick was indulging in these and many similar exclamations, capering, snapping his fingers, jumping (to use his own expression) "sky high," and shouting, singing and swearing, with might and main, two persons had descended from the carriage. One, a tall slight gentlemanly man, fashionably enveloped in a fur travelling cloak; the other a jovial sailor, whose handsome face was expressive of the deepest anxiety and feeling.

The sailor was James Mc Cleary; the gentleman—but I must carry my story decorously onwards:—

Poor Annie! she had suffered too much to coquet it again. Whether she fainted or not I do not recollect; but this I know, that she leaned her weeping face upon James's shoulder; and that the expression of his countenance varied to an almost ludicrous

degree:—now beaming with love and tenderness as he looked upon the maiden—now speaking of “death and destruction,” to the crest-fallen agent. The gentleman stood for a moment wondering at every body and every body wondering at him. At last, in a firm voice he said, “I stop this proceeding; and I order you—(and he fixed a withering glance upon Maley)—I do not recollect your *name*, although I am perfectly acquainted with your *nature*—I order you, Sir, to leave this cottage; elsewhere you shall account for your conduct.” Maley sank into his native insignificance in an instant; but then impudence, the handmaid of knavery, came to his assistance: pulling down his wig with one hand, and holding his spectacles on his ugly red snub nose with the other, he advanced to where the gentleman stood, and peering up into his face, while the other eyed him as an eagle would a vile carrion crow, enquired, with a quivering lip that ill assorted with his words’ bravery,—“And who the devil are you, Sir, who interferes in what doesn’t by any manner of means concern you!”

“As you wish to know, Sir,” replied the gentleman, removing his hat and looking kindly around on the peasants, “I am brother to your landlord!” Oh! for a Wilkie to paint the serio-comic effect of that little minute!—the look of abashed villany—the glorious feeling that suffused the honest farmer’s countenance—the uplifted hands and ejaculations of Mrs. Leslie—

the joyous face of Annie, glistening all over with smiles and tears—the hearty honest shout of the villagers—and even the merry bark of little Phillis;—then Alick, striding up to the *late* man of power, his long back curved into a humiliated bend, his hand and arm fully extended, his right foot a little advanced, while his features varied from the most contemptuous and satirical expression to one of broad and gratified humour, addressed him, with mock reverence: “Mister Maley, sir, will ye allow me (as the gintry say) the pleasure to see ye out: it’s your turn now, ould boy, tho’ ye don’t know a fluke from a jacky-dorey.”

“Sir—my lord,” stammered out the unfortunate man, “I don’t really know what is meant, I acted for the best—for his lordship’s interest.”

“Peace man,” interrupted the gentleman; “I do not wish to expose you; there is my brother’s letter: to-morrow I will see you at his house, where his servants are now preparing for my reception.” The man and his minions shrunk away as well and as quietly as they could; and the Leslie’s had now time to wonder how all this change had been brought about; the neighbours lingering around the door, with a pardonable curiosity, to “see the last of it.”

“Ye may thank that gentleman for it all,” said James; “besides being brother to the landlord, I had the honour to sarve under him, in as brave a ship as ever stept the sea, and ye mind when matters were

going hard here, Alick (God for ever bless him for it) turned to at the pen, and wrote me every particular, and all about the agent's wickedness; and (may I say it, Annie, *now*?) y'er love for me: and how out of divilment he sent the ould man to make love to you that sorrowful evening—when I went away—and then put me up to catch him; little thinking how the jealousy would drive me mad: well, his honour the captain had no pride in him”—

“Stop, my brave lad, with *you*, I could have none,” exclaimed the generous officer; “where the battle raged the most, *you* were at my side; and when in boarding the Frenchman, I was almost nailed to the deck, you, you rushed forward, and amid death and danger, bore me sadly wounded, in your arms, back to my gallant ship.” He extended his hand to the young Irishman, who pressed it respectfully to his lips.—“To see the like o’ that now,” said Alick, “to see him shaking hands with one that’s as good as a lord!”—“I held frequent conversations with my brave friend,” continued the captain, “and at length he enlightened me as to the treatment my brother’s tenants experienced from the agent, and I am come down expressly to see justice done to all, who I am sorry to find have suffered from the ill effects of the absentee system. Miss Leslie, I am sorry to lose so good a sailor, but I only increase my number of friends, when I resign James Mc Cleary to his rightful owner.”

“ Och ! my dears,” exclaimed Alick ; “ it’s as good as a play—a beautiful play : and there’s good man Andrew coming over ; don’t toss him in the cabbage-bed, James, honey, this time. And, James, dear, there’s your ould mother running up the lane,—well, ould as she is, she bates Andrew at the step. Och ! Miss Annie, don’t be looking down after that fashion. And, Sir, my lord, if y’er honour plases, ye won’t forget the little bit o’ ground for the baste.”

“ Every thing I have promised I will perform,” said the young man as he withdrew.—Which I must do also, assuring all who read my story that, however strange it may appear, Annie made an excellent wife, never flirted the least bit in the world, except with her husband ; and practically remembered her father’s wise and beautiful text—“ *I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.*”

*August 1829.*

## A LAY OF THE MARTYRS.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

“O where have you been, bonny Morley Reid?  
For mony a long night and day  
I have missed ye sair, at the Wanlock-head,  
And the cave o’ the Louthier brae.

Our friends are waning fast away,  
Baith frae the cliff and the wood;  
They are tearing them frae us ilka day,  
For there’s naething will please but blood.

And, O bonny Morley, I maun now  
Gie your heart muckle pain,  
For your bridegroom is a missing too,  
And ’tis feared that he is ta’en.

We have sought the caves o’ the Enterkin,  
And the dens o’ the Ballybough,  
And a’ the howes o’ the Ganna linn,  
And we wot not what to do.”

“ Dispel your fears, good Marjory Laing,  
And hope all for the best,  
For the servants of God will find a place,  
Their weary heads to rest.

There are better places, that we ken o',  
And seemlier to be in,  
Than all the dens of the Ballybough,  
Or howes o' the Ganna linn.

But sit thee down, good Marjory Laing,  
And listen a while to me,  
For I have a tale to tell to you,  
That will bring you to your knee.

I went to seek my own dear James  
In the cave o' the Louthier brae,  
For I had some things, that of a' the world,  
He best deserved to ha'e.

I had a kebbuck in my lap,  
And a fadge o' the flower sae sma',  
And a sark I had made for his boardly back,  
As white as the new dri'en snaw.

I sought him over hill and dale,  
Shouting by cave and tree,  
But only the dell, with its eiry yell,  
An answer returned to me.



I sought him up, and I sought him down,  
And echoes returned his name,  
Till the gloffs o' dread shot to my heart,  
And dirled through a' my frame.

I sat me down by the Enterkin,  
And saw, in a fearful line,  
The red dragoons come up the path,  
Wi' prisoners eight or nine.

And one of them was my dear, dear James,  
The flower of a' his kin ;  
He was wounded behind, and wounded before,  
And the blood ran frae his chin.

He was bound upon a weary hack,  
Lashed both by hough and heel,  
And his hands were bound behind his back,  
Wi' the thumbikins of steel.

I kneeled before that popish band,  
In the fervor of inward strife,  
And I raised to heaven my trembling hand,  
And begged my husband's life.

But all the troop laughed me to scorn,  
Making my grief their game,  
And the captain said some words to me,  
Which I cannot tell you for shame.

And then he cursed our whiggish race,  
With a proud and a scornful brow,  
And bade me look at my husband's face,  
And say how I liked him now.

O, I like him weel, thou proud captain,  
Though the blood runs to his knee,  
And all the better for the grievous wrongs,  
He has suffered this day frae thee.

But can you feel within your heart,  
That comely youth to slay ;  
For the hope you have in heaven, Captain,  
Let him gang wi' me away.

Then the Captain swore a fearfu' oath,  
With loathsome jest and mock,  
That he thought no more of a whigamore's life,  
Than the life of a noisome brock.

Then my poor James to the Captain called,  
And he begg'd baith hard and sair,  
To have one kiss of his bonny bride,  
Ere we parted for evermair.

I'll do that for you, said the proud Captain,  
And save you the toil to day,  
And, moreover, I'll take her little store,  
To support you by the way.

He took my bountith from my lap,  
And I saw with sorrow dumb,  
That he parted it all among his men,  
And gave not my love one crumb.

Now, fare you well, my very bonny bride,  
Cried the Captain with disdain,  
When I come back to the banks of Nith,  
I shall kiss you sweetly then.

Your heartiest thanks must sure be given,  
For what I have done to day,  
I am taking him straight on the road to heaven,  
And short will be the way.

My love he gave me a parting look,  
And blessed me ferventlye,  
And the tears they mixed wi' his purple blood,  
And ran down to his knee."

"What's this I hear, bonny Morley Reid?  
How could these woes betide?  
For, blither you could not look this day,  
Were your husband by your side.

One of two things alone is left,  
And dreadful the one to me,  
For either your fair wits are reft,  
Or else your husband's free."

“ Allay your fears, good Marjory Laing,  
And hear me out the rest,  
You little ken what a bride will do,  
For the youth she likes the best.

I hied me home to my father’s ha’,  
And through a’ my friends I ran,  
And I gathered me up a purse o’ goud,  
To redeem my young good man.

For I ken’d the papish lowns would well  
My fair intent approve,  
For they’ll do far mair for the good red goud,  
Than they’ll do for heaven above.

And away I ran to Edinburgh town,  
Of my shining treasure vain,  
To buy my James from the prison strong,  
Or there with him remain.

I sought through a’ the city jails,  
I sought baith lang and sair,  
But the guardsmen turned me frae their doors,  
And swore that he was not there.

I went away to the popish duke,  
Who was my love’s judge to be,  
And I proffered him a’ my yellow store,  
If he’d grant his life to me.

He counted the red goud slowly o'er,  
By twenties and by tens,  
And said I had taken the only means,  
To attain my hopeful ends.

And now, said he, your husband's safe,  
You may take this pledge of me,  
And I'll tell you, fair one, where you'll go  
To gain this certaintye.

Gang west the street and down the bow,  
And through the market place,  
And there you will meet with a gentleman,  
Of a tall and courteous grace.

He is clad in a livery of the green,  
With a plume aboon his bree,  
And armed with a halbert glittering sheen,  
Your love he will let you see.

O Marjory never flew blithsome bird,  
So light out through the sky,  
As I flew up that stately street,  
Weeping for very joy.

O, never flew lamb out o'er the lea,  
When the sun gangs o'er the hill,  
Wi' lighter, blither steps than me,  
Or skipped wi' sic good will.

And aye I blessed the precious ore,  
My husband's life that wan,  
And I even blessed the popish duke,  
For a kind, good hearted man.

The officer I soon found out,  
For he could not be mistook,  
But in all my life I never beheld  
Sic a grim and a gruesome look.

I asked him for my dear, dear James,  
With throbs of wild delight,  
And begged him in his master's name,  
To take me to his sight.

He asked me for his true address,  
With a voice at which I shook,  
For I saw that he was a popish knave,  
By the terror of his look.

I named the name with a buoyant voice,  
That trembled with extasye,  
But the savage brayed a hideous laugh,  
Then turned and grinned at me.

He pointed up to the city wall ;  
One look benumbed my soul,  
For there I saw my husband's head,  
Fixed high upon a pole.

His yellow hair waved in the wind,  
And far behind did flee,  
And his right hand hang beside his cheek,  
A waesome sight to see.

His chin hang down on open space,  
Yet comely was his brow,  
And his een were open to the breeze,  
There was nane to close them now.

‘What think you of your true love now?’  
The hideous porter said;  
‘Is not that a comely sight to see,  
And sweet to a whiggish maid?’

O, haud your tongue, ye popish slave,  
For I downae answer you;  
He was dear, dear to my heart before,  
But never sae dear as now.

I see a sight you cannot see,  
Which man cannot efface;  
I see a ray of heavenly love  
Beaming on that dear face.

And weel I ken yon bonny brent brow,  
Will smile in the walks on high,  
And yon yellow hair, all blood-stained now,  
Maun wave aboon the sky.

But can you trow me, Marjory dear,  
In the might of heavenly grace,  
There was never a sigh burst frae my heart,  
Nor a tear ran o'er my face.

But I blessed my God, who had thus seen meet,  
To take him from my side,  
To call him home to the courts above,  
And leave me a virgin bride."

"Alak, alak, bonny Morley Reid,  
That sic days we hae lived to sec,  
For sickan a cruel and waefu' tale  
Was never yet heard by me.

And all this time, I have trembling weened,  
That your dear wits were gone,  
For there is a joy in your countenance,  
Which I never saw beam thereon.

Then let us kneel with humble hearts,  
To the God whom we revere,  
Who never yet laid that burden on,  
Which he gave not strength to bear."



# THE SISTERS OF BETHANY.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

“And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.”

PICTURE thou troublest me ! I cannot gaze  
Upon thy portraiture, intent to praise,  
But dimness, born of dreams—mysterious awe—  
Steals o’er my vision as if Christ I saw !  
O that thou wert a scene of common life,  
Speaking alone of human love or strife !  
Then could I write, nor deem Him at my side  
Who laid His hand upon the ark—and died.  
Picture, thought-chaining picture, I behold  
Thy cedars darken ’gainst a sky of gold ;  
Hills made by sunset gorgeous as the cloud,  
And clouds like mountains piled, a stately crowd :—  
And thou hast female forms—one, meekly sad,  
And one, a sister, yet more meekly glad ;  
Beauty and quiet on thy page appear—  
Sunset and woman—is it these I fear ?

O not for these my eye of soul grows dim,  
But heaven is in *that* form!—God breathes in Him!  
The Nazarene is there—and can I know  
The thrilling words that from his lips now flow;  
Reproof that sinks the spirit into dust,  
And praise that fills with extasy of trust,  
Nor turn from all the beauty glowing there,  
Abashed like her—the one of too much care?  
O gentle Presence! Lowliest yet Most High!  
And thou wert canopied by this our sky!  
And Earth, most lovely and most guilty thing,  
(As bearing in her bosom Man and Spring)  
Hath felt thy footsteps! Well may she be proud,  
And well may ocean, and the silent cloud:  
But man, like whom thou walk'dst in heart and limb,  
Sorrow and shame, not lofty thoughts for him;  
His sin the cause that thou on earth wert seen  
Wearing thy glories with a grief-worn mien;  
That each resemblance that thy name would bear,  
Must heavenly beauty dim with human care!  
But now sad thoughts farewell: the pictured three  
Are safe in heaven at last, from sorrow free;  
Christ on the throne of God, his birthright meet,  
And Martha, now, like Mary, at his feet!

## THE GLEN OF SAINT KYLAS.

By the Author of " Letters from the East," &c.

IN a remote and narrow vale in the West, that runs down into the sea, stands a very minute church and tower. The latter is so concealed from the view of the passenger by the sloping banks, that he finds his feet almost about to plant themselves on the pinnacles ere he has gained a sight of the body of the turret. And when he has descended to the walls beneath, he perceives his head to be nearly on a level with the roof of the church, and stoops low in order to gaze through its narrow windows. All grey and lonely the edifice stands : not the stone that marks the graves of Ossian's heroes, on the hill of mists, is more mournful and solitary than the aspect of this venerable house of prayer. And the man who desires to seek a far and religious retirement, need not go to the solitudes of the Thebais, or the monastic retreats of Italy : he will find here all that his soul can wish for—the absence of all disturbing human sounds ; the

voice or foot of man is hardly heard around, there being only two lowly and neat cottages, seated on two green knolls, and tenanted by peaceful people; and these stand at some distance from the church. The low gate that opens into the little garden before the door, the few cows and scattered sheep that graze beside, and the patches of cultivated ground on the neighbouring slopes, prove that the dwellers do not eat the bread of idleness. In this glen, and in one of these cottages, dwelt the curate of the church: he was not the owner of the dwelling, or the flock; happy indeed would he have felt had this been the case: he was only a lodger with the petty and industrious farmer; and was not a native of the place, but a stranger from a distant scene. His former rank in life could not have been considerable, nor his prospects flattering, else he would hardly have journeyed the distance of two hundred miles, to enjoy this remote cure of fifty pounds a year. If acquirements and knowledge can give happiness, independent of wealth, he ought to have been happy, for his mind was well stored with a competent classical knowledge; and the other studies, that the poor man seeks at the University with more ardour than the rich, because they are his only portion, had not been neglected by the curate. The long-disputed, and perhaps still undecided question, that wisdom fills the soul with more delight than fleeting riches

can do, was never more fairly put to the test. Had he been a man stricken in years, the former had probably obtained the victory, and on his tomb in the solitary valley the departed pastor might have had inscribed, as has been done before, that he slept full of years and experience. But the curate was a young man, only in his twenty-third year ; and the passions as well as the ambitions of youth will sometimes utter their voice in the obscure and silent glen as well as in the streets of cities. Had the grassy sides of the valley been the theatre and the confines of his imagination, his fifty pounds a year had been positive affluence. How could he possibly expend more, was a question he often asked himself during the first twelve months. The sloping beach close by, at whose foot the sea, in general, slept calmly, afforded him at any time a meal of excellent fish, and this he loved to catch with his own hand ; the cottagers kept a dairy, whence came his daily supply of delicious milk and cream ; there was always an abundance of excellent salt pork, of their own feeding, ranged temptingly on the rafters of the kitchen ; always on Sundays, and sometimes during the week, a fat fowl was killed by way of accompaniment. This luxury the cottagers would not so often have allowed, but for the sake of their lodger, whose frame and habits were the reverse of robust and strong. The annual sum which he paid

for these comforts made no fatal invasion on his stipend: his chamber was exquisitely neat and clean, perfumed in the season with thyme and rosemary: it was small, but so healthfully situated, for one window looked out on the rich and smiling banks, and the other far to seaward. And here it was sweet to sit and read, and then pause amidst his reading, and pensively gaze on the hushed or the troubled deep—and what object is so boundlessly and beautifully inspiring? Or, he might sit at the window that looked inland, over the stream that rattled through its stony channel, making that ceaseless low disturbance that the fancy loves. There were other enjoyments of a more elevated character, to the attainment of which, this deep retirement was highly favourable. Earth offered few fascinations to tempt the curate from the lowly yet delightful feelings and duties of his charge: to stand beside the bed of sickness and death, and pour consolation there; to visit the remotest dwellings of his parish, on the wild hill side, or on the sea-beat coast, and to deal sincerely and faithfully with the scattered people, among whose thin population might be found every shade of vice and virtue—these were his daily cares—his daily pleasures. A career such as this was certain to bring peace and comfort to the mind; and the solitary man felt this deeply and dearly; and often, in his chamber, the tear streamed from

his eye, and a look of exquisite pleasure lightened his features, when he thought how Providence blest him, and how secure and happy was his condition.

By his care and prudence, he found, at the close of the year, that he had sufficient money remaining to purchase a valuable addition to his scanty stock of books, as well as a new suit of black, which he much wanted. It was on a fine morning when he first put it on, and walked up the narrow glen to his grey church; he had returned the evening before from the market town at ten miles distance, where he had gone to purchase some favourite volumes: and still he found a surplus of his last year's income. He had never before known such conscious and glowing independence; abundance seemed to open on his future years, and he smiled as he saw his parishioners, waiting around the porch, fix their looks with surprise on his altered and gentlemanly appearance. A few days after he received an invitation to dine with a rich farmer in the adjoining parish. He was somewhat surprised at this, as the inviter lived on bad terms with his own minister, and had studiously avoided shewing him the least hospitality. He went, however: the house stood in a valley, at about three miles distant from his own, and was a substantial and excellent dwelling, for the whole of the domain on which it stood belonged to the farmer.

The visiter was struck with the appearance of wealth in every apartment; it was the first dwelling of the kind he had entered since his arrival: and he was greatly pleased, as well as flattered, with the pointedly kind and friendly reception of the family. A numerous party was invited, among whom were a few of his parishioners, but the greater number were strangers: and when he sat at the profusely covered table, surrounded by well dressed guests, he could not help thinking of the contrast his own humble peasant's board presented, at which he sat with the family every day. The glass circulated briskly, the conversation became gay and free, and he was surprised at himself; for his voice rose as clear, and was listened to as attentively as that of the richest farmer present: for his spirits were elevated, and his imagination roused. Even the daughters of some of the guests, who certainly did not want their share of pride, gave kind and approving glances. The young and obscure pastor had an eloquent eye, and a voice of a silver tone—things that go far with the female heart. It was late ere the party separated: and the curate traced his way home with a slow step, for the night was beautiful, and his mind and fancy were strung to the highest excitement.

It was a fatal hour for his peace when he went to that dwelling: had he known the dark and troubled hue it would cast over his prospects, hitherto



so calm and clear, he had forsworn the company of the world for ever. The path that led along the shore, and it was a splendid and sublime path, to the vale of the wealthy farmer, soon became familiar to his foot; and the entertainment of that day was only the prelude to many a friendly visit and hearty welcome. The farmer had two daughters, to whom he had given an expensive education, and had omitted, in fact, no means of rendering them suitable matches for any man in the western country, whether opulent farmer, or long-descended squire with a curtailed rental. He spoke, at times, over a glass, of the fortune he intended to give them on his decease, as well as their portion on the wedding day. And did the lowly curate of Saint Kylas aspire to one of these richly dowried damsels? He scarcely dared own it to himself, or why his foot wandered so often to the dwelling: in justice be it said, that ere he thought at all of the money, the frank and kind manners and spirit of the girl had created a warm attachment to her. And the feeling was so new and exciting—it broke so beautifully on the monotony of his life in the glen—that he loved to indulge it. The father, in the meantime, thought little more of the curate; but was pleased when he saw him enter his house, for he liked his character and conversation, and felt that complacency towards him also, with which men of affluence and luxury often

regard those who have equal and superior talents to themselves, but are compelled to take their stand on the side of the gulf of poverty, and look wistfully and vainly beyond. This sentiment was near akin to pity, perhaps ; but there was real friendliness also in the farmer's feelings towards his new acquaintance. Of the two daughters the elder was the object of his regard : it was doubtful if she liked the man as well as she did the companion ; for she was a blooming, tall, and bright-eyed girl, and he was a meek, retired, though very interesting personage : his dark locks curled short and finely around his brow and temples ; his mouth and nose were good ; the former had a peculiarly sweet expression ; and his whole bearing and manners, in spite of his poverty and scanty field of observation, were those of a gentleman. So that she had to choose between the young and opulent farmers of the adjoining parishes, with rough, free, and hearty manners, and the gentle curate of Saint Kylas. And she was long in choosing, and kept him in suspense, if the word may be allowed, for he never dared to talk of love, or to ask for her hand and person, but his silent, impassioned, yet ardent look, at times said more than words could do.

But an event happened, soon after, that placed all the parties in different relations to each other. The farmer kept a boat in the cove below his dwelling, in

which, during the fine evenings of summer he was fond of rowing out to sea for a few miles, and spending part of the night in fishing. On one of these evenings in July, there being no wind, and the sea perfectly calm, he invited the curate, who had dined that day at his house, to accompany him in the boat, with his eldest daughter. They rowed from the shore to a fishing-ground at about two miles distant ; and after throwing their lines without much success, and the moon shining brilliantly, they pushed out about a mile deeper. And here they had excellent sport, pulling up at every cast, almost, some of the fine fish of the coast. While they were thus occupied, the night waned almost unperceived : and it was very late ere they thought of returning. At last the small anchor was reluctantly hauled on board, and they rowed leisurely in-shore : not a single bark save their own could be seen, and the soft and slow plash of their oars was the only sound that broke on the calm of the night ; save that at intervals their own cheerful voices rose. On a sudden the oar of the farmer struck against some heavy substance ; and an exclamation of surprise was uttered, for no rock, either hidden or just rising above the surface, existed in that quarter. They ceased rowing, and looking earnestly over the side of the boat, saw clearly a human body floating sullenly on the wave. The curate, not without shrinking, caught hold of the garments, as the boat now struck the form, and drew it,

all near and distinctly, within their view. It was a fearful sight, and the girl shrieked, and covered her face with her hands: not so the father, whose eye grew on the corpse; he bent farther and lower over the side of the boat, and laid as strong a grasp on the matted and faded garments as if they were those of a drowning man, whose life he was saving. The pastor gazed on his companion and then on the dead, in astonishment, and recoiled instinctively: for the features were black and swollen: and—what is perhaps the most thrilling to behold—they were eyeless: and the mouth was open and lipless, and the water gurgled through it distinctly. “We must secure this body,” said the low but earnest voice of the father: “For God’s sake do not take it on board,” said the daughter. “It must be done,” was the stern and brief reply; “it must have Christian burial;” and with the great exertions of the two men, and after having more than once slipped from their hold, it was at last lifted on board. The hand of the farmer was grasped on that of the corpse: and to the quick eye of the curate, the brilliant light of the moon falling on the living and the dead, revealed the cause of the farmer’s eagerness to redeem their prey from the waves. The cold and swollen hand was covered with jewels; and this was not all: for around the breast, closely fastened by a sash, the hand of the captor soon drew forth a very small silken bag, that, on being opened, offered several rare and precious stones to the

sight. It was never known who the drowned man was, or to what vessel that had been lost, probably in a storm, or struck against a sunken rock, he had belonged ; but in the unhappy disclosure that afterwards took place, it was discovered that he was a Spaniard, and had come from South America. A man of superior condition he had evidently been by his dress. Had the party of discoverers been poor fishermen, or smugglers, there had been some palliation for spoiling the body : but it was strange as well as shameful, that a wealthy man, of fair character, should thus, in the dead of night, seek to rifle the kingdom of the grave. The boat lay motionless on the sea : the oars hung idly over the side : and not a word was spoken, for no one dared to speak, while the father slowly wrung from the clammy fingers their glittering ornaments, with a deliberation and coolness that ought only to have belonged to a practised villain : and then, depositing the rings in the small bag that contained the other stones, he placed it carefully in his bosom. The feelings of his child were spared the horror of this sight, for, unable to bear the aspect of the dead, she turned her look fixedly on the wave : once only, on averting it for an instant, she caught a glimpse of the heartless work ; her father, with a fixed and pale aspect, bending o'er the fearful and eyeless dead, and transferring its possessions to his own bosom : she uttered a stifled scream, but was saved the more

miserable feeling of despising her parent, for she thought he was only rescuing these valuable things in order to save them for the right owner. But the curate had known human nature better, even in his confined sphere: and when the farmer raised his head, and fixed his eye full upon him, without uttering a word—he read in that glance more of the dark and mysterious history of the human heart, than the death-bed scenes of repentance, guilt and fear, of his scanty parish had ever given him. In silence they took their oars, and now pulled more rapidly towards the land: and there they summoned two or three fishermen to convey the burthen they had rescued to a neighbouring cottage: this being done, they parted for the night. The feelings of the youthful pastor, when he entered again his peaceful dwelling and chamber, were of a strange and mingled character: he would have sought repose, but it fled from him; and harassed, and wearied, he rose with the early dawn, and opening his window that looked out on the glen, he sat beside it, inhaling the fresh and pure air. He had loved, hitherto, on rising from his bed, to open the southern window that looked out on the deep: but this morning he withdrew from the spot, and turned his glance, with a sickening feeling, from the calm, blue surface of the sea: his love for that scene was at this moment changed into loathing. An hour had scarcely elapsed, and the tenants were but just risen, when a low knock was heard at the

door below : and quickly after the farmer entered the apartment. His night too, had been sleepless, it was evident, for his features were disturbed and haggard, and his eye quick and restless. He closed the door fast, and sat down beside his companion, and took his hand, and spoke in a broken and hurried tone. The latter listened painfully and sadly, for why should this man's words be deprecating and beseeching : no crime had yet been committed ; it was still in his power to restore the rich property to the magistrates, and, when the body should be surveyed, to allow the spoil to be produced also. But the rich man, who might call the whole valley his own, whose barns and storehouses were full, had had a fearful conflict with himself : all night he had strove with the demon of rapine, and had at last yielded wholly. The sight of the rare and precious stones, that he had laid on his table, and gazed on again and again—was resistless : it was for his daughters' sake, he said to himself. What a brilliant dowry should he now be enabled to give them ? how beautifully would the smallest portion of this glittering array become their tall fine forms, and fair skin.

And now he spoke of his daughter : and the look of horror passed slowly from the aspect of the listener : a burning flush came there, and he trembled—for he felt the power of the words—the father was offering him his child ! And when the words ceased, he made no answer, but felt his hand grasped with a hard, kind,

and prolonged pressure, of a desperate, yet confiding, man. The latter rose at last, bade him good morning, and returned to his own home. The minister felt that he had rather grapple with the fiercest temporal ills, than with his own reflections : “ is there any burden so heavy to bear as a guilty and fearful secret,” was a question he often put to himself. And then he thought of all that the father had said : of the proposal so dear and delightful, that he had never hoped to hear from those lips : gratitude for a moment filled his heart, at this generosity : the richly dowried, admired girl of the valley was to be his bride ; the poor, portionless curate, with a pittance barely sufficient for his own existence, might now live in enjoyment and plenty, and be the master of a dwelling as comfortable and luxurious as that of the owner of the territory.

For some time these flattering visions shrouded the darker part of the picture : he would not appear that day at the frugal board of the cottagers ; and when evening came, he took himself sternly to task, for his criminal silence, and resolved to walk over to the valley, and address himself to the better and more generous feelings of his friend. He found him walking alone in his garden, apparently lost in thought : and then he spoke to him in a low tone, but firmly and boldly, of the dark treachery he purposed, and urged him to make redress, ere the coroner’s inquest was held on the body, or even on the very day. Ere he



ended, he expressed his deep sense of the generous offer made him, of the hand of the woman he loved.

The farmer heard him, without the slightest interruption, and then replied calmly, after a pause, " You are a minister, Mr. Thomason, and feel as one who dares not look on sin with approval, or let it be done without a warning word. But never talk to me thus again: think you it is a light thing for a man whose name is held in respect and honour—to do what sinks him beneath his menial servant, if known. " But it cannot, it shall not be known," he said, clenching his hand hard, " Fanny and yourself alone saw it." " But God saw it—amidst the stillness of the night, his eye was upon you?" said his companion. The hand of the other was instantly raised, and a sudden blow struck the speaker to the earth: it was done less in anger, however, than in the agony of feeling: for the words thrilled to the heart of the guilty man. He raised his guest cautiously and kindly, and a sudden revulsion of feeling coming over him, he burst into tears, and implored his forgiveness. The young man, as the effects of the blow passed away, looked earnestly in his assailant's face, and took his hand solemnly in his own, " Ask not forgiveness of me: I know that frank and generous nature is changed; and the demon of avarice rules it at will. But I will not betray you: let the earth keep its secret—but if it cover not this deed, let shame come on my own head, but I will not

betray my friend—the father of the woman I love.” And he would not stay to hear the heart-felt reply, or to enter the dwelling, but bent his way again to the glen. The next day the coroner’s inquest was held, and a verdict of “found drowned” being returned, the body was buried in the church-yard. The weather had changed since the preceding day, and drizzling showers descended without ceasing, on the small and impatient group that stood in the lonely church-yard, witnessing the interment. The curate’s voice trembled, as he read the service; there was one beside him on whom he dared not look, who trembled still more: His face was pale, and the eye restless, that faced the driving blast and rain, rather than the open grave; and as the earth fell with a dull and heavy sound every moment on the half-buried coffin, the spoiler drew back instinctively, and reclined against a tomb that stood near. Each hollow rush that covered for ever the dead, struck on his startled spirit: and he thought of the wretched stranger, of his distant Spanish home, of his family that vainly sought him, whose rightful inheritance his own hand had taken away. “If he had died afar,” he asked himself, “and some ruthless hand had despoiled his daughters thus—could he rest quiet in the grave?” These thoughts, that swept wildly through his fancy, were aided by the sad and lonely scene, over which the sky gathered dark and threatening: and as the curate read, with a faint voice, the

solemn words, "the wages of sin is death," he clasped his hands wildly, and uttered a low and piercing moan. The few who stood around looked earnestly at the man: it was not a sound of sorrow or sympathy, but the wail of a wounded mind: and ere their surprise had subsided, the grave was closed, and they departed, each, along the wild glen, to his own home.

The glen was now no longer the same to the curate; and his walks through its narrow domains lost their charm: in place of tranquillity and a peaceful conscience, came a glowing and resistless excitement: the love of the eldest daughter. It seemed as if the late event had broken down the barriers of restraint, doubt and inequality of lot: they alone were privy to the dark secret, and they could not avoid often conversing on it, and mingling their tears and apprehensions together: and a warm attachment soon became mutual. The day was appointed for their marriage: a dwelling was sought, and handsomely furnished, by the father: it had a garden and a glebe of land, on which grazed several cows for the dairy, and a horse for his own use. And now his glowing visions were soon to be fulfilled; and the poor pastor of Saint Kyles, with fifty pounds a year, was to become the master of a fair house and estate, the husband of the finest and best dowried girl in the west. The day came at last, and the bridal party was joyous and happy: in all the assembly the bridegroom alone was pale and thoughtful, amidst the

congratulations of friends, and the smiles and embraces of his wife, and the blissful certainty that the woman he loved was his own for ever. Whatever the parent felt, no eye could discern the slightest change in his countenance : if any terrors were in the heart, it seemed that the treasure of the dead was a rich atonement : to his widowed chamber he often went, and drew them forth, and gazed on them long and intensely. In his dealings and intercourse with his neighbours, as well as with the nearest market town, he supported the same high character for honesty, fairness and respectability : it had been a solitary temptation, and had wrecked in a moment the gathered blessings and golden opinion of years. And he loved often to go and see his favourite child and her husband : their dwelling was not far ; and Fanny placed the arm chair for her father, and the curate pressed his hand warmly and in silence ; and then they sat down and conversed freely. He saw they were happy : and the husband felt proud of his lot, of his fair glebe and cattle, and the comforts of his dwelling ; but he gloried most when the tall and commanding form of his wife moved around him,—when her dark eye and soft word anticipated his wishes ? Was not this cup far sweeter than he had ever thirsted to drink on earth ? And could he hate the father while he loved the child ? He did not hate him ; yet there were moments when the feelings were different, even when a few companions sat round

his hearth, and he raised to his lips the full glass of rich wine, that gleamed fiercely in the glare of the fire, a sudden qualm came over him, and his lip quivered—for he thought of the hushed and still night, when the boat lay beside the floating form, and the light of the moon fell on the forbidden and glittering spoil.

The doom of the living, however, was at hand, and the fate of the shipwrecked man might be envied by him who had taken what the waves had spared. It happened in an evil hour, that the farmer, one evening, in the neighbouring market town, to which he went every week, fell into a warm dispute with another landholder about their mutual property. One boast led to another, for excess of liquor had made both unguarded; and the farmer, who seldom indulged in drink, from the conviction that it overcame him, uttered words which no human ear should have heard, for it was a boast of the value of what the sea had cast up. His rival paused, and fixed his eye full on the changing countenance of the other, who felt his fatal error, and then exchanged significant glances with the rest of the company—for a confused and slight rumour had gone abroad at the time of the event, but had died away again. The company quickly after broke up. The curate was seated that night in his chamber, when he heard the rapid tread of horses' feet coming down the glen; it was an unusual sound there; and quickly after the farmer entered: his look was wild, and there

was exquisite misery graven on his features. “O that my tongue had been in the fire that is never quenched,” he said, “ere these words were spoken.” To the wild and earnest entreaties of the minister he answered not, but continued to talk in loud, mournful and broken tones; and the other ceased to interrupt him, for he saw that the agony of his spirit was exceeding great. The burden that he must bear was in truth a fearful one: and he was crushed beneath it like an infant: for he was a proud man—and with the passing away of that night, would pass away like a dream also, the wealth, the dignity, the high respectability of his character, far and wide—and he would be an outlawed man, and his fair and loved daughters—what would they be?—things for the finger of scorn to be pointed at!—It was never known what passed between them: but the cottagers said, afterwards, it was a fearful night—that the wail of agony and despair rose louder at times than the roar of the sea beneath: and that then there was heard the soft still voice of the minister, as of an angel pleading for the rescue of a lost spirit—it should seem that at last it prevailed: for the sounds sunk into low, deep moans, and voices of pity and mercy—and, ere the morning broke, the farmer again rode wildly from the door.

The next day passed calmly in the valley, but on the second evening the feet of enemies came on the soil, and with them were the officers of justice. The rich

man was taxed with crime : his words at the inn were quoted against him : he denied it firmly : but the house was searched, and the plunder was at last discovered. There could be no doubt whence it came, or to whom it had belonged. Ere he was conveyed away to be examined at the town, his friends and relatives gathered round him in wonder and indignation at the charge : the rumour ran like wild fire, and his numerous tenants and dependants came also, for he was a popular landlord, and the clamour and grief were loud and general. The trial never came : for by the active and secret exertions of his friends, he made his escape from prison, and went into a foreign country. On his family the blow fell ruthlessly : it may be doubted if the anguish of the daughters for the ruin of an indulgent father was more bitter and rending than that of the curate of Saint Kylas. Had the spectre of the drowned stood before him, and lifted his accusing hand, it could not have been more fearful than the tempest of scorn and malice, before which his gentle spirit shrank and trembled. Not only his religion, but his honesty were called in question. The world said that he had shared the plunder of the dead : he could not deny that he had been privy to it, that he had seen it done : but when he spoke of the horror and hatred of the sin, which he had really felt—and that he would as soon have dyed his hand in blood as touched the spoil of the lost—people were slow of believing him. “ A wolf in

sheep's clothing, a midnight spoiler on the wave," were the terms that were heaped on his head; it was said the daughter was the price of secrecy, and part of the diamonds were on her bosom on the wedding day. He could have borne the loss of worldly wealth, that now melted fast away: for all the possessions of the farmer were seized by the government; because he had plundered what were the rightful dues of the latter, namely, the unclaimed property of the dead or wrecked, cast up by the wave.

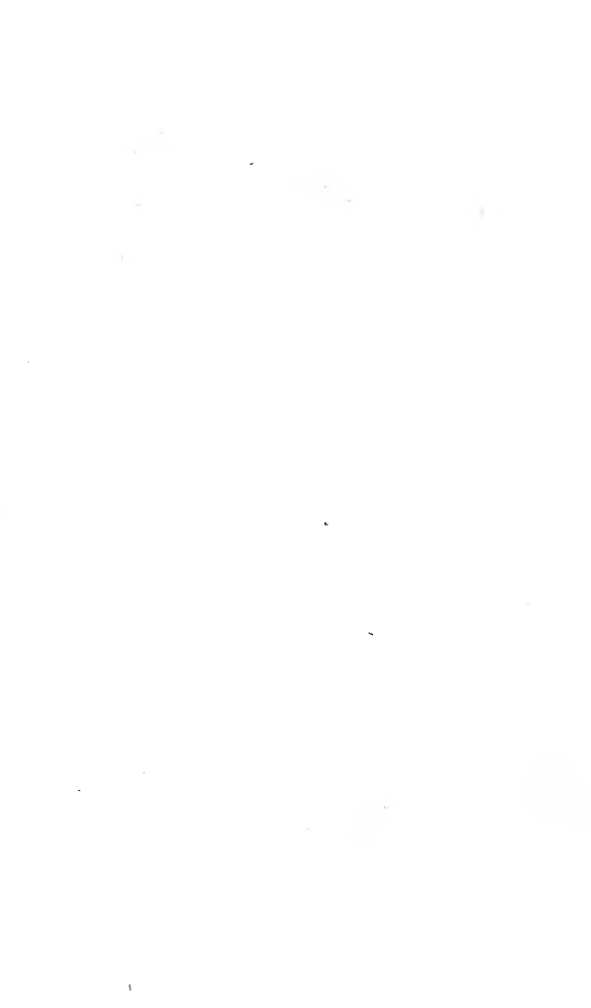
The sweet and luxurious home, and garden, and glebe of land of the pastor were part of these possessions; and it was a morning of sorrow, and humbling, and tears, even to agony, when he quitted, with his beloved wife, their home, and bent their steps towards the glen of Saint Kyles, to dwell in the same lowly cottage that he had tenanted in his days of peace and obscurity. It was all they could afford: the poor fifty pounds a year was now their only dependence, and when they sat beside the hearth on the first evening of their arrival, and thought of the change, the subdued and stricken man leaned his head on the bosom of his sacrificed wife, and wept bitterly. And now came the triumph and the strength of woman! From that moment she concealed her own feelings, hushed her own complaints, and strove only to comfort and sustain the drooping spirit of her husband. It is an easy task for a young,

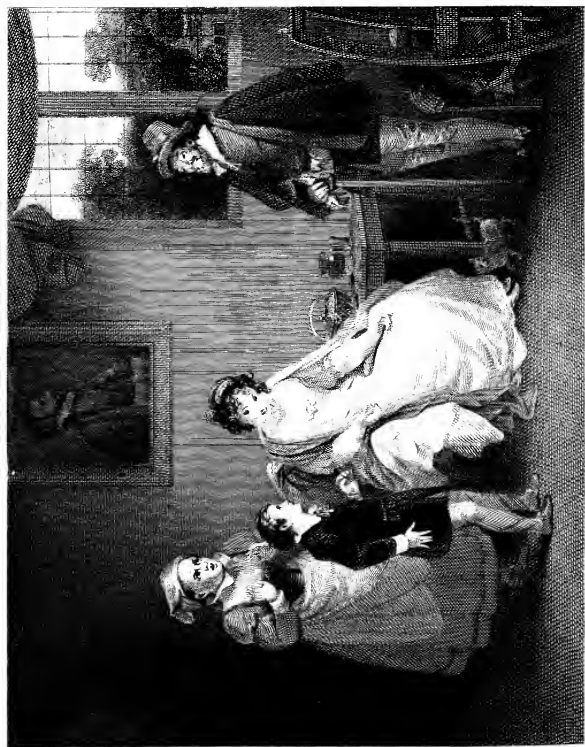


endeared, and attractive woman to do this, in a silent glen, in a desolate isle, any where, in fact, on the wide surface of the earth. And the youthful and contemned pastor soon felt and owned this : he was invited no more to the tables of the rich and luxurious ; his dwelling was seldom entered by the step of flatterers or friends ; in his church on the sabbath he saw that his congregation did not increase ; that there was sometimes a sneer on the lips of those who had revered him before ; and that, when the service was over, the few who were wealthier, instead of stopping to give a kindly greeting, hurried hastily away. But then, when he sat in the small shaded chamber that looked out on the glen, his wife was by his side ; some useful work for the household in her hand, or she listened while he read :—and then they arose and went forth, and walked amidst the rocks and verdant banks, or on the beach beyond. One evening, engaged in conversation, they had wandered far, and he sat on the bank, while she stood beside him : suddenly he felt her tears fall fast on the hand that was clasped in her's—and, looking up, he could not mistake the look of sorrow and upbraiding on her fine features : it was the very spot where the corpse of the drowned had been landed on that fatal night ; “my father was your ruin,” she murmured. He rose and kissed those tears away, and said that ruin with her was sweet :

and that had he betrayed his friend, and the woman he so dearly loved—what would now be his state? And they turned hastily away.

A change—and a stern one—he well knew, had come over his path. In that same chamber of the cottage he had sat a year before, a lonely but an innocent man, in possession of honour and dignity of character, and with a heart at rest:—now all these blessings were torn ruthlessly away, and he was left only to that piety and sincerity of spirit, that had been clouded for a moment, but had never forsaken him. The trial to which he had been exposed was such as few could bear: it was a fiery ordeal, out of which he came, not wholly unstained—but he had never forsaken the “God of his fathers,” had never bowed down to the idols of gold and silver. With a sunken cheek and animated eye he looked calmly at the desertion of the world, and said with a smile, that was turned on his faithful and beautiful companion, that though earth had no other help but her—he was happy!—and that his feet should henceforth be confined to his own valley: then the peace of conscience and the inspiring hope would come again, and the voice of treachery, sternness, and cruelty be heard no more.





## THE PEDAGOGUE.

MRS. PAGE.—SIR HUGH, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

EVANS.—Come hither, William; hold up your head; come—What is he, William, that does lend articles?

WILLIAM.—Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined; *singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

EVANS.—*Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*;—pray you, mark; *genitivo, hujus*: What is your *accusative case*?

WILLIAM.—*Accusativo, hinc.*

EVANS.—I pray you have your remembrance, child; *accusativo, hing, hang, hog.*

MRS. QUICKLY.—Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

MRS. PAGE.—He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

SHAKSPEARE.

# THE SPIDER.

From Pignotti.

BY THE ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

## I.

LAURA, with those bright eyes of thine  
That guileful insect mark,  
Which lurks in yon neglected nook,  
The traitress of the dark.

## II.

And hidden half, and half reveal'd,  
To her slim net-work clings,  
Watching, from her obscure recess,  
Its slightest quiverings.

## III.

That frightful formidable thing,  
So ancient figments show,  
Was once a maiden fair and gay—  
Aye, fair and gay as thou.

## IV.

And ever 'twas her heart's delight,  
    (As thine, proud girl, 'tis still)  
Each venturous youth, that flutter'd by,  
    With beauty's blaze to kill.

## V.

'Twas now her trick, with tender glance  
    Th' unpractised heart to move;  
While the mute language of her eye  
    Said timidly—"I love."

## VI.

With look so languishingly soft  
    Now pity seem'd to reign,  
That Diffidence himself grew bold,  
    And dared to hope—in vain.

## VII.

And when, by such false arts, she view'd,  
    Her hapless victim snared,  
Pity and love to scorn gave way,  
    To ridicule, regard.

## VIII.

But most she sought each rover light  
    To lure within her toils;  
These were her cherish'd slaves; from these  
    She reap'd her dearest spoils.

## IX.

The gilded butterfly, that toss'd  
On every passing sigh ;  
The gaudy fire-fly, only born  
To sparkle, flit, and die.

## X.

O'er the wide realms of faithless love  
Vain heartless despots they ;  
These all, by her deceits beguiled,  
Approach, submit, obey.

## XI.

Soaring at length, incautious maid !  
Beyond her human sphere,  
She, who to kind Monition's voice  
Ne'er lent a listening ear,

## XII.

In mad ambition's haughtiest phrase—  
Ah, evil was the hour !  
A Goddess to the strife defied,  
And vaunted equal power.

## XIII.

Ireful and terrible, of old,  
Was each celestial she ;  
And bent with sternest care to guard  
Her high supremacy.



## XIV.

And hence, with rage the Goddess stung,  
And more-than-mortal spite,  
The object of her jealous spleen  
Changed to this insect-fright.

## XV.

But note how strongly nature's force,  
Though changed the form, survives!  
Even in the metamorphosed maid  
Her pristine passion lives.

## XVI.

Nor other cares her mind engage,  
Than those which erst were there;  
For every thoughtless flutterer still  
She weaves the subtle snare.

## XVII.

Within her bosom's inmost cells,  
The wondrous current flows;  
Which, slowly from its source educed,  
A solid texture grows.

## XVIII.

Beneath the air's cold influence  
The thickening film is shed,  
And by the artist's plastic care  
Becomes a pliant thread.

## XIX.

'That thread, in many a linked ring,  
She winds and fastens well ;  
And, lo ! in middle ether floats  
A web scarce visible.

## XX.

And still, from morning's earliest dawn  
To twilight's shadows gray,  
With fixed eye and moveless limb  
She waits her light-wing'd prey.

## XXI.

Nor swerves she from her custom'd aim—  
Ever, as legends tell,  
The self-same end pursuing aye  
Unchanged, unchangeable.

## XXII.

Then, lovely Laura, soothly say—  
For kindred taste is thine,  
And thou canst well (if so thou wilt)  
Resolve this doubt of mine ;

## XXIII.

As to discern man's genuine worth  
Thy wit was never scant,  
In what unlike the twain, declare—  
The Fly and the Gallant.

# THE LOST LIFE.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

And when he had what most he did admire,  
And found of life's delights the last extremes,  
He found all but a rose hedged with a briar,  
A nought, a thought, a masquerade of dreams.

DRUMMOND.

It was late in the evening of a November day, in 18—, that, after two days and nights of incessant travelling, I reached London, and proceeded to a house in — Street. Every one knows the feeling with which he knocks at the door of a sick friend, when he fears to learn that his errand is lost, that he shall be greeted with those death-bell words—"You are too late!" In the present instance, my impatient summons was answered by a respectable middle-aged servant man, whose mournful countenance so realized my apprehensions, that I forbore to make any direct inquiry—indeed, I had not power.

The domestic was at no loss to understand my emotion; "Dr. F——," said he, "is with him."

"*Is with him,*" said I, "thank God!" and gathering hope from this ambiguous phrase, I ran up stairs with eager haste.

A door opened as I reached the landing, and the physician came forward; he was well known to me by reputation, and his appearance at the present crisis, made me feel towards him as a friend. I grasped his offered hand, and approached the room door.

"Mr. Mandeville," said he, in a kind but firm tone, "that room you must not enter at present, it grieves my very soul to say it, but you are too late; all is just over!"

I replied by wrenching myself from the grasp that strove to detain me, and in another moment stood beside the bed of death. Dr. F—— followed me, apprehensive of consequences, but the scene therein disclosed, effectually calmed my impetuosity, and I became still from the very power of my emotion.

I felt as if suddenly placed in a sepulchre; the room was hot and dark, so that I breathed and distinguished with difficulty; when my eye grew accustomed to the gloom, the first object that I discovered was the ghastly face of my friend, stretched in the attitude of sleep, but it was the dull cold sleep of death.

Yes, there, mute, and unconscious of my presence,

lay the one whom I had last seen brilliant and in health ; imaginative, refined, passionate, the very genius of change and contradiction ; courted, uncontrollable, wayward, wilful ; a spell to others, a torment to himself ; yet, withal, my first, last, dearest friend—there he had died, unattended, but for the voluntary offices of a poor servant—friendless, but for a stranger ! Again and again was my sight blinded by gushing tears ; again and again did I dash them away, and rivet my eyes afresh upon the splendid wreck before me. By degrees I became able to examine more minutely, the change which had passed upon his form and features, and something like comfort arose from the contemplation. Disease had wasted the one ; on the other, care and emotion (those vultures of the soul) had left dire traces of their triumph ; but over all there brooded a calm, which, in the brightest hours of life, I had never witnessed. He lay in a half-reclining position—the head bowed upon the bosom,—the lips somewhat apart, as if he had died whilst preparing to speak ; and smiling, for death, which had arrested the words, had spared the smile that prefaced them. His white and attenuated hands were gently clasped ; his whole figure was at rest, and the wild play of a countenance, once proud, even in its beauty and its tenderness, looked not more pale than tranquil. I bent forward to kiss the brow ; its chill clamminess startled and shocked me, and I uttered a cry of grief and astonishment, as

if then, for the first time, I had become sensible of the certainty of death.

Dr. F—— now interposed, and quietly urged me to retire with him. “We have,” said he, “many arrangements to make, much to talk over; and poor Eustace charged me with many messages for you—to-morrow you shall return here, but to-night—nay, you *must* leave the apartment now; you need food and rest too.” “Food—rest,” repeated I, impetuously; however, I suffered him to lead me away into an adjoining room. Ordering up some refreshment, of which he entreated me, for my health’s sake, to avail myself, he left me for awhile to give the directions now rendered indispensable. In about half an hour he returned; I had not stirred from the spot in which he left me standing. He shook his head in a manner at once half-friendly, half-professional. “This,” said he, “will not do; I must rule you as I used to rule Eustace, *he* was always obedient both as a patient and as a son.” Here his voice trembled, and he became silent. I threw myself on the sofa and burst into tears. The benevolent physician sat down beside me, and mingled his tears with mine. When I grew composed, I entreated him to give me all the information he could, respecting my departed friend, of whom I had wholly lost sight during the last five years. Again and again I reprobated the cruelty that had kept me in ignorance of his danger.

“Do not blame the dead,” replied my companion gravely, “Eustace never consented till the day on which my letter of summons is dated. I wrote the instant he would permit me, till then, I had not heard of you, for till then, Eustace never gave me his whole confidence. He interested me from the first day of my attendance, and I felt convinced that as he was no common character, his had been no common life : but you know he had a proud spirit, and privation and self-reproach are not in themselves softening influences. Previous to our confidential intercourse, I perceived that there was a warfare going on in his mind, a strife between good and evil, a conviction of error, with a hardy desire to brave it out ; a determination to “die and make no sign,”—but he could not do so. The better influence gained the victory ; then he gave me the history of his career, and bade me send for you. From that hour he sank, but from that hour he became tranquil.”

“And how died he ?”

“As it peculiarly became him that he should die—*humbly*. Tranquillity in death is frequently open to suspicion ; at least, it is not in itself a sufficient evidence of safety ; but in the case of tumultuous, passionate characters, it is, to my mind, the most satisfactory evidence we can have that the heart is right with God.”

“And had he forgotten me?” said I, “me, his chosen friend!”

“Do not be tenacious,” replied Dr. F——, “he remembered you to the last moment; he had few others to remember, for the world left him long before he left the world. Look,” continued the speaker, holding up as he spoke, a packet, which I perceived to be addressed to myself, “here is proof that he remembered you, and proof also that he disobeyed me, for he employed himself in writing these sheets when utterly unfit for the exertion. To-morrow you will peruse them.”

“To-morrow!” I exclaimed, snatching the precious memorials as I spoke, “this night—instantly.”

I broke the seal, and endeavoured to read, but my eyes refused their aid; they would only weep. My companion saw my inability. “Nay, then,” said he, “I will read them to you, Eustace had at last no secrets from me, and he bade me comfort you when he was gone; come, you shall be to me what Eustace was. I will fancy you his brother; give me the papers.

I gave them into his hand. “Now then,” said he, “if you will not sleep before you hear their contents, at least you *shall* eat before I read them; you have need of strength, even to listen.”

I obeyed, to be freed from his friendly importunity; and he then commenced his melancholy task.



## EUSTACE'S LETTER.

“ Henry, I have known for some time that I must die, but I was too proud to let you come and close my eyes, for I could not bear that you should see my humiliation; that you should find your once brilliant friend without fortune, without fame, without friends: but I thank God for giving me a better mind, and now I trust you will reach me whilst I belong to the world of living men. Should you arrive too late, pardon your friend in this thing, and believe, that with all his other sins of an evil heart, and wasted life, he has carried it to that Being who saves when all else reject. Oh, my Henry, do you ever think of our bright boyhood? of those days when the heart had a summer, long and luxuriant as Nature's? do you remember that old grey rock behind your father's house, whence we used to watch the sun rise? and that dingle, so green, and cool, and silent, yet withal so bright, where we used to lie at the foot of the large beech-tree, looking up through its branches at the glimmering blue sky, and talking of that which resembled it—the future? That dingle haunts me like a remembered dream; in the feverish hours of dissipation, in the dark ones of disappointment, even in these, my dying ones, I have seemed again to behold its sunny greenness, and felt, by turns, reproached and saddened. But this is vain!

The leaves and the singing birds of that season are long since dead, and the fancies and desires that were their parallels are dead too. Pain and pleasure are alike transient, but good and evil long survive—they are remembered by their consequences. You cannot have forgotten, then, that strange, perverted, gifted being, who exercised such a powerful influence over both our minds—such a fatal, such a lasting one on mine. With his knowledge and his eloquence, his enthusiasm and his levity, his wild estimate of the powers of man; his daring doubts, and more daring assertions; his genius, which admired the loveliness of virtue, his secret infidelity which despised the obligation of duty—you cannot have forgotten him, but to you he did little harm. You listened to his tales of other times and other lands, to his caustic sketches of life, and splendid visions of unattainable felicity, as to the words of a sorcerer; but good sense and an unambitious temperament preserved you from lasting injury. You went to other scenes and forgot him. It was far otherwise with myself. His words sank into my soul, like sweet deadly poison, working destruction. He kindled up my ambition, but he did not direct the flame; he made me conscious and proud of my energies, but he never taught me their use; he disgusted me with acknowledged principles and customary pursuits, and gave me instead vain and vague ideas of distinction. My imagination was full of dazzling sentiments, but my ideas were

undefined and impalpable ; my mind was a chaos of light, and power, and splendour, without aim and without order, without rule and without principle. One desire took possession of me, the desire of power for its own sake ; for the gratification of my own pride, as a proof of my superiority. To go through this dusky world a dazzling, courted, wonder-raising being, a “ splendour amidst shadows ”—with no definite aim beyond that of gaining the greatest possible influence over the greatest possible number and variety of minds, careless whether it produced good or evil, bane or bliss, in its results—this, as well as I can recal my past state of mind, was my ruling passion. Every study, book, character—my own heart, conversation, bore on this one point ; every thing, even the contemplation of nature, became an art. I do not mean that all this was done avowedly and on system ; it was the natural result of an artificial habit of thought. The first evil consequence was discontent. Time, talent, feeling, all were wasted in dreaming myself into possession of the power I longed for. I could no longer surrender myself to the enjoyment of the beauties and pleasures by which I was surrounded ; the idea that a world existed, in which I was formed to shine, but from which I was excluded, embittered every hour of my life. I sprang, therefore, like a bird from an opened cage, when the moment arrived which allowed me to enter that world, and enter it my own master. For a long time the

versatility of my ambition blinded me to its inherent meanness, just as its novelty, for a time, precluded weariness. To have been distinguished as a mere man of fashion, or pleasure, or even literature, would have disgusted me by its exclusiveness: eminence in any profession, however honourable, would not have satisfied me, it would have required patient drudgery; least of all, would eminence in goodness have suited me, because then I must have sacrificed my corrupt motives of action. No, my aim was to embody and unite a portion of all the qualities required in all these pursuits, and create a profession for myself—that of pleasing and gaining power; to be, in short, a modern Alcibiades; equally at home, whether leading a gay revel, or imbibing Socratic wisdom. Oh, those days! those months! those years! I cannot recount the wild excitements which filled them; even you saw not the one-half of their transitions, for knowing that you disapproved full many of such as you did know, I seldom sought your society, but when wearied into steadiness: and at last you went abroad, and I saw you no more. It was not from any diminution of real regard that I ceased to answer your letters, but I became gradually enthralled by the habit of mind that had at first been optional. I lost the power of steady remembrance, of patient continuance in any thing: constancy lasted just as long as excitement; the past, the future, and the distant, were alike nothing; the new, the near, and the present, were

all in all. But there was a feeling for you, a remembrance of our boyish attachment, that triumphed even over caprice. Otherwise, man, or woman, or child, alike repented intrusting me with any portion of their regard; for when I had gained the power I sought, they generally ceased to excite an interest strong enough to stimulate me to attention, in which case they tired me, because they had claims on me which I could not dispute, and had no will to acknowledge. At first I felt relieved when one by one dropped off, leaving me at liberty to please myself, and please others; but by degrees I awoke to a sense of dreariness, and of mortification, arising from the discovery that, at last, no one suffered on my account, because none trusted me beyond the hour. By degrees, too, I felt my mind lose its vigour and elasticity; every object and occurrence appeared to me in such various aspects, according to the mood of the day, that I really had no fixed opinions of any kind, no attachment to any particular habit of thought. To form a decision and abide by it, was all but impossible, my good and evil being alike the result of impulse, and so interchanged, that my friends always found something to blame in my best actions, and something to praise in my worst. Opinion was the breath of my soul, consequently, I was ever vibrating between elation and depression: whilst my efforts received praise, I did well; when praise was withheld, I could do nothing. My mind had no root in itself, but

derived its nourishment from extraneous sources. When they dried up it withered. The dread of sinking into a *mediocre* tortured me, and the more this dread possessed me the more did I discover, that the native element of genius is simplicity of purpose, or rather, the absence of all purpose whatsoever. I was what I originally desired to be, a person whom society courted, but I found that I had lost the power of becoming any thing better. This conviction induced a melancholy, misanthropic turn of thought; my head was waste, and my heart empty; I grew reckless and self-accusing. These feelings were much deepened by a severe and long-protracted illness. The gloom and stillness of a sick room contrasted forcibly with the gaiety and glare from which they had snatched me; and the neglect of most of my companions, now that I was unable to give or receive amusement, obliged me to many reflections that might have been called wise, had they not resulted from mortified vanity, rather than a convinced judgment. There was one person, however, who visited me for the very reason that others forsook me—because I seemed less disposed to be gay than grave. This was a clergyman, whom I had occasionally met at the house of a mutual friend, and with whom I had once travelled half a day; a slight acquaintanceship, but it sufficed to give him a right to inquire after my health, and manifest those little attentions which invalids are

particularly fond of receiving from strangers. But the origin of his visits lay in the interest he had conceived for me, in his belief that I was capable of becoming a valuable character, and in his desire (for he had the ambition of benevolence) to influence me for my own good. Many circumstances contributed to make him succeed in winning my confidence: he was my senior; he was my superior in rank; he excelled in moral energy; but the secret of his power lay in his simplicity. His, however, was not the simplicity occasioned by ignorance of men and books; nor yet the superficial simplicity of phrase and deportment; it was the genuine and transparent integrity of a strong mind, that judged of all things by the unerring standard of right and wrong. He was wholly a character of truth, principle, and duty; of "austere yet happy feelings;" alike devoid of sentiment and subtlety. I never could understand his fancy for myself; yet any motive, unsupported by the strongest regard, would not account for the watchful, forbearing kindness which I constantly received from him. He strove to clear my mental vision of the dimness contracted by perpetual self-gazing; to make me perceive glory in self-control; happiness in living for others. He was gifted with much natural eloquence, and when he characterised and compared the objects for which I had lived and those for which it was worth

while to live ; when he unmasked the splendid vanities which had hitherto enthralled my imagination, portraying at the same time the eternal and sufficient good which might yet be attained—my heart burned within me to forego a life of littleness, and evidence a nobler style of being. I was perfectly sincere, but perfectly self-deceived. The old spirit was at work in another form ; my imagination was still lord of the ascendant, and what appeared to be the triumph of a new principle, was only the triumph of a new excitement. Hitherto I had contemplated religion and its acquirements with dislike and scepticism, partly the result of ignorance, and partly of early prejudice. I was now aroused to regard it with intellectual and absorbing interest. The grand outlines of Christianity must ever, when fairly stated, command the homage of the mind ; my present instructor possessed singular powers of appeal to the heart and conscience, and like one suddenly transported into a new and lovely region, my mind was filled with wonder, enthusiasm and delight. My former habits and associations really appeared contemptible, and the idea that there existed a power by which I might emancipate myself from their thralldom, and remould my character into what should deserve and command confidence, filled me with rapture. I commenced a crusade against myself, and for a time all went well. The stern, the simple, and the despised virtues, which



can only be based upon Christian principle ;—the occupations which have solid utility as their object ; the character of Christ, which is unquestionably the most wondrous and magnificent ever realized on earth—all these, really arrested my attention, and as long as they did so, produced a marked and beneficial effect upon every habitude of thought, word, and deed. As may readily be supposed, I was all devotedness to my new friend, and he, half in hope, and half in fear, suffered me at last to form a new bond of union with himself and his principles. Many blamed him, and at last he blamed himself ; but for awhile, as I said before, all went well. I was happy ; I was occupied ; I was contented in retirement ; I loved a woman who thought me trustworthy, and that woman was Constantia. Yes, I loved her, for a time, in sincerity, and she was one more than worthy of that love, even had it retained to the end its warmth and integrity ; for she was tender, serious, thoughtful, gentle ; reposing and full of repose ; timid, exclusive—in all things womanly. I was struck with the singleness of her notions, her delight in nature, her complete freedom from worldliness. But I believe her crowning charm was, that I found it difficult to win her affection, and because, when at last awarded, it was with a genuine intensity that I had never witnessed, at least never excited before. Her love for me, when fairly roused, engrossed, subdued, enchained her :

I became her idol, her life's unbroken thought, and not merely every person, but every duty became painful that interfered with devotedness to myself. Her brother remonstrated on the ground of religious principle, but she was emparadised in a dream that steeped her judgment in oblivion, and she loved the more for finding that she already loved too well. Alas! alas! that what at first occasioned me purer joy than I had ever experienced in my whole life, should eventually have wearied, nay, produced disgust! That the wreath of flowers should have changed into gyves and fetters! That the very fact of being endowed with despotic power should have tempted me to abuse it; to rend a soft and gentle heart that showed no image but mine. But thus it was. As novelty wore off, and excitement diminished, my bosom sins, ambition and instability, revived; and in proportion as they did so, my new course of life became less easy, less pleasing, less suited to me. My religion had been wholly imaginative, and the beautiful but baseless fabric began to fall to pieces. My spirit began to be once more feverish and restless; my feelings to fret under the curb of self-restraint; something like a glory gathered over the world I had left, something like a mist over the one I now inhabited; I remembered my brilliant days, and sighed. I was constrained to admit, in my judgment, that goodness, and virtue, and rectitude, and utility,

were good, and virtuous, and right, and useful—but I felt them insipid: there was no grounding passionate interest on the people and things connected with them; for they were no longer gilded by the sun of my imagination. In an unfortunate hour too, the individual whom I may well call my evil genius, again crossed my path; he was the meteor-character he had ever been, and years had only increased his power of caustic raillery on all subjects opposed to his own views and feelings. From a mingling of pride and shame, I disguised, or rather attempted to disguise, the real state of my mind, but he saw through it, and his wit winnowed me, not of the chaff, but of the wheat of my little remaining attachment to truths and principles, and persons who were governed by them. A vain mind, whatever may be the talent connected with it, is always at the mercy of ridicule cunningly handled; and he was an adept. But I must acquit him of wrong intentions as far as Constantia was concerned. He thought her unfit to retain influence over a spirit like mine, but he scattered his levities regarding her, more from inability to be serious on any subject, than from iniquity of purpose. Then he did not believe in the deep and pure intensity of her affection for me; woman's constancy was, in his opinion, the most fabulous of fables. He measured her character too by the world's standard, or rather by the standard of his own perverted taste; and, because she varied from it,

pronounced her uninteresting. She certainly was not a woman formed to be courted in society ; not one fitted to draw paladin and peer to her feet—not, in a word, what a vain worldly heart would in brilliant circles take a pride in owning. The gold of her character lay beneath the surface, but her affection had brought it all to light for me, and I at least ought to have been satisfied. Had my affection towards her been of the right kind, the conversation of the individual alluded to, would have made me forswear his friendship for ever ; but in truth, it was like a spark falling upon tinder—I was previously prepared for its influence, and instead of resenting, received it. Our intercourse was limited. There were many reasons why England, as a residence, displeased him ; he was now on the eve of leaving it again, and endeavoured to persuade me to accompany him, and become, as he phrased it, less militant in my notions. This I declined, avowing circumstances as a reason, but in reality I had neither courage nor generosity to act on the principle of *mort sans phrase* ; so he left, making his farewell such a sweet and bitter compound of flattery and ridicule, that my ears long tingled at the remembrance. He departed, and I remained behind, not with the settled purpose of playing the villain, but in a temper of mind that naturally induced this consequence. Some characters undergo few changes, and those few are gradually effected, and between every

such change there is a twilight interval of deliberation and prelude ; they have intermediate moods—neutral tints. Neither one nor other appertained to my nature. From change to change, from fancy to fancy, I passed at once and altogether, and none but myself could have traced the steps of progress. It was thus in my subsequent conduct to Constantia. My love for her had, like every thing else, been merely based on imaginative feeling, and therefore it was essentially unstable and selfish. I had no real fault to find with her, but she ceased to excite me ; I grew weary of her society, fretful at the idea of her claims upon me, vexed even at the undecaying nature of her regard for me. I do not mean to say that all these feelings were evidenced in my manner ; at the worst of times there was ever about me a milkiness of nature that shrunk from giving wilful pain, and I really strove hard to *seem* all I had once been without seeming. Mere spectators, and even her brother, were deceived, Constantia alone discovered the true state of my heart ; for Constantia loved, and felt, what can only be felt, not described, the thousand differences between attention and tenderness. A strong and happy love can afford to seem negligent in manner, because, by a single word or look, or even tone of voice, it can, and does yield a payment of delight far surpassing all that can be done by active service. Constantia missed these signs of true love ; not that she ever breathed a syllable

of reproach, or even entreaty, but she grew pale, and sad, and silent. This, and the conviction that I was the occasion, irritated me, and when we were alone together, which I avoided as much as possible, I grew moody, constrained, captious. Her brother at length perceived that all was not smooth, and claimed the right of interference—but Constantia roused her gentle nature to the effort, and precluded its necessity; she set me free from my engagement, and I was blind, weak, worthless enough to accept my freedom, and to rejoice in it. Of course we never met again. I received one letter from her brother (once my friend), it was as be seemed both characters, stern and sad. He told me of the misery I had inflicted—of the hopes, as regarded myself, I had raised and blighted—of the esteem he had once felt for me—of the fear he now felt. He gave me keen counsel as a man—he forgave me as a christian. He died shortly afterwards of a malignant fever, and Constantia is—I know not where: but oh, my friend, if it be possible, discover her abode, and bear to her my dying testimony to her worth and her wrongs. Her forgiveness I do not ask, for it would grieve her could she think I deemed her capable of retaining an angry emotion towards one she once loved. Tell her, that the hour which has degraded many things in my estimation, has only established her; tell her whatever may render my memory less painful. Yes, Henry, we parted, and I returned to my own old

world, but I took not back my own old self: for the knowledge of right clung to me, though the will to obey its dictates had departed; and this knowledge stamped a darker character on every subsequent error and suffering. I returned to the world, but the remembrance of what I had lost and left, haunted, tortured, maddened me; but it could not restrain, could not lure me back. Hitherto, though my life, with the exception of the period just described, had been vain, wild, and useless, it had possessed some redeeming traits—its frivolity had been blended with feeling—its dissipation with literature and refinement, but now my soul required deadlier opiates to lull it into forgetfulness, and it quaffed them—reckless alike of the present and the future, of degradation and of remorse. I feel it a *duty* to reveal the extent of my aberrations; and after my separation from Constantia and her brother, they were dark and many. My downward course was no longer taken by the ‘thousand steps,’ but by the ‘single spring;’ I became a gambler, I became, but for an accusing conscience, an abandoned man; one whom the circles that had once owned as their ornament, rejected, disowned, condemned. My companions were like none that I had ever before associated with; fallen as I was, I despised and hated, even whilst I mingled with them. And what was the bond of our union? Sympathy in sin; fellowship in evil: of regard, esteem, kind offices, the

friendships between the spirits of darkness included as much. This career could not last. It could not last! In one little year, one short revolution of spring and summer, autumn and winter, one year which gave strength to the tree, and stature to the child, sufficed to make me a ruined man! one year, that scarcely ripens the seed of a frail flower, sufficed to bring down my strength to the feebleness of infancy; ploughed deep furrows on my brow; dissipated my fortune; and dug my grave! I stood, at last, a very prodigal; homeless, but for a hired lodging; friendless, but for a servant who forsook my evil days, to return and comfort my sorrowful ones; companionless, but for the spectres roused by memory and remorse! My narrative draws to a close, and it is well, for my strength ebbs with every page; but it *must* hold out till I have told all—till I have paid a tribute to one who came to me in my low estate, who has been to me physician, pastor, brother, friend. Oh, thank him, Henry, for having been to me all that you would, had you been near me; oh, do *you* thank him, for I shall soon be able to thank him no more. He tells me I must die, and I feel that he tells me the truth. In my best hours, and in my worst, death has been perpetually on my mind; it has covered me like a dread presence; weighed me down like an ocean; blinded me like a horrid vision; imprisoned my faculties as with bars and gates of iron. Often and often, when in saloons alive with mirth and



splendour, I have seemed the gayest of the inmates, this thought and fear of death have shot through my mind, and I have turned away, sick and shuddering. What is it then to approach the reality? to feel it very near—nay, close at hand? stealing on, and on, and on, like the tide upon the shore, not to be driven back till it has engulfed its prey? What is it to apprehend the time when you must be a naked, guilty, trembling spirit, all memory, and all consciousness, never again for a single moment to sleep, or know oblivion from the crushing burden of the ‘deeds done in the body?’ Henry, beware, for a dying bed may be made a place of torment, hell before its time: and the remembrance of past life, stripped of all its deceptions, shrivelled into insignificance, appearing, in connexion with eternity, but as a tiny shell tossed on the broad black surface of an ocean! then again, the intense importance of that very insignificant fragment of time, and the intense remembrance of all that occupied it—its schemes, and dreams, and sins, and vanities, sweeping across the mind in solemn order, like a procession of grim shadows, with death waiting to embosom all. Oh! well may I smite upon my breast, and cry with all but despair—‘woe is me for the past! woe, woe, for the past!’ I had health, and I have ruined it,—friends, and I flung them from me,—I had talents, which I perverted,—influence, which I abused,—time, which I have squandered; yes, I had health,

and friends, and time, and influence, and talents—where are they? what am I now? Every dream is dissolved,—every refuge of lies is plucked from me,—every human consolation totters beneath me, like a bowing wall,—and all the kingdoms of the world, and all the glory of them, could not bribe from my soul the remembrance of a single sin. Ambition, pleasure, fame, friendship, all things that I have loved, lie round me like wrecks, and my soul is helpless in the midst of them, like the mariner on his wave-worn rock. And now, my earliest friend, farewell; you will blot this word with your tears, but it must stand, a record of our ended friendship. Mourn my lost life, but oh! mourn not me; rather rejoice, that even in these, my last hours, a spirit of contrition has been given me from on high, and that I go where I can offend no more the patience that has borne with me so long. It is not for me to depart with boasting confidence, yet something must I say, of the light that has risen upon my soul in its darkness, of the hope, that, like a spark, flies upwards, not, I trust, to expire. Ask you whence arises this hope? it is here, grounded on a single phrase, on a few words, that may be uttered in a moment; but they are strong, sufficient, glorious—‘With Him is plenteous redemption.’ These sustain me; to these I cling with the energy of self despair; these enable me to drink my last draught of life, and finding death at the bottom, to find it not bitter. One

penitent sigh to my wasted years ; one thought of human love and blessing to you, brother of my boyhood, —and now, farewell—farewell !”

Four days after reading the foregoing melancholy document, Dr. F——, and myself, committed the remains of its writer to the grave. We laid him there with sorrow, not unrelieved by consolation, and bade adieu to his sepulchre, in hope. For myself, dwelling only on the first and last days of his life, his memory is shrined in my heart as something “pleasant, but mournful ;” dwelling on that portion of which his letter is the record, I am not ashamed to own that I find the remembrance salutary for myself. His dying anguish on the review of a wasted life, often stimulates me to caution and watchfulness ; his very handwriting

is like a bell,

Tolling me back from him unto myself.

For him too, for Eustace, knowing that hope was in his end, with thanksgiving to the power who bestowed upon him, we trust, a new heart, and another spirit, I would rejoice that he is freed from the possibility of change ; that no fear can evermore arise lest he should swerve from a holy course ; that his warfare is accomplished, and his repentance “placed beneath the safeguard and seal of death and immortality.”

# THE HUMAN HEART.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

## I.

Thou hast been call'd to God, rebellious heart,  
By many an awful and neglected sign,  
By many a joy which came and did depart  
Mocking thy weeping, frail worm that thou art,  
For that thou didst not fear to call them *thine*.

## II.

Thou hast been called, when o'er thy trembling head  
The storm in all its fury hath swept by ;  
When the loud ocean rose within its bed,  
And whelmed, with greedy roar, the struggling dead,  
Who never more may greet thine anxious eye.

## III.

Thou hast been called, when, beautiful and bright  
The calm still sunshine round about thee lay ;  
And, in thine ecstasy, thy spirit's flight  
Hath soared unto those realms of life and light,  
Where thy God's presence beams eternal day.

## IV.

Thou hast been called, when thou hast raised to heaven  
Thy suppliant hands, in vain and passionate grief ;  
When some young blessing, which thy God had given,  
The chains of mortal flesh and clay hath riven,  
And faded from thee like an autumn leaf !

## V.

Thou hast been called, when by some early grave  
Thou stoodest, yearning for what might not be,  
Moaning above thy beautiful and brave,  
And murmuring against the God that gave,  
Because he claimed his gift again from thee !

## VI.

Thou hast been called, when the proud organ's peal  
Hath thrilled thy heart with its majestic sound ;  
Taught each strung fibre quiv'ringly to feel,  
Bid the dim tear-drop from thy lashes steal,  
And the loud passionate sob break silence round.

## VII.

Yea, oft hast thou been called ! and often now  
The "still small voice" doth whisper thee of God ;  
Bidding thee smooth thy dark and sullen brow,  
And from thy lip the prayer repentant flow,  
Which may not rise unheard to His abode.

## VIII.

Yet empty is thy place amid the choirs  
Of God's young angels in their peace and love ;  
Vainly with zeal thy soul a moment fires,  
Since, clinging still to earth and earth's desires,  
Thou lovest sight of things which are above.

## IX.

Oh hear it sinner ! hear that warning voice  
Which vainly yet hath struck thy hardened ear ;  
Hear it, while lingering death allows the choice,  
And the glad troops of angels may rejoice  
Over the sinner's warm repentant tear !

## X.

Lest, when thy struggling soul would quit the frame  
Which bound it here, by sin and passion toss'd,  
Thy Saviour's voice shall wake despairing shame,  
“ How often have I sought thee, to reclaim !—  
“ How often—but thou wouldst not—and art lost !”

## THE PORTRAITS.

BY MRS. OPIE.

And dwells *he* there?—at sight of me  
Didst thou not mark his hurried start?  
He meant that smile should *cheerful* be,  
But, oh! it spoke a withering heart.

Yet still, that care-worn brow beneath,  
His eyes a few faint flashes cast  
Of former days, as festal wreath,  
Though faded, tells of splendours past.

His door's ajar—I'll venture in—  
O! sight that mournful scenes recalls!  
How can HE bear, that man of sin,  
To look upon these pictur'd walls?

Here hangs his wife! with eyes of jet,  
And open brow, ill-form'd for shame—  
Then young, gay, fond!—can he forget  
Her broken heart, her blighted name?

And there his child!—that beauteous girl  
Who lost, through him, a mother's care ;  
And, caught in pleasure's giddy whirl,  
Found peace, health, life, all perish there.

His mother too ! who meekly bow'd  
Beneath her son's despotic will—  
And though the world's reproach was loud,  
That tender mother loved him still.

She gave him all her little store,  
For *all* his selfish heart required ;  
Then, when her hand could give no more,  
She pined, mourn'd, bless'd him, and *expired*.

Yes—his poor victims round him hang,  
And smile, as they were wont to do ;  
O, conscience, sure thy keenest pang  
Must pierce his bosom at the view !

Perhaps he courts the pain they give,  
His belt of spikes these portraits are ;  
'Tis penance in their sight to live,  
They form the sinner's vest of hair.

Come, let us hence—yet, one look more !  
Ah no ! my eyes with tears are dim—  
Weak tears ! his victims' griefs are o'er—  
Yet, let me weep, and pray for him.



## THE GLEANER.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

CHILD of Nature! happier thou,  
Guileless both of heart and brow,  
Than full many a high-born fair,  
Deck'd with jewels rich and rare.

Broider'd zone, and silken vest  
Hide, too oft, an aching breast ;  
Glittering gems mid ringlets shine,  
Boasting less of grace than thine.

In thy bloom of youthful pride,  
With thy guardian by thy side,  
Thoughts, which blissful visions give,  
At thy bidding, wake and live.

Thoughts—of nature's beauties born,  
Russet fields of ripened corn,  
Sunshine bright, and balmy breeze,  
Playing through the leafy trees.

Dreams of her, the fair and young,  
By the bard of Idlesse sung;  
Her who "*once had friends*;" but thou  
Hast thine with thee, even now.

Health, and peace, and sweet content,  
Store of fancies innocent,  
And that playmate, in his glee,—  
These are friends befitting thee.

Blended with such visions bright,  
Rises *one* of holier light;  
Lovely both to heart and eye  
In its own simplicity :

'Tis of HER, the gentle maid,  
Who in Boaz' corn-fields strayed;  
Meekly o'er her labour leaning,  
For her widow'd mother gleaning!

Since her memory to revive  
Is thy proud prerogative,  
What can poet wish for thee,  
But as blest as her to be?

# A TALE OF PENTLAND.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

WOODROW mentions the following story, but in a manner so confused and indefinite, that it is impossible to comprehend either the connexion of the incidents with one another, or what inference he wishes to draw from them. The facts seem to have been these. Mr. John Haliday having been in hiding on the hills, after the battle of Pentland, became impatient to hear news concerning the suffering of his brethren who had been in arms, and in particular if there were any troops scouring the district in which he had found shelter. Accordingly, he left his hiding-place in the evening, and travelled towards the valley until about midnight; when, coming to the house of Gabriel Johnstone, and perceiving a light, he determined on entering, as he knew him to be a devout man, and one much concerned about the sufferings of the church of Scotland.

Mr. Haliday, however, approached the house with great caution, for he rather wondered why there should

be a light there at midnight, while at the same time he neither heard psalms singing nor the accents of prayer. So, casting off his heavy shoes, for fear of making a noise, he stole softly up to the little window from whence the light beamed, and peeped in, where he saw, not Johnstone, but another man, whom he did not know, in the very act of cutting a soldier's throat, while Johnstone's daughter, a comely girl, about twenty years of age, was standing deliberately by, and holding the candle to him.

Haliday was seized with an inexpressible terror; for the floor was all blood, and the man was struggling in the agonies of death, and from his dress he appeared to have been a cavalier of some distinction. So completely was the covenanter overcome with horror, that he turned and fled from the house with all his might; resolved to have no participation in the crime, and deeply grieved that he should have witnessed such an act of depravity, as a private deliberate murder, perpetrated at such an hour, and in such a place, by any who professed to be adherents to the reformed religion of the Scottish church. So much had Haliday been confounded, that he even forgot to lift his shoes, but fled without them; and he had not run above half a bowshot before he came upon two men hasting to the house of Gabriel Johnstone. As soon as they perceived him running towards them they fled, and he pursued them, for when he saw them

so ready to take alarm, he was sure they were some of the persecuted race and tried eagerly to overtake them, exerting his utmost speed, and calling on them to stop. All this only made them run the faster, and when they came to a feal-dike they separated, and ran different ways, and he soon thereafter lost sight of them both.

This house, where Johnstone lived, is said to have been in a lonely concealed dell, not far from West Linton, in what direction I do not know, but it was towards that village that Haliday fled, not knowing whither he went, till he came to the houses. Having no acquaintances here whom he durst venture to call up, and the morning having set in frosty, he began to conceive that it was absolutely necessary for him to return to the house of Gabriel Johnstone, and try to regain his shoes, as he little knew when or where it might be in his power to get another pair. Accordingly he hasted back by a nearer path, and coming to the place before it was day, found his shoes. At the same time he heard a fierce contention within the house, but as there seemed to be a watch he durst not approach it, but again made his escape.

Having brought some victuals along with him, he did not return to his hiding-place that day, which was in a wild height, south of Biggar, but remained in the moss of Craigengaur; and as soon as it grew dark

descended again into the valley, determined to have some communication with his species, whatever it might cost. Again he perceived a light at a distance, where he thought no light should have been. But he went toward it, and as he approached, he heard the melody of psalm-singing issuing from the place, and floating far on the still breeze of the night. The covenanter's spirits were cheered, he had never heard any thing so sweet; no, not when enjoying the gospel strains in peace, and in their fullest fruition. It was to him the feast of the soul, and rang through his ears like a hymn of paradise. He flew as on hinds' feet to the spot, and found the reverend and devout Mr. Livingston, in the act of divine worship, in an old void barn on the lands of Slipperfield, with a great number of serious and pious people, who were all much affected both by his prayers and discourse.

After the worship was ended, Haliday made up to the minister, among many others, to congratulate him on the splendour of his discourse, and implore "a further supply of the same milk of redeeming grace, with which they found their souls nourished, cherished, and exalted." Indeed, it is quite consistent with human nature to suppose, that the whole of the circumstances under which this small community of Christians met, could not miss rendering their devotions impressive. They were a proscribed race, and were meeting at the penalty of their lives; their dome of worship a

waste house in the wilderness, and the season, the dead hour of the night, had of themselves tints of sublimity which could not fail to make impressions on the souls of the worshippers. The good man complied with their request, and appointed another meeting at the same place, on a future night.

Haliday having been formerly well acquainted with the preacher, conveyed him on his way home, where they condoled with one another on the hardness of their lots; and Haliday told him of the scene he had witnessed at the house of Gabriel Johnstone. The heart of the good minister was wrung with grief, and he deplored the madness and malice of the people who had committed an act that would bring down tenfold vengeance on the heads of the whole persecuted race. At length it was resolved between them, that as soon as it was day, they would go and reconnoitre; and if they found the case of the aggravated nature they suspected, they would themselves be the first to expose it, and give the perpetrators up to justice.

Accordingly, the next morning they took another man into the secret, a William Rankin, one of Mr. Livingston's elders, and the three went away to Johnstone's house, to investigate the case of the cavalier's murder; but there was a guard of three armed men opposed them, and neither promises, nor threatenings, nor all the minister's eloquence, could

induce them to give way one inch. They said they could not conceive what they were seeking there, and as they suspected they came for no good purpose, they were determined that they should not enter. It was in vain that Mr. Livingston informed them of his name and sacred calling, and his friendship for the owner of the house, and the cause which he had espoused; the men continued obstinate: and when he asked to speak a word to Gabriel Johnstone himself, they shook their heads, and said, "he would never see him again." The men then advised the intruders to take themselves off without any more delay, lest a worse thing should befall them; and as they continued to motion them away, with the most impatient gestures, the kind divine and his associates thought meet to retire, and leave the matter as it was: and thus was this mysterious affair hushed up in silence and darkness for that time, no tongue having been heard to mention it further than as above recited. The three armed men were all unknown to the others, but Hali-day observed, that one of them was the very youth whom he saw cutting off the soldier's head with a knife.

The rage and cruelty of the popish party seemed to gather new virulence every day, influencing all the counsels of the king; and the persecution of the non-conformists was proportionably severe. One new act of council was issued after another, all tending



to root the covenanters out of Scotland, but it had only the effect of making their tenets still dearer to them. The longed-for night of the meeting in the old hay-barn at length arrived, and it was attended by a still greater number than that on the preceding. A more motley group can hardly be conceived than appeared in the barn that night, and the lamps being weak and dim, rendered the appearance of the assembly still more striking. It was, however, observed, that about the middle of the service, a number of fellows came in with broad slouch bonnets, and watch coats or cloaks about them, who placed themselves in equal divisions at the two doors, and remained without uncovering their heads, two of them being busily engaged in taking notes. Before Mr. Livingston began the last prayer, however, he desired the men to uncover, which they did, and the service went on to the end, but no sooner had the minister pronounced the word *Amen*, than the group of late comers threw off their cloaks, and drawing out swords and pistols, their commander, one General Drummond, charged the whole congregation, in the king's name, to surrender.

A scene of the utmost confusion ensued; the lights being extinguished, many of the young men burst through the roof of the old barn in every direction, and though many shots were fired at them in the dark, great numbers escaped; but Mr. Livingston, and other eleven,

were retained prisoners and conveyed to Edinburgh, where they were examined before the council, and cast into prison ; among the prisoners was Mr. Haliday, and the identical young man whom he had seen in the act of murdering the cavalier, and who turned out to be a Mr. John Lindsay, from Edinburgh, who had been at the battle of Pentland, and in hiding, afterwards.

Great was the lamentation for the loss of Mr. Livingston, who was so highly esteemed by his hearers : the short extracts from his sermons in the barn, that were produced against him on his trial, prove him to have been a man endowed with talents somewhat above the greater part of his contemporaries. His text that night, it appears, had been taken from Genesis : “ And God saw the wickedness of man that it was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart is only evil continually.” One of the quoted passages runs thus :

“ And while we have thus ample experience of the *effects* of sin, we have also abundance of examples set before us of sin itself, yea, in its most hideous aspect ; for behold how it abounds among us all, but chiefly among the rulers and nobles of the land ! Dare I mention to you those crimes of theirs which cause the sun of heaven to blush and hide his head as ashamed of the sight of their abominations ? Dare I mention to you the extent of their blasphemies against that God who

made them, and the Saviour who died to redeem them? Their cursing and swearing, Sabbath-breaking, chambering, and wantonness; and, above all, their trampling upon the blood of the covenant, and pouring out the blood of saints and martyrs like water on the face of the earth. Because of those the land mourneth, and by these, multitudes, which no man can number, are plunging their souls into irretrievable and eternal ruin. But some say, O these are honourable men! Amiable, upright, and good moral men—though no great professors of religion. But I say, my brethren, alack and well-a-day for their uprightness and honour! which, if ever they come to be tried by the test of the Divine law, and by the example of him who was holiness itself, will be found miserably short-coming. So true it is that the kings of the earth have combined to plot against the Lord and his anointed. Let us therefore join together in breaking their bands and casting their cords from us. As for myself, as a member of this poor persecuted Church of Scotland, and an unworthy minister of it, I hereby call upon you all, in the name of God, to set your faces, your hearts, and your hands against all such acts, which are or shall be passed, against the covenanted work of reformation in this kingdom; that we here declare ourselves free of the guilt of them, and pray that God may put this in record in heaven.”

These words having been sworn to, and Mr.

Livingston not denying them, a sharp debate arose in the council what punishment to award. The king's advocate urged the utility of sending him forthwith to the gallows; but some friends in the council got his sentence commuted to banishment; and he was accordingly banished the kingdom. Six more, against whom nothing could be proven, farther than their having been present at a conventicle, were sentenced to imprisonment for two months; among this number Haliday was one. The other five were condemned to be executed at the cross of Edinburgh, on the 14th of December following; and among this last unhappy number was Mr. John Lindsay.

Haliday now tried all the means he could devise to gain an interview with Lindsay, to have some explanation of the extraordinary scene he had witnessed in the cottage at midnight, for it had made a fearful impression upon his mind, and he never could get rid of it for a moment; having still in his mind's eye a beautiful country maiden standing with a pleased face, holding a candle, and Lindsay in the mean time at his horrid task. His endeavours, however, were all in vain, for they were in different prisons, and the jailor paid no attention to his requests. But there was a gentleman in the Privy Council, that year, whose name, I think, was Gilmour, to whose candour Haliday conceived, that both he and some of his associates owed their lives. To this gentleman, therefore, he applied

by letter, requesting a private interview with him, as he had a singular instance of barbarity to communicate, which it would be well to inquire into while the possibility of doing so remained, for the access to it would soon be sealed for ever. The gentleman attended immediately, and Haliday revealed to him the circumstances previously mentioned, stating that the murderer now lay in the Tolbooth jail, under sentence of death.

Gilmour appeared much interested, as well as astonished at the narrative, and taking out a note-book, he looked over some dates, and then observed: "This date of yours, tallies exactly with one of my own, relating to an incident of the same sort, but the circumstances narrated are so different, that I must conceive, either that you are mistaken, or that you are trumping up this story to screen some other guilty person or persons."

Haliday disclaimed all such motives, and persevered in his attestations. Gilmour then took him along with him to the Tolbooth prison, where the two were admitted to a private interview with the prisoner, and there charged him with the crime of murder in such a place and on such a night; but he denied the whole with disdain. Haliday told him that it was in vain for him to deny it, for he beheld him in the very act of perpetrating the murder with his own eyes, while Gabriel Johnstone's daughter stood deliberately and held the candle to him

“ Hold your tongue, fellow!” said Lindsay, disdainfully, “ for you know not what you are saying. What a cowardly dog you must be by your own account ! If you saw me murdering a gentleman cavalier, why did you not rush in to his assistance ?”

“ I could not have saved the gentleman then,” said Haliday, “ and I thought it not meet to intermeddle in such a scene of blood.”

“ It was as well for you that you did not,” said Lindsay.

“ Then you acknowledge being in the cottage of the dell that night ?” said Gilmour.

“ And if I was, what is that to you ? Or what is it now to me, or any person ? I *was* there on the night specified ; but I am ashamed of the part I there acted, and am now well requited for it ! Yes, requited as I ought to be, so let it rest ; for not one syllable of the transaction shall any one hear from me.”

Thus they were obliged to leave the prisoner, and forthwith Gilmour led Haliday up a stair to a lodging in the Parliament Square, where they found a gentleman lying sick in bed, to whom Mr. Gilmour said, after inquiring after his health, “ Brother Robert, I conceive that we two have found out the young man who saved your life at the cottage among the mountains.”

“ I would give the half that I possess that this were true,” said the sick gentleman, “ who or where is he ?”

“ If I am right in my conjecture,” said the Privy Councillor, “ he is lying in the Tolbooth jail, there under sentence of death, and has but a few days to live. But tell me, brother, could you know him, or have you any recollection of his appearance?”

“ Alas ! I have none !” said the other, mournfully, “ for I was insensible, through the loss of blood, the whole time I was under his protection ; and if I ever heard his name I have lost it : the whole of that period being a total blank in my memory. But he must be a hero of the first rank, and therefore, O my dear brother, save him whatever his crime may be.”

“ His life is justly forfeited to the laws of his country, brother,” said Gilmour, “ and he must die with the rest.”

“ He shall not die with the rest if I should die for him,” cried the sick man, vehemently, “ I will move heaven and earth before my brave deliverer shall die like a felon.”

“ Calm yourself, brother ; and trust that part to me,” said Gilmour, “ I think my influence saved the life of this gentleman, as well as the lives of some others, and it was all on account of the feeling of respect I had for the party, one of whom, or, rather, I should say two of whom, acted such a noble and distinguished part toward you. But pray undeceive this gentleman by narrating the facts to him, in which he cannot miss to be interested.” The sick man, whose

name it seems, if I remember aright, was Captain Robert Gilmour, of the volunteers, then proceeded as follows :—

“ There having been high rewards offered for the apprehension of some south-country gentlemen, whose correspondence with Mr. Welch, and some other of the fanatics, had been intercepted, I took advantage of information I obtained, regarding the place of their retreat, and set out, certain of apprehending two of them at least.

“ Accordingly I went off one morning, about the beginning of November, with only five followers, well armed and mounted. We left Gilmerton long before it was light, and, having a trusty guide, rode straight to their hiding-place, where we did not arrive till towards the evening, when we started them. They were seven in number, and were armed with swords and bludgeons : but, being apprized of our approach, they fled from us, and took shelter in a morass, into which it was impossible to follow them on horseback. But perceiving three men more, on another hill, I thought there was no time to lose ; so giving one of my men our horses to hold, the rest of us advanced into the morass with drawn swords and loaded horse pistols. I called to them to surrender, but they stood upon their guard, determined on resistance ; and just while we were involved to the knees in the mire of the morass, they broke in upon us, pell-mell, and for about



two minutes the engagement was very sharp. There was an old man struck me a terrible blow with a bludgeon, and was just about to repeat it when I brought him down with a shot from my pistol. A young fellow then ran at me with his sword, and as I still stuck in the moss, I could not ward the blow, so that he got a fair stroke at my neck, meaning, without doubt, to cut off my head; and he would have done it had his sword been sharp. As it was, he cut it to the bone, and opened one of the jugular veins. I fell, but my men firing a volley in their faces, at that moment, they fled. It seems we did the same, without loss of time; for I must now take my narrative from the report of others, as I remember no more that passed. My men bore me on their arms to our horses, and then mounted and fled; trying all that they could to staunch the bleeding of my wound. But perceiving a party coming running down a hill, as with the intent of cutting off their retreat, and losing all hopes of saving my life, they carried me into a cottage in a wild lonely retreat, commended me to the care of the inmates, and, after telling them my name, and in what manner I had received my death wound, they thought proper to provide for their own safety, and so escaped.

“The only inmates of that lonely house, at least at that present time, were a lover and his mistress, both intercommuned whigs; and when my men left me on the floor, the blood, which they had hitherto restrained

in part, burst out afresh and deluged the floor. The young man said it was best to put me out of my pain, but the girl wept and prayed him rather to render me some assistance. ‘Oh Johnny, man, how can ye speak that gate?’ cried she, ‘suppose he be our mortal enemy, he is ay ane o’ God’s creatures, an’ has a soul to be saved as well as either you or me; an’ a soldier is obliged to do as he is bidden. Now Johnny, ye ken ye war learned to be a doctor o’ physic, wad ye no rather try to stop the bleeding and save the young officer’s life, as either kill him, or let him blood to death on our floor, when the blame o’ the murder might fa’ on us?’

“‘Now, the blessing of heaven light on your head, my dear Sally!’ said the lover, ‘for you have spoken the very sentiments of my heart; and, since it is your desire, though we should both rue it, I here vow to you that I will not only endeavour to save his life, but I will defend it against our own party to the last drop of my blood.’

“He then began, and in spite of my feeble struggles, who knew not either what I was doing or suffering, sewed up the hideous gash in my throat and neck, tying every stitch by itself; and the house not being able to produce a pair of scissars, it seems that he cut off all the odds and ends of the stitching with a large sharp gully knife, and it was likely to have been during the operation that this gentleman chanced to look in at the

window. He then bathed the wound for an hour with cloths dipped in cold water, dressed it with plaister of wood-betony, and put me to bed, expressing to his sweetheart the most vivid hopes of my recovery.

“These operations were scarcely finished, when the maid’s two brothers came home from their hiding-place; and it seems they would have been there much sooner had not this gentleman given them chace in the contrary direction. They, seeing the floor all covered with blood, inquired the cause with wild trepidation of manner. Their sister was the first to inform them of what had happened; on which both the young men gripped to their weapons, and the eldest, Samuel, cried out with the vehemence of a maniac, ‘Blessed be the righteous avenger of blood! Hoo! Is it then true that the Lord hath delivered our greatest enemy into our hands!’ ‘Hold, hold, dearest brother!’ cried the maid, spreading out her arms before him, ‘Would you kill a helpless young man, lying in a state of insensibility? What, although the Almighty hath put his life in your hand, will he not require the blood of you, shed in such a base and cowardly way?’

“‘Hold your peace, foolish girl,’ cried he, in the same furious strain, ‘I tell you if he had a thousand lives I would sacrifice them all this moment! Wo be to this old rusty and fizenless sword, that did not sever his head from his body, when I had a fair chance in the open field! Nevertheless he shall die; for you do not

yet know that he hath, within these few hours, murdered our father, whose blood is yet warm around him on the bleak height.'

" 'Oh! merciful heaven! killed our father!' screamed the girl, and flinging herself down on the resting-chair, she fainted away. The two brothers regarded not, but with their bared weapons, made towards the closet, intent on my blood, and both vowing I should die if I had a thousand lives. The stranger interfered, and thrust himself into the closet door before them, swearing that, before they committed so cowardly a murder, they should first make their way through his body. A long scene of expostulation and bitter altercation then ensued, which it is needless to recapitulate; both parties refusing to yield. Samuel at the last got into an ungovernable rage, and raising his weapon, he said, furiously, 'How dare you, Sir, mar my righteous vengeance when my father's blood calls to me from the dreary heights? Or how dictate to me in my own house? Either stand aside this moment, or thy blood be upon thine own head!'

" 'I'll dictate to the devil, if he will not hearken to reason,' said the young surgeon, 'therefore strike at your peril.'

" Samuel retreated one step to have full sway for his weapon, and the fury depicted on his countenance proved his determination. But in a moment, his gallant opponent closed with him, and holding up his

wrist with his left hand, he with the right bestowed on him a blow with such energy, that he fell flat on the floor, among the soldier's blood. The youngest then ran on their antagonist with his sword, and wounded him, but the next moment he was lying beside his brother. He then disarmed them both, and still not thinking himself quite safe with them, he tied both their hands behind their backs, and had then time to pay attention to the young woman, who was inconsolable for the loss of her father, yet deprecated the idea of murdering the wounded man. As soon as her brothers came fairly to their senses, she and her lover began and expostulated with them, at great length, on the impropriety and unmanliness of the attempt, until they became all of one mind, and the two brothers agreed to join in the defence of the wounded gentleman, from all of their own party, until he was rescued by his friends, which they did. But it was the maid's simple eloquence that finally prevailed with the fierce covenanters, in whom a spirit of retaliation seemed inherent.

“ ‘ O my dear brothers,’ said she, weeping, ‘ calm yourselves, and think like men and like Christians. There has been enough o’ blood shed for a’e day, and if ye wad cut him a’ to inches it coudna restore our father to life again. Na, na, it coudna bring back the soul that has departed frae this weary scene o’ sin,

sorrow, and suffering; and if ye wad but mind the maxims o' our blessed Saviour ye wadna let revenge rankle in your hearts that gate. An' o'er an' aboon a', it appears to me that the young officer was only doing what he conceived to be his bounden duty, and at the moment was actually acting in defence of his own life. Since it is the will of the Almighty to lay these grievous sufferings on our covenanted church, why not suffer patiently, along with your brethren, in obedience to that will: for it is na like to be a private act of cruelty or revenge that is to prove favourable to our forlorn cause.'

"When my brothers came at last, with a number of my men, and took me away, the only thing I remember seeing in the house was the corpse of the old man whom I had shot, and the beautiful girl standing weeping over the body; and certainly my heart smote me in such a manner that I would not experience the same feeling again for the highest of this world's benefits. That comely young maiden, and her brave intrepid lover, it would be the utmost ingratitude in me, or in any of my family, ever to forget; for it is scarcely possible that a man can ever be again in the same circumstances as I was, having been preserved from death in the house of the man whom my hand had just deprived of life."

Just as he ended, the sick-nurse peeped in, which

she had done several times before, and said, "will your honour soon be disengaged d'ye think? for ye see because there's a lass wanting till speak till ye."

"A lass, nurse? what lass can have any business with me? what is she like?"

"Oo 'deed, Sir, the lass is weel enough, for that part o't, but she may be nae better than she should be for a' that; ye ken, I's no answer for that, for ye see because *like* is an ill mark; but she has been aften up, speering after ye, an' gude troth she's fairly in nettles-earnest now, for she winna gang awa till she see your honour."

The nurse being desired to show her in, a comely girl entered, with a timid step, and seemed ready to faint with trepidation. She had a mantle on, and a hood that covered much of her face. The Privy Councillor spoke to her, desiring her to come forward, and say her errand; on which she said that "she only wanted a preevat word wi' the captain, if he was that weel as to speak to ane." He looked over the bed, and desired her to say on, for that gentleman was his brother, from whom he kept no secrets. After a hard struggle with her diffidence, but, on the other hand, prompted by the urgency of the case, she at last got out, "I'm unco glad to see you sae weel comed round again, though I daresay ye'll maybe no ken wha I am. But it was me that nursed ye, an' took care o' ye, in our house, when your head was amaist cuttit off."

There was not another word required to draw forth the most ardent expressions of kindness from the two brothers; on which the poor girl took courage, and, after several showers of tears she said, with many bitter sobs, "There's a poor lad wha, in my humble opinion, saved your life; an' wha is just gaun to be hanged the day after the morn. I wad unco fain beg your honour's interest to get his life spared."

"Say not another word, my dear, good girl," said the Councillor, "for though I hardly know how I can intercede for a rebel who has taken up arms against the government, yet for your sake, and his, my best interest shall be exerted."

"Oh, ye maun just say, sir, that the poor whigs were driven to desperation, and that this young man was misled by others in the fervour and enthusiasm of youth. What else can ye say? but ye're good! oh, ye're very good! and on my knees I beg that ye winna lose ony time, for indeed there is nae time to lose!"

The Councillor lifted her kindly by both hands, and desired her to stay with his brother's nurse till his return, on which he went away to the president, and in half an hour returned with a respite for the convict, John Lindsay, for three days, which he gave to the girl, along with an order for her admittance to the prisoner. She thanked him with the tears in her eyes, but added, "Oh, sir, will he and I then be obliged to part for ever at the end of three days?"



“ Keep up your heart, and encourage your lover,” said he, “ and meet me here again, on Thursday, at this same hour, for, till the council meet, nothing further than this can be obtained.”

It may well be conceived how much the poor forlorn prisoner was astonished, when his own beloved Sally entered to him, with the reprieve in her hand, and how much his whole soul dilated when, on the Thursday following, she presented him with a free pardon. They were afterwards married; when the Gilmours took them under their protection. Lindsay became a highly qualified surgeon, and the descendants of this intrepid youth occupy respectable situations in Edinburgh to this present day.

# AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THERE was an old and quiet man,  
And by the fire sate he,  
“ And now,” he said, “ to you I’ll tell  
A dismal thing, which once befell  
In a ship upon the sea.

’TIS five-and-fifty years gone by,  
Since, from the River Plate,  
A young man, in a home-bound ship,  
I sailed as second mate.

She was a trim, stout-timbered ship,  
And built for stormy seas,  
A lovely thing on the wave was she,  
With her canvass set so gallantly  
Before a steady breeze.

For forty days, like a winged thing  
She went before the gale,  
Nor all that time we slackened speed,  
Turned helm, or altered sail.

She was a laden argosy  
Of wealth from the Spanish Main,  
And the treasure-hoards of a Portuguese  
Returning home again.

An old and silent man was he,  
And his face was yellow and lean,  
In the golden lands of Mexico  
A miner he had been.

His body was wasted, bent, and bowed,  
And amid his gold he lay—  
Amid iron chests that were bound with brass,  
And he watched them night and day.

No word he spoke to any on board,  
And his step was heavy and slow,  
And all men deemed that an evil life  
He had led in Mexico.

But list ye me—on the lone high seas,  
As the ship went smoothly on,  
It chanced, in the silent second watch,  
I sate on the deck alone ;  
And I heard, from among those iron chests,  
A sound like a dying groan.

I started to my feet—and lo!  
The Captain stood by me,  
And he bore a body in his arms,  
And dropped it in the sea.

I heard it drop into the sea,  
With a heavy splashing sound,  
And I saw the Captain's bloody hands  
As he quickly turned him round;  
And he drew in his breath when me he saw  
Like one convulsed, whom the withering awe  
Of a spectre doth astound.

But I saw his white and palsied lips,  
And the stare of his ghastly eye,  
When he turned in hurried haste away,  
Yet he had no power to fly;  
He was chained to the deck with his heavy guilt,  
And the blood that was not dry.

‘ ’Twas a cursed thing,’ said I, ‘ to kill  
That old man in his sleep!  
And the plagues of the sea will come from him,  
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

And the plagues of the storm will follow us,  
For Heaven his groans hath heard!’  
Still the Captain's eye was fixed on me,  
But he answered never a word.

And he slowly lifted his bloody hand  
His aching eyes to shade,  
But the blood that was wet did freeze his soul,  
And he shrinked like one afraid.

And even then—that very hour  
The wind dropped, and a spell  
Was on the ship, was on the sea,  
And we lay for weeks, how wearily,  
Where the old man's body fell.

I told no one within the ship  
That horrid deed of sin;  
For I saw the hand of God at work,  
And punishment begin.

And when they spoke of the murdered man,  
And the El Dorado hoard,  
They all surmised he had walked in dreams,  
And had fallen overboard.

But I alone, and the murderer—  
That dreadful thing did know,  
How he lay in his sin, a murdered man,  
A thousand fathom low.

And many days, and many more,  
Came on, and lagging sped,  
And the heavy waves of that sleeping sea  
Were dark, like molten lead.

And not a breeze came, east or west,  
And burning was the sky,  
And stifling was each breath we drew  
Of the air so hot and dry.

Oh me! there was a smell of death  
Hung round us night and day;  
And I dared not look in the sea below  
Where the old man's body lay.

In his cabin, alone, the Captain kept,  
And he bolted fast the door,  
And up and down the sailors walked,  
And wished that the calm was o'er.

The Captain's son was on board with us,  
A fair child, seven years old,  
With a merry look that all men loved,  
And a spirit kind and bold.

I loved the child, and I took his hand,  
And made him kneel and pray  
That the crime, for which the calm was sent,  
Might be purged clean away.

For I thought that God would hear his prayer,  
And set the vessel free;—  
For a dreadful thing it was to lie  
Upon that charnel sea.

Yet I told him not wherefore he prayed,  
Nor why the calm was sent ;  
I would not give that knowledge dark  
To a soul so innocent.

At length I saw a little cloud  
Arise in that sky of flame,  
A little cloud—but it grew and grew,  
And blackened as it came:

And we saw the sea beneath its track  
Grow dark as the frowning sky,  
And water-spouts, with a rushing sound,  
Like giants, passed us by.

And all around, twixt sky and sea,  
A hollow wind did blow ;  
And the waves were heaved from the ocean depths,  
And the ship rocked to and fro.

I knew it was that fierce death-calm  
Its horrid hold undoing,  
And I saw the plagues of wind and storm  
Their missioned work pursuing.

There was a yell in the gathering winds,  
A groan in the heaving sea,  
And the Captain rushed from the hold below,  
But he durst not look on me :

He seized each rope with a madman's haste,  
And he set the helm to go,  
And every sail he crowded on  
As the furious winds did blow.

And away they went, like autumn leaves  
Before the tempest's rout,  
And the naked masts with a crash came down,  
And the wild ship tossed about.

The men, to spars and splintered boards,  
Clung, till their strength was gone,  
And I saw them from their feeble hold  
Washed over, one by one.

And 'mid the creaking timber's din,  
And the roaring of the sea,  
I heard the dismal, drowning cries  
Of their last agony.

There was a curse in the wind that blew,  
A curse in the boiling wave ;  
And the Captain knew that vengeance came  
From the old man's ocean grave.

And I heard him say, as he sate apart,  
In a hollow voice and low,  
' 'Tis a cry of blood doth follow us,  
And still doth plague us so !'



And then those heavy iron chests  
With desperate strength took he,  
And ten of the strongest mariners  
Did cast them into the sea.

And out, from the bottom of the sea,  
There came a hollow groan ;—  
The Captain by the gunwale stood,  
And he looked like icy stone—  
And he drew in his breath with a gasping sob,  
And a spasm of death came on.

And a furious boiling wave rose up,  
With a rushing, thundering roar,—  
I saw the Captain fall to the deck,  
But I never saw him more.

Two days before, when the storm began,  
We were forty men and five,  
But ere the middle of that night  
There were but two alive.

The child and I, we were but two,  
And he clung to me in fear ;  
Oh ! it was pitiful to see  
That meek child in his misery,  
And his little prayers to hear !

At length, as if his prayers were heard,  
'Twas calmer, and anon  
The clear sun shone, and warm and low  
A steady wind from the west did blow,  
And drove us gently on.

And on we drove, and on we drove,  
That fair young child and I,  
But his heart was as a man's in strength,  
And he uttered not a cry.

There was no bread within the wreck,  
And water we had none,  
Yet he murmured not, and cheered me  
When my last hopes were gone ;  
But I saw him waste and waste away,  
And his rosy cheek grow wan.

Still on we drove, I knew not where,  
For many nights and days,  
We were too weak to raise a sail,  
Had there been one to raise.

Still on we went, as the west wind drove,  
On, on, o'er the pathless tide ;  
And I lay in a sleep, 'twixt life and death,  
And the child was at my side.

And it chanced as we were drifting on  
Amid the great South Sea,

An English vessel passed us by  
That was sailing cheerily ;  
Unheard by me, that vessel hailed  
And asked what we might be.

The young child at the cheer rose up,  
And gave an answering word,  
And they drew him from the drifting wreck  
As light as is a bird.

They took him gently in their arms,  
And put again to sea :—  
' Not yet ! not yet !' he feebly cried,  
' There was a man with me.'

Again unto the wreck they came,  
Where, like one dead, I lay,  
And a ship-boy small had strength enough  
To carry me away.

Oh, joy it was when sense returned  
That fair, warm ship to see,  
And to hear the child within his bed  
Speak pleasant words to me !

I thought at first that we had died,  
And all our pains were o'er,  
And in a blessed ship of Heaven  
Were sailing to its shore.

But they were human forms that knelt  
Beside our bed to pray,  
And men, with hearts most merciful,  
Did watch us night and day.

'Twas a dismal tale I had to tell  
Of wreck and wild distress,  
But, even then, I told to none  
The Captain's wickedness.

For I loved the boy, and I could not cloud  
His soul with a sense of shame ;—  
'Twere an evil thing, thought I, to blast  
A sinless orphan's name !  
So he grew to be a man of wealth,  
And of honourable fame.

And in after years, when he had ships,  
I sailed with him the sea,  
And in all the sorrow of my life  
He was a son to me ;  
And God hath blessed him every where  
With a great prosperity."

## “WE’LL SEE ABOUT IT.”

BY MRS. S. C. HALL,

Author of “Sketches of Irish Character.”

“WE’LL see about it!”—from that simple sentence has arisen more evil to Ireland, than any person, ignorant of the strange union of Impetuosity and Procrastination my countrymen exhibit, could well believe. They are sufficiently prompt and energetic where their feelings are concerned, but, in matters of business, they almost invariably prefer *seeing about* to DOING.

I shall not find it difficult to illustrate this observation:—from the many examples of its truth, in high and in low life, I select Philip Garraty.

Philip, and Philip’s wife, and Philip’s children, and all of the house of Garraty, are employed from morning till night in *seeing about* every thing, and, consequently, in *doing* nothing. There is Philip—a tall, handsome, good humoured fellow, of about

five-and-thirty, with broad, lazy-looking shoulders, and a smile perpetually lurking about his mouth, or in his bright hazel eyes—the picture of indolence and kindly feeling. There he is, leaning over what was once a five-barred gate, and leads to the haggart; his blue worsted stockings full of holes, which the suggan, twisted half way up the well-formed leg, fails to conceal; while his brogues (to use his own words) if they do let the water in, let it out again. With what unstudied elegance does he roll that knotted twine and then unroll it; varying his occupation, at times, by kicking the stones that once formed a wall, into the stagnant pool, scarcely large enough for full grown ducks to sail in.

But let us first take a survey of the premises.

The dwelling house is a long rambling abode, much larger than the generality of those that fall to the lot of small Irish farmers; but the fact is that Philip rents one of the most extensive farms in the neighbourhood, and ought to be “well to do in the world.” The dwelling looks very comfortless, notwithstanding: part of the thatch is much decayed, and the rank weeds and damp moss nearly cover it; the door posts are only united to the wall by a few scattered portions of clay and stone, and the door itself is hanging but by one hinge; the window frames shake in the passing wind, and some of the compartments are stuffed with the crown of a hat, or a “lock of straw”—very

unsightly objects. At the opposite side of the swamp is the haggart gate, where a broken line of alternate palings and wall, exhibit proof that it had formerly been fenced in ; the commodious barn is almost roofless, and the other sheds pretty much in the same condition ; the pig-stye is deserted by the grubbing lady and her grunting progeny, who are too fond of an occasional repast in the once-cultivated garden to remain in their proper abode ; the listless turkeys and contented, half-fatted geese, live at large and on the public ; but the turkeys, with all their shyness and modesty, have the best of it—for they mount the ill-built stacks, and select the grain, *à plaisir*.

“ Give you good morrow, Mr. Philip ; we have had showery weather lately.”

“ Och, all manner o’ joy to ye, my lady, and sure ye’ll walk in, and sit down ; my woman will be proud to see ye. I’m sartin we’ll have the rain soon agin, for it’s every where, like bad luck ; and my throat’s sore wid hurishing thim pigs out o’ the garden—sorra’ a thing can I do all day for watching thim.”

“ Why do you not mend the door of the stye ?”

“ True for ye, Ma’m dear, so I would—if I had the nails, and I’ve been threat’ning to step down to Mickey Bow, the smith, to ask him to *see about it*.”

“ I hear you’ve had a fine crop of wheat, Philip.”

“ Thank God for all things ! You may say that ; we had, my lady, a fine crop—but I have always

the hight of ill luck somehow ; upon my sowkins (and that’s the hardest oath I swear) the turkeys have had the most of it : but I mean to *see about* setting it up safe tomorrow.”

“ But Philip, I thought you sold the wheat, standing, to the steward at the big house.”

“ It was all as one as sould, only it’s a bad world, Madam dear, and I’ve no luck.—Says the steward to me, says he, I like to do things like a man of business, so, Mister Garraty, just draw up a bit of an agreement that you deliver over the wheat field to me, on sich a day, standing as it is, for sich a sum, and I’ll sign it for ye, and thin there can be no mistake, only let me have it by this day week.—Well, to be sure I came home full o’ my good luck, and I tould the wife ; and on the strength of it she must have a new gown. And sure, says she, Miss Hennessy is just come from Dublin, wid a shop full o’ goods, and on account that she’s my brother’s sister-in-law’s first cousin, she’ll let me have the first sight o’ the things, and I can take my pick—and ye’ll have plinty of time to *see about* the agreement tomorrow. Well, I don’t know how it was, but the next day we had no paper, nor ink, nor pens in the house ; I meant to send the gosson to Miss Hennessy’s for all—but forgot the pens. So when I was *seeing about* the ’greement, I bethought of the ould gander, and while I was pulling as



beautiful a pen as ever ye laid ye’r two eyes upon, out of his wing, he tattered my hand with his bill in sich a manner, that sorra’ a pen I could hould for three days. Well, one thing or another put it off for ever so long, and at last I wrote it out like print, and takes it myself to the steward.—Good evening to you Mr. Garraty, says he ; good evening kindly Sir, says I, and I hope the woman that owns ye, and all ye’r good family’s well : all well thank ye, Mr. Garraty, says he ; I’ve got the ’greement here Sir, says I, pulling it out as I thought—but behold ye—I only cotcht the paper it was wrapt in, to keep it from the dirt of the tobacco that was loose in my pocket for want of a box—(saving ye’r presence) ; so I turned what little bits o’ things I had in it out, and there was a grate hole that ye might drive all the parish rats through, at the bottom—which the wife promised to *see about* mending, as good as six months before. Well, I saw the sneer on his ugly mouth (for he’s an Englishman), and I turned it off with a laugh, and said air holes were comfortable in hot weather, and sich like jokes—and that I’d go home and make another ’greement. ’Greement for what? says he, laying down his grate outlandish pipe. Whew! may be ye’ don’t know, says I. Not I, says he. The wheat field, says I. Why, says he; didn’t I tell you then, that you must bring the ’greement to me by that day week ;—and that was by the same token (pulling

a red memorandum book out of his pocket,) let me see—exactly this day three weeks. Do you think, Mister Garraty, he goes on, that when ye didn’t care to look after ye’r own interests, and I offering so fair for the field, I was going to wait upon you? I don’t lose my papers in the Irish fashion. Well that last set me up—and so I axed him if it was the pattern of his English breeding, and one word brought on another; and all the blood in my body rushed into my fist—and I had the ill luck to knock him down—and, the coward, what does he do but takes the law o’ me—and I was cast—and lost the sale of the wheat—and was ordered to pay ever so much money: well, I didn’t care to pay it then, but gave an engagement; and I meant to *see about it*—but forgot: and all in a giffy, came a thing they call an execution—and to stop the cant, I was forced to borrow money from that tame negur, the exciseman, who’d sell the sowl out of his grandmother for sixpence (if indeed there ever was a sowl in the family), and its a terrible case to be paying *interest* for it *still*.”

“ But, Philip, you might give up or dispose of part of your farm. I know you could get a good sum of money for that rich meadow by the river.”

“ True for ye ma’m dear—and I’ve been *seeing about it* for a long time—but somehow *I have no luck*. Jist as ye came up, I was thinking to myself, that the gale day is passed, and all one as before, yara

a pin’s worth have I for the rint, and the landlord wants it as bad as I do, though its a shame to say that of a gintleman ; for jist as he was *seeing about* some ould custodium, or something of the sort, that had been hanging over the estate ever since he came to it, the sheriff’s officers put *executioners* in the house ; and its very sorrowful for both of us, if I may make bould to say so ; for I am sartin he’ll be rack-ing me for the money—and indeed the ould huntsman tould me as much—but I must *see about it* : not indeed that its much good—for I’ve no luck.”

“ Let me beg of you, Philip, not to take such an idea into your head ; do *not lose* a moment ; you will be utterly ruined if you do ; why not apply to your father-in-law—he is able to assist you ; for at present you only suffer from temporary embarrassment.”

“ True for ye—that’s good advice, my lady ; and by the blessing of God I’ll *see about it*.”

“ Then go directly, Philip.”

“ Directly—I can’t ma’m dear—on account of the pigs : and sorra a one I have but myself to keep them out of the cabbages ; for I let the woman and the grawls go to the pattern at Killaun ; its little pleasure they see, the craturs.”

“ But your wife did not hear the huntsman’s story?”

“ Och, aye did she—but unless she could give me a sheaf o’ bank notes, where would be the good of her staying—but I’ll *see about it*.”

“ Immediately then, Philip, think upon the ruin that may come—nay, that *must* come, if you *neglect* this matter : your wife too ; your family, reduced from comfort to starvation—your home desolate”—

“ Asy my lady,—don’t be after breaking my heart intirely ; thank God I have seven as fine flahulugh children as ever peeled pratee, and all under twelve years ould ; and sure I’d lay down my life tin times over for every one o’ them : and to-morrow for sartin—no—to-morrow—the hurling ; I can’t to-morrow ; but the day after, if I’m a living man, *I’ll see about it.*”

Poor Philip ! his kindly feelings were valueless because of his unfortunate habit. Would that this were the only example I could produce of the ill effects of that dangerous little sentence—“ *I’ll see about it !*” Oh that the sons and daughters of the fairest island that ever heaved its green bosom above the surface of the ocean, would arise and *be doing* what is to be done, and never again rest contented with—“ SEEING ABOUT IT.”

# THE FISHERMAN'S CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

“Ye Gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease;  
Ah! little do ye think upon the dangers of the seas!”

Slowly the melancholy day,  
In cloud and storm passed o'er;  
Fearful and wild the tall ships lay,  
Off the rude Northumbrian shore;  
'Mid the thunder's crash—and the lightning's ray,  
And the dashing ocean's roar!

And many a father's heart beat high,  
With an aching fear of woe;  
As he gazed upon the ghastly sky,  
And heard the tempest blow!—  
Or watched with sad and anxious eye,  
The warring waves below!

O ! many a mournful mother wept ;  
And closer, fonder prest  
The babe, that soft and sweetly slept  
Upon her troubled breast ;—  
While every hour that lingering crept,  
Her agonies confest !

And one upon her couch was laid,  
In deep and helpless pain ;  
Two children sought her side, and played,  
And strove to cheer—in vain :  
'Till breathlessly, and half afraid,  
They listened to the rain !

“ 'Tis a rough sea your father braves ! ”  
The afflicted mother said ;  
“ Pray that the Holy arm that saves,  
May guard his precious head !  
May shield him from the wrecking waves,  
To aid ye !—when I'm dead ! ”

Then low the children bended there,  
With clasped hands, to implore  
That God would save them from despair,  
And their loved sire restore :—  
And the heavens *heard* that quiet prayer  
'Mid all the tempest's roar !

'Twas eve !—and cloudlessly at last,  
The sky in beauty gleamed !  
O'er snowy sail and lofty mast  
The painted pennon streamed ;  
The danger and the gloom had past,  
Like horrors—*only dreamed !*

Swift to the desolated beach  
The Fisher's children hied ;  
But, far as human sight could reach,  
No boat swept o'er the tide !  
Still on they watched—and with sweet speech  
To banish grief they tried !

Long, long they sat—when, lo ! a light  
And distant speck was seen,  
*Small* as the smallest star of night,  
When night is most serene !—  
But to the Fisher's Boy that sight  
A sight of bliss had been !

“ It comes !” he cried, “ our father's boat !—  
See !—sister—by yon stone !  
Not there—not there—still more remote—  
I know the sail's our own !  
Look ! look again ! they nearer float !—  
Thanks !—thanks to God alone !”

Four happy, grateful hearts were those,  
That met at even-fall ;  
The mother half forgot her woes,  
And kissed, and blessed them all !  
“ Praised ! praised ! ” she said, “ be HE who shows  
Sweet Mercy, when we call ! ”

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## CONTEMPLATION.

A Sketch from Bunyan.

BY MARY HOWITT.

HE sate within a silent cave, apart  
From men, upon a chair of diamond stone ;  
Words he spoke not, companions he had none,  
But stedfastly pursued his thoughtful art ;  
And as he mused, he pulled a slender string,  
Which evermore within his hands he held ;  
And the dim curtain rose, which had concealed  
His thoughts ;—the city of the Immortal King—  
There pictured in its solemn pomp it lay,  
A glorious country stretching round about ;  
And, through its golden gates, passed in and out  
Men of all nations on their heavenly way.  
On this he mused, and mused the whole day long,  
Feeding his feeble faith till it grew strong.



## THE TENTH PLAGUE.

BY EDWARD W. COX.

\* Author of the "Opening of the Sixth Seal," &c.

THERE was a cry in Egypt, and the voice  
Of wailing, and the audible throb of fear,  
Came floating on the sluggish wings of night,  
Rending the pall of darkness, and afar  
Waking the drowsy echoes from their sleep  
In the dim distant mountains, and the caves  
Sent back the sound. The lonely traveller,  
With eye imploring, on the heaven, in vain,  
Gazed in mute awe, seeking some welcome star,—  
In vain ;—the sentinels of the night had veiled  
Their silent watch-fires, and the crescent moon  
Had flung a misty mantle o'er her charms ;  
No solitary light-ray through the sky,  
Hope beaming, streamed benignantly, the gloom  
Gilding with golden light,—save when at times  
A meteor fled athwart the firmament,  
And, having brightly beamed a moment there,  
Perished in deeper darkness.

Some there were  
Who whispered of an angel form that waved  
A fiery sword, and the blue light'ning flash  
Came as he waved, and thunders from afar  
Pealed sullenly ;—and scattered rain-drops, huge,  
Heavy and chill, commingled oft with hail,  
Fell from the embattled clouds, that snatched the hues  
Of the angelic messenger, to paint  
Their rugged brows, and all the heaven glared out  
With an unnatural splendor, and a glow  
That was most fearful ;—then a cry went up  
From every city, palace, hamlet, cot,  
Wherever was man's habitation, came  
A direful cry that went to heaven, and rocked  
The mountainous clouds, and in their fiery vault  
Unnumbered echoes caught the cry, and back,  
With mingled thunders, hurled it to the earth.

The vulture from his rock-built eyry then  
Screaming uprose, and through the gloom soared he,  
Hailing his prey from far ; the hyena heard,  
Where in the desert sands he roving kept  
His wonted vigils, and more nigh dared then  
To seek the city, and await his feast.  
The sleeper woke astonished, and in fear  
Upstarting, smote his breast—and seemed to doubt  
If it were not a hideous dream—and dread  
Of ills impending came upon them all.

Yet were there some who still unconscious slept,  
And whom the cry woke not. Why slumbered they  
So heavily?—And some there were who stirred  
As they would burst the bonds of sleep, and then  
Were still again. Why did not they arise  
To look upon the horror of the night?  
Weak age and helpless infancy arose,  
Yet were there some—the young—the beautiful—  
Yet were there some—the good—the pure—the bright—  
Youth promise into manhood blooming—fair  
And gentle virgins in their innocence—  
Babes on the mother's bosom—who lay then  
Unconscious of the cry that rose around.  
There in their several homes they sweetly slept,  
Fearless and motionless, nor wept nor wailed,—  
In the tranquillity of rest slept they.

In sooth, 'twas passing strange, that they alone  
Slumbered when others waked; and, yet more strange,  
It was the first born—the fond father's hope—  
The mother's dearest one, in every house,  
That opened not its eyes upon the night;—  
In sooth, 'twas passing strange.

But morn, at length,  
O'er the black turrets of the mountainous clouds  
Sullenly climbing, looked upon the earth,  
Cheerless and sunless; yet with pleasure hailed,

And hope, by the sad watchers of the night,  
Who long with straining eyes in the eastern heaven  
Had watched her coming, though protracted long,—  
So, sluggish Time flies over misery.  
At length she came, and pallid cheeks looked up  
And wore a hollow smile,—and sunken eyes  
Gazed round in vain for those they loved, and saw  
That they were not with them.

“ It must be so ;—

They slumber still.”

Then sought they the lone couch,

And looked upon the sleepers ; they were pale—  
But they that looked on them were paler still.  
There was no other change, for tranquilly  
Reclined they on the pillow, motionless.

“ How sweetly sleep they !”

Then did love incline

To kiss the cheek it loved ; but as it met  
The unconscious lip, back started it, and cried—  
And straightway one great cry again went up  
From all the land of Egypt, for that sleep  
Was the cold sleep of death.

# THE VOICE OF PROPHECY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WILLIAMS.

“ Truth is strange,  
Stranger than fiction.”

MAN, richly endowed as he is, has been denied the attribute of prescience. Such a boon would have proved inimical to his peace; its withholdment demands, therefore, acquiescence and gratitude. In the perverseness of his spirit, however, he is often dissatisfied with this negation in his lot, and, were it possible, would impetuously rend asunder the veil which overhangs futurity; but, failing in his efforts, he welcomes every promise to draw it aside, and to cast a revealing light on things to come.

In this infatuation originated the oracles of antiquity, amounting, it is calculated, to not fewer than three hundred; among which that of Apollo at Delphos, and that of Dodona, consecrated to Jupiter, were the most renowned. So great was the charm attendant on their

celebrity, that responses were received with implicit confidence, though delivered in the murmurs of a fountain, in the sounds of a brazen kettle, or by the lips of the Pythoness, who, having passed through the preparatory rites and inhaled the sacred vapour, arose from her tripod, and with a distracted countenance, with hair erect, with a foaming mouth, and with shrieks and howlings which filled the temple, and shook it to its base, uttered some unconnected words, to be collected by the priests, and pronounced the decisions of inexorable fate.

And, strange as it may appear, a similar fascination is still extant. Dupes are found in towns and villages by a wandering tribe,—

“the sportive wind blows wide  
Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin,  
The vellum of the pedigree they claim ;”

while modern seers, unhappily, are in no want of readers for their volumes, or listeners to their harangues.

Well may the heart sicken at such proofs of human imbecility. Many are the minds which never rise beyond the infancy of their powers ; and not a few are there which make a sudden lapse into a second childhood. There is, however, the consolation that imposture proves the existence of reality, and that there are

“Oracles truer far than oak  
Or dove or tripod ever spoke ;”

notwithstanding the preference which prevails for fallacies, and the too common disposition to effect the accordance of what is infallibly true with wild hypotheses.

Among the predictions that substantiate their claim to a divine origin, are those associated with the history of Tyre, and on these a few illustrative remarks may not be deemed uninteresting or unseasonable. Antiquity speaks indeed of three cities, erected at different periods, which bore a similar designation. Tyre on the continent, called also Palæ-Tyrus, or old Tyre; Tyre on the island, which, according to Pliny, was little more than half a mile from the continent; and Tyre on the peninsula: but it appears they were actually one, for an artificial isthmus is said to have joined the old and new cities.

At the time to which allusion should first be made, Palæ-Tyrus had attained the towering pinnacle of wealth and fame. Every part of the known world wafted treasures to her ports, and people of all languages thronged her streets. Within her boundaries, was the chief seat of liberal arts—the mart of nations—the vast emporium of the globe. Her merchants were princes; and Tyre, having taught her sons to navigate the mighty deep, and to brave the fury of its storms, stretched forth her radiant sceptre—the empress of the seas.

Amid the splendour, luxury, and pride of unsurpassed

prosperity, a holy seer, with ashes on his head, a countenance of noble expression, and a garment of sackcloth cast over a frame of vigorous maturity, went forth, and in tones of authority, softened by compassion, announced, among indifferent, scornful, and insulting multitudes, the solemn prophecy of Tyre's destruction. At the sounds which fell from his lips the loud laugh often rose; the wit and the mimic made the prophet their sport at many a banquet; to every false prognostication was given the name of Ezekiel; and more than one generation passed away, leaving the daring impiety of the Tyrians unvisited, and the true and holy character of Jehovah unavenged.

But at length, the sword of justice slumbering in its scabbard for more than a hundred years, awoke. Nebuchadnezzar, who had been expressly announced, came forth "from the north, with horses, and chariots, and companies, and much people," attacked Palæ-Tyrus, and continued the siege for thirteen years. Availing themselves of their physical superiority over the invader, the Tyrians made their escape by sea; hence their colonies were scattered far and wide, and the city, which was called the daughter of Sidon, became the parent of Carthage. Success was, therefore, to the conqueror only the harbinger of disappointment; he found Tyre stripped of its treasures and almost deserted; and in the furious exasperation of his wrath, he put the remnant of a vast and luxurious population



to a cruel and immediate death, and consigned the scene of their departed glory to utter destruction.

If, however, unlike the fabled phoenix, it was forbidden to rise from its ashes, it was permitted to resemble the father who lives again in his son, for insular, or New Tyre soon rose to distinction, became a mart of universal merchandize, and “heaped up silver as the dust, and fine gold as the mire of the streets.” Surrounded by a wall, a hundred and fifty feet high, built upon the very extremity of the island, and laved on every side by the ocean’s billows, it appeared impregnable. But the revival of power was transient—the semblance of security was delusive, for scarcely had a century elapsed when Alexander panted to reckon it among his proud possessions. Rushing to the city to slake his burning desires, eagerly as the hunted deer hurries to quaff the cool waters of the lake, he found a spirit of resistance awakened, equal in energy to the ardour of conquest.

Never did the collision of human passions enkindle a contest more violent and sanguinary than that which immediately commenced,—the heart chills at the recollection of its details, and the hand refuses to present them to the eye. Furiously repelled by a desperate people, the invaders had to contend with exasperated elements. A junction with the main land, rendered necessary by the previous destruction of the isthmus, was almost complete, when a storm arose—the waves

dashed with resistless force against the mass—the waters penetrated the strong foundation—and like the sea-girt rock riven by an earthquake, it sunk at once in the yawning abyss.

No sooner was this repaired by the aid of the patriarchs of the vegetable world,—the cedars of Lebanon,—

“Coeval with the sky-crowned mountain’s self,”

and the military engines placed upon it, hurling arrows, stones, and burning torches on the besieged, while the Cyprian fleet approached the harbour to the unutterable terror of the Tyrians, than, suddenly, thick and gloomy clouds enwrapt the sky ;—every moon-beam was extinguished ;—the sea insensibly arose, casting far and wide the foam of its wrath ;—the vessels fastened together were torn asunder with a horrid crash ; and the flotilla, once tremendous and threatening destruction, returned a wreck to the shore.

Dispirited by these circumstances, and by unquenchable valour, Alexander had almost determined to raise the siege ; but a supply of eight thousand men having arrived, in compliance with his demand, from Samaria, (then the asylum of all the malcontents in Judea,) he gave fresh energy and horror to the conflict ; and at length, amid the shouts and yells of infuriated multitudes, the ocean-sceptre of Tyre was broken—the splendid city was given to the devouring flame—and

two thousand victims remaining, when the soldiers were glutted with slaughter, they were transfixed to crosses along the sea-shore.

And now, as the traveller seeks for ancient Tyre, he will find its reliques in a miserable spot named Sûr. Instead of a magnificent spectacle, enkindling admiration, delight, and astonishment, nothing but the fragments of scattered ruins will meet his view ; instead of gay and glittering throngs he will recognize only a few wretches, plunged in the deepest poverty, who burrow in vaults, and subsist on the produce of the waters ; and strange will be the darkness of his mind, and the apathy of his heart, if, as he muses on the contrast, and marks the implements of fishing lying on the solitary cliffs, he does no homage to the prophetic voice which said “ Thou shalt be built no more—thou shalt be as the top of a rock, thou shalt be a place on which fishers shall dry their nets ! ”——But another fact must now be remarked.

At the crisis when Alexander, desponding of victory, contemplated the abandonment of Tyre, messengers, despatched to Jerusalem with a requisition for aid, returned with the reinforcement from Samaria. Hurred instantly into the presence of the Monarch, he demanded the number of the Jews on their march. To this inquiry a Macedonian of noble mien, replied, in a tone expressive of reverence and regret, that their mission, though undertaken by command of the greatest of Princes, had utterly failed.

“ At whose peril ? ” asked the indignant conqueror.

“ At their’s, O King,” replied the messenger, “ to whom our embassy was charged.”

“ Then be it their’s,” rejoined the Macedonian, “ vengeance shall follow their contumacy—but their answer ? ”

“ It was thus given,” said the legate, “ by the chief of the priesthood : ‘ Go tell your King, that the Jews are bound by an oath to Darius of Persia, and, therefore, during his life, they cannot obey another’s mandate.’ ”

“ But they shall—they shall,”—vociferated the impetuous Prince, “ and no sooner shall the pride of Tyre be brought low, than Alexander’s victorious legions shall pour a like destruction on Jerusalem, nor shall their Persian ally shield them from the wrath their madness has enkindled ! ”

Jaddua, the High Priest, could easily anticipate the ebullition of the Macedonian’s ire, but portentous as it appeared, duty left him no alternative. To disobey the mandate was indeed to expose himself and his people to the violence of an exasperated power ; but what was this compared with the breach of a solemn pledge ? With a conscience unstained and unburdened, they could rely implicitly on Israel’s God ; and as he thought of their deliverance from the plot of Haman, the son of Hammedatha the Agagite, he pronounced his decision with a countenance beaming with placid dignity, with a steady gaze, and with an unfaltering tongue

nor was his serenity ruffled by the ill-repressed rage of those to whom it was delivered. At the offering of the evening sacrifice, however, he did not forget to supplicate pardon, if he had unwittingly trespassed; nor to implore the divine benediction, if his determination were accordant with his character and office.

But as the interests of his people, infinitely dearer than his own, were now in imminent peril, the fervent supplications of his bosom were not enough, and he therefore issued his command for a general and solemn convocation.

The day arrived,—the hum of secular occupation was hushed—the Sabbath seemed suddenly to have returned, and multitudes from every part proceeded to the temple. In the first court, surrounded by a range of cloisters, over which were galleries supported by columns, each consisting of a single piece of white marble, stood the Gentile proselytes; within—but separated by a low stone partition, on which pillars were placed, inscribed with a prohibition to an alien to enter the holy place—appeared the Jewish women: on an elevation of fifteen steps arose the court appropriated to the worship of the male Israelites; above this was that of the priests, cut off from the rest of the building by a wall one cubit high, and surrounding the altar of burnt-offerings, and between it and the holy of holies, were the sanctuary and the portico, in which splendid votive offerings were suspended;

—while the various inclosures were thronged with worshippers, with eyes cast reverently downward, with hands meekly crossed upon their breasts, and with uncovered feet, blending their fervent prayers with acts of deepest humiliation, to deprecate the vengeance, which, like an immense thunder-cloud, hovered over Jerusalem.

Refreshed as the Israelites were by the pure streams of Elim, Jaddua retired from the magnificent and solemn scene; and when at the usual hour he sought repose, his venerable cheek was irradiated by the brightest glow of hope. As he sunk into slumber, that glow was softened, until at last it melted into an expression of profound reverence; for He, who commands every avenue to the mind, deigned to approach his servant in the visions of the night, smiled upon him with ineffable benignity, assured him of the ascent of his offerings with a grateful odour, pointed out the means to be employed, and engaged to throw around his people the shield of his Almighty arm.

Smiling through tears of astonishment and gratitude, the High Priest awoke; and soon was the heavenly monition obeyed. Again the whole city was in motion,—all its magnificent portals were thrown open—an abundance of flowers, asphodel, ranunculuses, anemonies, phalangias, hermolanuses,—all the varieties of beauty and fragrance, were profusely strewn through the streets—and a splendid and august procession issued forth from Jerusalem.

First appeared the venerable and lofty-minded Jaddua, the snows of whose age finely contrasted with the fire that flashed from his dark, full eye; he wore the linen ephod, splendidly wrought with gold and purple, bearing on its shoulder-straps two gems, and in its hem a row of golden bells separated from one another by artificial pomegranates—on his bosom was the breast-plate of judgment, of exquisite workmanship, studded with precious stones, inscribed with the names of the twelve sons of Jacob, and holding the mysterious Urim and Thummim—while his forehead was adorned with a crown of pure gold, on which was written, קדש ליהוה—“Holiness to the Lord.” He was followed by the Priests, the Levites, the Nethinims in their official vestments, by the singers and minstrels with the harp, the trumpet, and all the treasures of a land whose native genius was music, and by an immense multitude of the people attired in white; and as they descended the hill of Zion, and entered the deep valley again, encircled with noble hills, the chorus of the song of David melted in the air:—“The Lord of hosts is with us; The God of Jacob is our refuge.”

Having at length reached Sapha, the procession stopped. From that noble eminence the eye beholds an extensive and delightful scene. Industry has triumphed over every physical disadvantage, and covered the lime-stone rocks and stony vallies of Judea with

luxuriant plantations of figs, vines, and olives. For ages the whole surface of the hills has been overspread with gardens, rich in all that is beautiful, fragrant, and delicious; and even the most sterile mountains have had soil accumulated on their sides, and rival the most promising spots in the abundance of their produce. At the foot of heights which terminate for a space a mountainous tract, Sichem appears luxuriantly embosomed in the most delightful and fragrant bowers, and partially concealed by the stately trees which encompass the bold and beautiful valley, from which arises this metropolis of an extensive country. Beyond this, Thabor raises its head, lofty and alone, from one side of the great plain of Esdraelon, the frequent encampment of Arabs, whose tents and pavilions of all colours, surrounded by horses and camels, some in square battalions, others in circular troops, and others again in lines, present a spectacle resembling a vast army, or the siege of a city.

From a scene thus imposing, the eyes of Jaddua and those around him were now diverted by different objects. Already could they discern the troops of the all-conquering Macedonian, who, with their leader, anticipated a slaughter like that in which their hands had just been imbrued. Every heart was impelled by the same feeling—a hatred bitter as death swallowed up all other emotions, and the thirst of wolves or of tigers seemed likely to be slaked only by a lake of blood.



Alexander, observing the procession of the Jews, dismounted, and advanced to the front of his troops; but amid the astonishment, dismay, and despair of his legions, he no sooner recognized the High Priest by his magnificent dress and the sacred name on his brow, than he fell at his feet in profound homage, and then, rising from the earth, saluted him with the deepest veneration.

Indignant at this act of submission, Parmenio exclaimed: "Does the Sovereign, whom all adore, thus yield what it is his universally to claim."

"Knowest thou then," replied the Monarch, "the object of this reverence?"

"Surely," rejoined the favourite, "this Jewish Priest is he."

"He is not, Parmenio," said Alexander—"thou hast yet to know that when I was at Dia, my mind fixed on the Persian war, and revolving the means for the conquest of Asia, this venerable man, thus attired, appeared to me in a dream, charged me to banish fear and to cross the Hellespont, and declared that God would march at the head of my legions and grant me a splendid triumph—I therefore adore the Divinity in the person of his Priest."

Having given this reply, Alexander embraced Jaddua and all his brethren, and proceeded in the midst of them towards Jerusalem; while as they advanced, the High Priest could not restrain the glowing

language of his ardent spirit, resembling that which fell in after days ;

Behold the temple,  
In undisturbed and lone serenity,  
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary  
In the profound of heaven ! It stands before us  
A mount of suns, fretted with golden pinnacles.  
The very sun, as though he worshipped there,  
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roof,  
And down the long and branching porticos,  
On every flowery sculptured capital  
Glitters the homage of his parting beam.

Alexander felt the appeal ; and as soon as the sacred edifice was entered, he inquired how he could present an acceptable offering ; the delighted Priest directed him to the ritual of Moses, and that day the holocausts of the Macedonian were consumed on Jehovah's altar.

No sooner was the last sacrifice presented than Jaddua took the sacred rolls from the golden ark, whose tissued curtains hid them, as in a sanctuary, from every casual eye, exclaiming, " There are other visions, O King, than that of Dia ;—visions which only ask a steady gaze to reward him who looks with heaven's own beams."

" To whom were they given ? " asked Alexander, whose romantic spirit instantly lighted up his strongly-marked countenance with lively expectation.

“To one of Israel’s seers, replied the Priest, Daniel by name; he beheld them in the splendid palace of Shushan; and as he trod the flowery banks of Ulai’s river.”

“Command him then instantly to appear,” cried Alexander, “and let him tell his dreams.”

“Thou canst not gaze upon him,” said Jaddua, “the holy prophet of the Lord rests in peace: his ashes are in Babylon, but his spirit delights itself in the presence of God with Abraham, Moses, David, and all the redeemed of Israel.—But in this roll, immaculate and incomparable, he has traced them all with a hand as unerring as his lips.”

“How knowest thou this?” inquired the Macedonian.

“The dew of heaven cannot bless one spot with fertility and curse another with barrenness,” said the Priest; “neither can he to whom God gives the words of truth write or utter falsehoods.—Daniel was a prophet highly favoured. When Nebuchadnezzar, Assyria’s Monarch, had a dream, which departed from him in the confusion of his mind, and the astrologers, soothsayers, and magicians of his court, though threatened with death in case of failure, could not reveal it, Daniel, at that time one of the children of the captivity, described all he had beheld; and was raised as his reward to honour and dominion. When too Belshazzar was feasting with a thousand of his lords, a

mysterious hand came forth and wrote over against the candlestick, upon the plaister of the wall of the King's palace, some words in letters of light; but none could decypher them, till Daniel read in them the doom of the idolatrous prince; and received for his interpretation, the satrap's scarlet robe, the chain of purest gold, and the dignity of third ruler in Chaldaea's realm. Besides, an angel came to him, even Gabriel, chief of the heavenly hosts, and revealed all that should take place in the latter days; and if" ——

"Enough! enough!" said Alexander hastily, "I'll hear thy oracle."

"He looked," resumed Jaddua, "on a stormy and tempestuous sea, the sign of a world of strife, and from it four beasts arose.—The first was like a lion, having eagles' wings,—but its wings were soon plucked,"—

"Of what was this the symbol?" asked Alexander.

"Of the kingdom of Babylon," replied the Priest, "whose conquests were rapid as the eagle's flight when hastening to its prey: the spirit and arms of Nebuchadnezzar raised it to the pinnacle of its glory in a few short years; but when this prophecy was uttered its mighty opponents were tearing away its power as the feathers are torn from the wings of a bird. The second beast was like a bear—the emblem of a proud, haughty, vindictive, cruel race—."

"Ah! I see—the Medes and Persians—the revellers in blood,"—shouted the elated Macedonian.

“The same,” rejoined the Priest, “but mark!—the third beast was like a leopard having four heads, on its back were the wings of a fowl, and to it was given dominion—thus denoting one of little stature but great courage, whose triumphs accumulate as the wind heaps up the sand of the desert, or as the cloud like a man’s hand gathers the vapours from every quarter when it has arrived near the zenith, till they overspread the sky;—and who will yet combat with a mighty king and compel him to lick the dust—one—”

“Alexander is the leopard and Darius is his prey,” said the Monarch; “but has the seer other signs?”

“He has,” answered Jaddua, “Daniel beheld, in vision, a ram, which pushed westward, and northward, and southward, so that no beast could stand before it; and this the angel declared was the type of the Medes and Persians, who urged their conquests to the *Ægean* Sea, and the bounds of Asia in the west, subdued the Armenians and Cappadocians in the north, and conquered Egypt in the south; but a he-goat came from the west, having a notable horn between its eyes—and ———”

“A he-goat, say you, priest?” inquired the monarch with great eagerness,—“a he-goat is the very sign of the Macedonians! Was not Caranus, going with a multitude of Greeks, to seek a new abode, required by the oracle to take the goats for his guide? Did he not follow a herd, flying from a violent storm, to Edessa?

Did he not fix there his seat—make the goats his standards—and call his people *Ægeadæ*, and his city *Ægeæ*, after their name?—And is not Roxana's son called Alexander *Ægus*?—But the horn—what means the horn?"

"It is the sign of the great king of Macedon," answered Jaddua, "who is described as contending with the goat."

"He did so," interrupted the monarch, "at the Granicus, and tore from his grasp the richest trophies! Did he not defeat him again in the narrow passes of Cilicia—and will he not tear the crown from his head, and break the staff of his power?"

"He will," replied the priest, "as he rolled up the record and covered it with its gorgeous and golden-fringed mantle; but as he was about to replace it in the ark, Alexander asked if all the prophet wrote was told. As the question could not be evaded, Jaddua said, that the horn of the goat should soon be broken off, and that four other horns should rise in its place.

The declaration cast no shade over the monarch's brow, for his eye gloated on the dazzling honours now within his grasp. He saw Darius as vainly contending with his power as the dove does with the eagle by whose talons it is clutched—the bright glory of the Persians appeared rising on that of his own empire, like another sun, on the effulgent radiance of noon—ardent and rapturous exclamations broke upon his ear—the

treasures of a world seemed poured out before him as from a vast cornucopia—and countless millions to do homage at his feet.

Tearing himself, at length, from the dazzling vision which absorbed his whole soul, he exclaimed, “ Venerable priest of the Jews, had thy prophet lived, on him I had showered gifts worthy of him to receive and of Alexander to bestow; he rises aloft among seers as thou dost among thy people—as thy temple does among their dwellings;—but I can reward thee for his sake, as well as for thine own—what wilt thou?”

“ King of Macedon,” replied Jaddua, “ accustomed as the Jews are to eat the simple fruits of the earth, except at the appointed festivals, their wants are few.—”

“ What then are *they*?” inquired the joyous monarch.

“ Once in seven years,” the Priest answered, “ the Jews, according to the law of Moses, do not till their ground, and therefore reap not the golden fruits of harvest, and yet for that year they pay tribute.”

“ Henceforth then,” rejoined the king, “ they shall not! but when Alexander wishes to bestow, those who ask need not soon be silent—the earth that has the former needs the latter rain.”

“ Let then, gracious monarch,” said Jaddua, “ one more favour be granted, and the latter rain will have fallen:—it is, that the Jews, who live in Babylon

and Media, may observe their own laws, which make them differ from all other people.”

At the assurance of perfect liberty in these respects, and of its extension to all Jews who might choose to range themselves under the banners of Macedon, the spacious chamber reverberated with shouts of joy—the multitudes without, soon caught the tidings—the sackbut, psaltery, and cymbals gave forth their sounds—rapturous acclamations were echoed from hill to hill—and, as the monarch left Jerusalem, flowers were strewed in his path—all the music of the city was tasked to do him honour—thousands on thousands pressed eagerly around his chariot—the very children lisped his name, and the eye followed him until the dense mass of his army, augmented by numbers of the Jews, looked like a dark speck on the horizon, and then disappeared.



# THE OULD MAN AT THE ALTAR.

BY JOHN BANIM.

An ould man he knelt at the altar,  
His enemy's hand to take—  
And at first his faint voice did falter,  
And his feeble hands did shake :  
For his only brave boy—his glory—  
Had been stretched at the ould man's feet,  
A corpse, all so pale and gory,  
By the hand that he now must greet.

The ould man he soon stopt speaking,  
And rage that had not gone by,  
From under his brows came breaking  
Up into his enemy's eye :  
And now his hands were not shaking,  
But clenched o'er his heart were crossed,  
And he looked a fierce look to be taking  
Revenge for the boy he had lost.

But the ould man he looked around him  
And thought of the place he was in—  
And thought of the vow that bound him,—  
And thought that revenge was sin :  
And then—crying tears like a woman—  
“ Your hand !” he said—“ aye, *that* hand !—  
And I *do* forgive you, foeman,  
For the sake of our bleeding land !” \*

\* Some time ago it was proposed to put an end to the petty disputes between rival factions in Ireland, by getting the leaders of them to meet and embrace in their chapels, and promise to forgive and forget; the occurrence that suggested the foregoing lines took place at the altar of a little mountain chapel in Clare.

# THE BROTHERS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

“ And this commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another.”

It was a sabbath day—the day of prayer,  
And the still sunshine slept upon the air,  
The myriad insects that were sporting round,  
The countless flowers that decked the tufted ground,  
The birds that twittered from the waving trees,  
The idle stream that rippled in the breeze,  
The village maiden who with downcast eye,  
And long dark lashes went demurely by,  
The sun-burnt swain, with calm and happy mind,—  
Yea, even the lame, the aged, and the blind,  
Who faltered at each weary step they made,  
And heavily leant upon some feeble aid ;  
All seemed to share the sunshine of the day,  
As towards the village spire they bent their way.  
Through the arched portal reverently they went,  
Each bare and humble head respectful bent.  
There might you mark the silver locks of age,  
Which pity, tenderness, and care engage,

The crisped curls of black or shining brown,  
When Time, as yet, hath but his summer shown;  
And rosy childhood's bright and silken hair,  
All smoothly parted by a mother's care :  
Through the hushed aisle each lessening form departs,  
Peace in their eyes, and prayer within their hearts.  
But different far the pair who now advance,  
Each from the other turns his sullen glance,  
And stalking onward takes his empty seat  
Apart, where none his lowering brow may meet.  
Yet did hate sit half strangely on each face,  
As if it there had found but recent place,  
And dwelt as shadows on the lonely plain,  
But till the welcome sun should shine again.  
Proudly erect and darkly beautiful,  
Was he whose wrath and years appeared most full ;  
And beauteous too, was he who followed slow,  
With fewer summers, and with fairer brow.  
They were two brothers, who had sternly come—  
Reared by one mother—children of one home ;  
And gladly had they bounded side by side,  
At once that mother's blessing and her pride ;  
And fondly had their infant arms entwined,  
And deep within their hearts sat love enshrined,  
Beaming from out their young and joyous eyes,  
Like the glad sunshine from meridian skies :—  
But years, long weary years, had past away,  
Marked by misfortune, sickness and decay—

And that sad mother, fading, sank to rest  
On the green pillow of earth's dewy breast ;  
Yet, ere she perished, called each wayward child,  
And bade them live in peace and mercy mild,  
Joined with her nerveless hand *their* hands in one,  
And with fond feeble pressure bless'd each son.  
" Love one another," so that meek one cried,  
And stretched her arms, to fold them ere she died !  
What boots it to record what made them foes ?—  
Fierce jealousies—contentions—pride that rose  
To mock the words of kindness, that might fall  
From lips and hearts so newly tinged with gall :—  
Rage, fanned by busy meddlers, which first threw  
Its venom round, and then to coldness grew ;—  
Words that meant nothing, but were *made to mean*,  
Distorted by a blind and feverish spleen ;  
And trifles looked upon with jaundiced eyes,  
Till the mind all their magnitude supplies.  
Such things had chased their love, and now, too late,  
They sought to bridle in their rancorous hate.  
And thus they sate within God's house of love,  
With the same prayer—to the same Power above,  
And yet divided hearts: the Pastor saw,  
With grief, their wand'ring from the holy law ;  
And the vain mockery of lips in prayer,  
When the proud heart forbade its echo there.  
" Love one another,"—such the text he chose,  
And his glance fell upon those brother foes,

Painful and pityingly, as though he felt  
His words might probe, even where they did not melt.  
He spake of ties, which God hath given to bless,  
Without which all the world were loneliness ;—  
He spake of bright and blessed forms, that gave  
Their strength and beauty early to the grave ;—  
He spake of sorrow, which doth come to all,  
But shared by kindly hearts doth lighter fall ;—  
Of all the blessed joys of youth and home,  
Ere the young heart hath learnt as yet to roam  
From the sweet natural ties which Heaven hath made,  
And for forsaking which was never man repaid :  
He spake of death, and how the faults that seemed,  
So great in life, in death were half redeemed ;  
How, standing by your early play-mate's grave,  
You half those faults forget and half forgave ;  
How, in your desolate age, the feeling grew,  
And the heart clung unto a friendly few ;  
And how God loved us, and hath bid us love,  
As the bright angel forms who watch above :  
And as the old man spoke, his feeble tone  
Waxed tremulously faint ; many had gone  
To the dark chambers of the voiceless dead,  
For whom *his* tears had been in silence shed.  
A childless and a widowed man was he,  
Who spoke of love and sorrow feelingly ;  
And many wept who heard him, for there were  
Few, who of sorrow had not had a share ;

Few, who within that church-yard's holy ground,  
Marked not a single green and mossy mound  
Where rested something they had loved full well ;  
A faded flower—a tree that early fell.  
The Pastor's voice hath ceased—the hum of prayer  
Is over—and again the sunny air  
Lights into gladness hearts which love those skies,  
Or beams all vainly bright in tearful eyes.  
Two forms came forth, and paused, as by a stone  
Their footsteps passed, with moss and weeds o'er-  
grown ;  
And as they gazed and gazed, long years returned,  
And the wrung heart of each with anguish burned.  
They spoke not, stirred not, breathed not, but there came  
Through either breast a feeling of sad shame ;  
And half forgotten scenes rushed o'er the mind,  
When life was happy, and when each was kind.  
Once more—oh ! yet once more, they seem to stand  
By their fond mother's side, and, hand in hand,  
Kneel at her feet to breathe their evening prayer :—  
Hark ! what deep sob hath struck the echoing air ?  
A brother to a brother's glance replies—  
The look of olden days is in their eyes—  
They gaze—they weep—the mutual thought they trace,  
And strain each other in a long embrace.

## STANZAS.

BY THOMAS CROFTON CROKER.

### I.

Death had been there since last we met,  
And left its silent trace ;  
There was no cheek with sorrow wet—  
There was no outward mourning—yet,  
There was the vacant place !

### II.

I saw her room—the very same—  
Her harp stood mutely there—  
Untouched her books—her drawing frame—  
Her Robin to the window came  
To seek its morning fare !

### III.

The gleam of sunshine on the wall  
To me was deepest gloom ;  
No joy was in that Robin's call,  
For where was she—the soul of all ?  
Cold—cold, within the tomb.



# THE ANXIOUS WIFE.

BY S. C. HALL.

“ With mournful eyes, and brow of feeling;  
One hand before her meekly spreading,  
The other back her ringlets shedding.”

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

WHY looks the mother so lonely within her cottage home—her own home—even at the very moment when the prayers of her first-born ascend to the throne of the Almighty, and her cradled infant is calmly sleeping by her side? It is a kindly and a quiet evening; the setting sun mingles his rays with the light fleecy clouds that sail along the sky; the gentle breeze wafts the fragrance of a thousand flowers through the open casement; and the voice of nature is calling upon every heart to be cheerful and to be happy;—yet is the mother more than pensive as she looks forth along the far-spread heath; and in her chamber there are tokens that she waits the home-coming of

one, in whose presence alone her eye can brighten and sadness and solitude be felt no more. For hours has she listened to hear his step along the gravelled pathway that leads from the main road to her humble dwelling on the plain—and she is weary with the heaviness of hope deferred.

At length her ear catches the welcome and well-known sound of his tread ; in another moment he has passed the threshold of his door, and the anxious wife is in the husband's arms ; he has kissed her fair forehead, patted her cheek, and gazed intently on his babe ;—but he has spoken no word ; and there is a cloud upon his brow ; his eyes appear sunk, and his lips are firmly compressed, as if he broods over some plan of more than ordinary moment, as he takes his accustomed seat by the cheerful fire-side and partakes of food slowly and in silence ; looking now and then towards the clock, that, with its melancholy note, alone breaks the dreariness of the scene, giving awful notice that another moment is gone with the past. The wife is sitting opposite the husband ; her clasped hands rest on her knees ; and she is earnestly watching the outward signs of the struggle she knows to be passing within the breast of her beloved : but she does not intrude her speech upon his thoughts, until, with a deep and heavy sigh, he takes her small hand, gently presses it, and gazes fixedly and anxiously upon her quivering lip.

“Is there any trouble that I may not share?” she enquired, in that gentle tone which comes to a wounded spirit like the summer breeze over a sick man’s brow, when for the first time he has left the heavy atmosphere of his chamber—“or am I less the friend than the wife?”

“Nothing, nothing, Ellen,” he replied, at length, “but that my spirits are low—and yet in truth I know not why,” he continued, assuming a look and attitude of gaiety and carelessness—“for my labour of to-night is not a new thing with me; but one which I have often done in safety and with success. The *Bessy* is expected in, to-night,” he added in a whisper; “we have certain news that she will land her cargo when the moon goes down,—but strange does it seem that what should make me joyous, weighs down my heart as if its veins were filled with molten lead!”

“Then go not to-night, Herbert,—Oh! go not with these fearful and reckless men,—pursue no longer a course that may lead to death; but listen again to the warning you have so often heard from my lips.”

“Nay, Ellen, soon will thy daily prayer be answered—but to night, *must* see me on the shore; I am pledged to be there before the midnight comes; but take the word of one who never deceived you, the morrow’s dawn shall see me an altered man—never again shall the smuggler hail me his companion. And now, farewell, this will be my *last* night.” Herbert

kissed his sleeping babe, breathed a parting prayer over the couch of his boy, pressed his wife to his bosom, and paced rapidly from his dwelling.

She watched him, until he had reached the jutting of the road that led down to the beach. Then, sighing heavily, she echoed her husband's words "his last night!" and, leaning her head upon the cradle of her child, wept bitterly, as she prayed earnestly that his farewell sentence might not have an awful meaning.

Herbert hurried onwards, nor paused even for a moment, until he stood before a large mansion that nearly skirted the beach; its broken windows and unweeded garden showed it to be without inhabitant. It had once been his own—it had descended to him through a long line of ancestors; and a very few years had passed since he had been greeted as one of the wealthiest men along the whole coast of Devonshire. One of the happiest he had certainly been;—for his hopes of the future soared but little beyond the possessions of the present; his pleasures were those of a domestic hearth, and all his ambition sought for was even within his grasp.

But it is not the daring and the speculative alone that adversity visits:—in an evil hour, but more from a natural kindliness of disposition than from feelings of a selfish nature, was Herbert induced to permit a quantity of smuggled goods to remain in one of his cellars until their owners had contrived some means

of conveying them to the neighbouring town of Barnstable. These were discovered by the officers of excise ; the unfortunate gentleman was prosecuted, exchequered in an enormous sum, and utterly, and, as it appeared, irretrievably ruined. The lofty mansion in the dale was exchanged for the humble cottage on the moor ; but as a recompense for poverty and loss of character, he had then a conscience void of offence, and the knowledge that in adversity and in prosperity his wife was still the same ;—there was hope in every tone of her sweet gentle voice, in every glance of her mild blue eye—the smile of affection was never for a moment away from her eloquent countenance ; and the dwelling he had shuddered to think upon, became happier and more cheerful than the abode from which he had been driven—an exile within sight of home.

But, partly from necessity, and partly because he conceived himself a wronged and injured man, he was induced to form a connexion with one of the lawless bands that infested the sea coast of Devonshire ; and, from a suspected smuggler, became one in reality. Notwithstanding the continued exertions of his wife to wean him from a course of crime and danger, he had persevered, until much of the wealth he had lost had returned again to his coffers,—and when he spoke of the re-purchase of his ancient home and estate, it was not as a far-off prospect, but as an event almost

within his reach. It was this feeling, and this hope, that came over him, as he stood before the broken door of the deserted house.

“ Soon shall ye be my own,” he exclaimed, as he paused at the threshold,—“ my own, once more ; and in your spacious halls shall my Ellen sit as meekly and as gently as in her humble cottage on the moor—soon will ye be my own again, home of my fathers !”

He whistled ; the sound was answered ; and, in a few moments, he was in the midst of a band of resolute and daring men, who welcomed him as their leader.

“ Comrades ! the moon wanes ; have you any one on the look out ?”

“ Aye, Sir, aye,” replied a stout hardy seaman, “ Jack Minns is up aloft with the night glass ; and I warrant me, Jack will see her ten knots off.”

“ Is there any one upon the watch on the main road, and to the left of the hill ?”

“ Ay, Sir, ay, all is cared for, and I warrant me the bonny Bess will land her cargo safe enough, long before the morning breaks.”

The gang were carousing merrily ; but Herbert sat apart. His thoughts were with his lone wife in her cottage ; well he knew that the night would be to her sleepless as to him : and it was with an aching heart, and a burning brow, that he looked upon the calm heavens, and then towards the moor that lay shrouded in darkness, and breathed a low and solemn prayer

that the innocent might not suffer with the guilty. It was a vain and foolish prayer ; it was a solemn mockery of justice ; and he knew it. The husband and the father should have remembered that in his dishonour was his children's shame ; that in his misery they must participate ; and that the consequences of his crime could not be visited alone on him. It *was* thus he reasoned, when such reasoning could avail him nought.

In about an hour, Jack Minns descended from the roof of the house, and gave notice that the Bessy was in the offing. Instantly, the party were in motion, and on their way to the shore. Silently and steadily they passed down the rugged and broken cliffs, and stood at the water's edge. Soon a solitary spark was seen dimly burning, for an instant, upon the surface of the ocean ; so faint was it, that by those only who looked for it, could it be discerned. It pointed out where the vessel lay. The signal was answered from the shore : a flash from a pistol-pan informed the smugglers where they might land—and, in a few moments, the muffled oars were rapidly bearing a boat to land. A brief greeting was exchanged between the seamen and their associates, and the work of unloading commenced. In a space of time almost incredibly short, she was on her way towards the ship, when a sound that resembled a stifled scream, passed along the waves ; and the boatmen stayed

their oars, first looking along the sea, where their own vessel rode tranquilly upon the waters, and then towards the land, where they could discern, in the dim twilight, an unusual and ominous bustle among the party they had left.

It was not the ordinary stir of their employment that engaged the smugglers on shore. Herbert had given his directions; and along the craggy cliffs were the tubs and bales borne to a place of safety, when he perceived a stranger among the group, and instantly pointed him out to Minns, who advanced, laid his hand upon him, and attempted to force his slouched hat from his head. The attempt was resisted, when the smuggler drew a pistol from his belt, and said in a low tone—"Friend or foe?"

The stranger replied by knocking the pistol out of the hand that threatened him, and rushed up the cliffs, followed by a number of the party, one of whom fired his pistol at the spy. The sound echoed from rock to rock, and as it died away, the voice of Jack Minns was heard in a kind of hissing whisper that passed through the group,

"Comrades, we are betrayed!—off! off!"

But ere they could resolve on what course to pursue, a party of soldiers bent their bodies over the precipice, and pointed their muskets at the gang beneath. The click of their fire-arms was distinctly heard, and the gleam of their brightness met the gaze



of the smugglers, as they looked upwards and shuddered. The next sounds were the fearful warning, "Yield, in the King's name!" and the reply of some daring and reckless man, "Come and take us!"

The smugglers had shrunk under the partial shelter of the overhanging cliffs, but as they looked to the right or left, they saw that every pass was guarded. They had brief time for thought:—the soldiers with their fixed bayonets were marching in order towards the strand, and a signal fire was instantly blazing on the heights.

"They are but few now," exclaimed Minns, "let us fight it out before the rest come on us."

Herbert made no reply. Every nerve was paralyzed; his countenance became pale as death; and a deep and hollow groan came from his bosom, at the very moment when Minns, struggling with the foremost soldier of the band, received the contents of a musket through his heart, and with a loud shriek fell along the shore.

The contest was brief, but did not terminate until more than one soldier had been wounded, and several smugglers had been stretched upon the crimsoned sand. Almost broken in heart, and wounded—for he had fought like a tiger in his lair, when he found the hunters press hardly upon him—was Herbert led, a gyved prisoner, along the road towards the dwelling that was once his own.

The morning was breaking over the earth, and still as a prisoner, with a felon's death before him, lay Herbert, beside his own once cheerful and happy hearth, when a gentle tap was heard at the casement ;—with a faltering step he approached, looked beneath, and beheld his wife:—she made a sign to be cautious ; and having first ascertained that his guards were sleeping, Herbert carefully opened the window, and in another moment she was in his arms :—a few brief whispers served to tell the purport of her visit :—

“ Oh, Herbert, this is no time for reproach—to save the erring father of my children am I here. Oh, if my warning voice had been heard ere the fatal night that is now fearfully passing.

Her object was soon explained ; and in a few seconds Herbert had taken her cloak, wrapt her in his long and heavy coat, placed his hat on her head, pressed her to his bosom, and was crawling away under the shadow of the trees. In the already dawning twilight, he could perceive her at the window, pressing her hand to her brow, and her raised finger was directing his course towards the beach.

The whole transaction was scarcely the work of a minute, but it was an eventful one ; for she had scarcely closed the window, ere one of the soldiers awoke, turned and looked carefully round the room—the prisoner was seated in a corner ; leaning her head upon her arm ; and above an hour passed before the escape of Herbert was discovered.

In vain did they search every portion of the old mansion, and scour the neighbouring hills and plains—the object they sought was no where to be found ;—and although Ellen was led to the nearest town and examined, her bondage was brief,—she was suffered to return to her children.

Nearly a year had passed, and she had received no tidings of her husband,—hope had at length gone from her,—in sorrow and in solitude did she spend her days, and even the sweet smiles and gentle accents of her children failed to call back comfort to her heart and dwelling. A long weary winter, and a cheerful spring had gone by ; and summer had again decked the land in beauty. Driven from her humble cottage, and pointed at as the smuggler's wife, in the neighbouring town of Barnstaple, in which she at first sought refuge ; she had travelled along the coast,—poor, and friendless, and deserted,—with no comforter but that religion which had never left her, either in the lofty dwelling on the strand, the humble cottage on the moor, or during her wanderings along the public highways,—depending for existence upon the poor pittance that the cold hand of charity might fling to her. At length in a dark and cheerless lodging in the outskirts of Ilfracombe, did Ellen Herbert find shelter, and, by the labour of her hands, did she bring up those who were more desolate than orphans.

Morning, noon, and night, did she fervently pray

that wherever her husband wandered, the light of truth might visit him,—and that deep adversity might teach him the lesson of honorable contentment he had failed to learn from the precepts and example of his wife.

One evening when her children were at rest, she had laid aside her work, and the Book of Truth lay open on her table; she had been comforted by its pages, that speak so strongly to the faithful of reward; to the desolate, of hope; when the latch was gently raised, and Herbert met the gaze of his wife:—pale and haggard, and in the garb of extreme poverty did he stand before her, and listen to the throbs that came from her bosom, mingled with grateful thanks to the giver of all good that he was yet alive.

Her prayers had been heard. The hand of affliction had been heavy upon him in the far distant land to which he had escaped; but affliction had been to him mercy; the bread that had been cast upon the waters, had been returned after many days; the prayers of the righteous had availed much;—changed in heart did he once more tread the shores of his native land, and seek out those beloved ones from whom he might again hear the blessed words of husband and father.

All the night long did they sit, hand in hand, and speak their gratitude to God, who had made adversity the handmaid of religion; and in calm confidence they spake of the future, as more full of hope than

of fear. "Steadfastly purposing to lead a new life," did the outlawed smuggler detail to his trusting and virtuous companion, the trials he had encountered—trials that had worked together for his good. And the early morning beheld them, with their boy and babe, journeying from the town.

In the metropolis, to which they travelled, Herbert, under another name, soon obtained employment; regained his lost character; and by a course of unremitting industry and integrity, arrived, step by step, to a respectable and lucrative station in the office of an extensive merchant, whose partner he became, after the lapse of a few years.

Many persons are there, in the county of Devon, who have received from their fathers the above story of Herbert the smuggler. The circumstances will be familiar to some of them, although nearly a century has passed over the transaction—for it has been recorded, as nearly as possible, after the manner in which it was related to the writer, as *a true tale*.

THE CORONATION  
OF  
INES DE CASTRO.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

THROUGH windows richly dight  
The mellow sunbeams shine,  
But sadly falls their light  
On Sancta Clara's shrine.

The King and Court are there,  
Robed Priests and Knights in mail ;  
But every head is bare,  
And every cheek is pale.

The young and fair are met,  
The brave and haughty come,  
But eyes with tears are wet,  
And lips with awe are dumb.

In pomp of regal pride  
There sits enthron'd a Queen ;  
Don Pedro at her side  
Surveys the solemn scene.

Though grief be on his brow,  
Yet tearless is his eye,  
He hears each plighted vow  
With spirit stern and high.

Yet even He must feel  
Far more than tongue could own,  
As one by one they kneel  
Before that silent throne.

As one by one they take  
That passive hand to kiss,  
His thoughts and feelings wake  
Dreams of departed bliss.

For oh ! no life-blood warm  
That frame may animate,  
But wasted is the form  
Thus thron'd in splendid state ;

Its glittering crown of gold  
Rests on a lifeless head ;  
Its broider'd robes enfold  
The reliques of the dead !

Those robes are but a pall,  
    However bright their sheen ;  
She sits before them all  
    The spectre of a Queen.

They bear her back to earth,  
    And close the fearful rite,  
But not one thought of mirth  
    The pageant should excite :

For by it may be seen,  
    In its glory and its gloom,  
How brief the space between  
    The proud throne and silent tomb.



# THOUGHTS ON FLOWERS.

BY HENRY G. BELL.

## I.

NATURE'S eternal jewels!—In old times,  
With such as these the peasant girls of Greece  
Filled high their laps, where the Eurotus strays;  
And in far ages, yet unborn and void,  
Millions of village maidens will entwine  
These starry glories in their dewy hair.  
Man dies—but the immortal thoughts of man,  
The common feelings of humanity,  
Live on, the same to-day as yesterday.

## II.

Is not the artist greater than his art?  
Is there not art through all the works of space?

Then who hath peopled space with wondrous works?—  
The God of systems, and the God of flowers—  
The Author of all beauty, virtue, strength;  
In beauty, strength, and virtue, infinite.

## III.

The breezy mountain looking brightly down  
Upon the glorious world,—the silent glen  
Whose trickling stream awakes not the hushed echo,—  
To both, this flower—this red and yellow flower—  
Is as its jewels to the brow of beauty,—  
A garniture that gives green Nature's robe  
A richer loveliness.

## IV.

It sprang upon a grave—an old man's grave!  
Who would have thought corruption nursed such  
    blossoms?—  
Why not?—That old man had a deathless soul,  
That soul hath burst in beauty from the clay,—  
Why not the flower from the unconscious sod?

## V.

The simple gift affection loves the most,  
The guileless offering of a guileless breast,  
The talisman of hope and memory,  
The young enthusiast's evergreen, that thinks  
To bloom for ever, spite of time and tide,  
In the unchanging summer of the heart.

## VI.

Summer! delicious summer! thou dost fling  
Thy unbought treasures o'er the glorious earth!  
Music is in thy step, and in thine eye  
A flood of sunshine! on thy brow is wreathed  
Garlands that wither not, and in thy breath  
Are all the perfumes of Arabia!  
Thou wilt not frown, tho' I have plucked unseen  
One little blossom from thy golden hair.

## VII.

In utter weariness I've turned away  
From all that once delighted,—summer's smile,  
Flowers, woods, and streams, and bright blue skies,  
and birds  
Whose life is music,—and I've deeply felt  
That apathy of spirit which o'ercomes  
All hope and joy :—then, even affection ceased  
To please, and life was dull and void ;—and now,  
Even while I gaze upon this pencilled gem,  
I feel thus strangely sad—now—even now.

## VIII.

A memory of the past—a flower I love—  
Not for itself—but that its name is linked  
With names I love ; and that 'twas once to me  
An omen of success ; when smilingly  
Young friendship said that 'twould be ever so,—  
Alas ! how vainly !

## IX.

There is religion in a flower ;  
Its still small voice is as the voice of conscience :  
Mountains and oceans, planets, suns, and systems,  
Bear not the impress of Almighty Power  
In characters more legible than those  
Which He hath written on the tiniest flower  
Whose light bell bends beneath the dew-drop's weight.

## X.

The heart's affections—are they not like flowers?  
In life's first spring they blossom ; summer comes  
And 'neath the scorching blaze they droop apace ;  
Autumn revives them not : in languid groups  
They linger still, perchance, by grove or stream,  
But Winter frowns, and gives them to the winds ;—  
They are all withered !

## XI.

## Death !

Cold, blank, remorseless, and mysterious death,  
Why dost thou fall so gently on the weed—  
Leaving it beauty even in decay,—  
Beauty and fragrance,—whilst to man thy touch  
Is as the touch of stern annihilation ?  
Love, Genius, Virtue, lost in rottenness !  
It is most strange !

## XII.

Perchance it grew upon a sunny knoll,  
Close by the side of a clear wimpling stream,  
And holding high its purple-crested head  
Among a little nation of blue bells,  
Daisies, and buttercups ; just such a spot  
As one would choose to rest upon at eve,  
And nurse sweet fancies till the day-light died.

## XIII.

The unfathomable heart of man !  
Why with a withered weed should there be linked  
A thousand gentle feelings and emotions,  
That break around the soul like rippling waves  
Upon a summer shore ?—Yet all will die !  
A few brief years,—and will not this full heart  
Be but a withered weed !

## XIV.

'Twas a strange chance !  
Thou wert but one of millions, and thou might'st  
Have bloomed and died unnoticed 'mid the rest.  
And not less strange—but dearer far, the chance  
That brings in this wide world two kindred hearts  
Together, and clears off the dull thick mists  
That hung upon the way of life, and hid  
The sun of love—and the world's loveliness.

## XV.

Perchance 'tis very childishness that weaves  
Fancies with flowers, and borrows from their hue,  
A colour for our thoughts ;—but if it be  
It is a weakness that will win a smile  
Not tempt a frown from sage philosophy ;  
Or if he frown, in sooth, he's not the sage  
Men take him for—I would not give the love  
My heart can feel for this frail harmless thing  
Of green and gold, to be enshrined in all  
The dusty grandeur of his worm-eat lore.

*Drumsheugh Cottage, Edinburgh.*

THE  
FIRST INVASION OF IRELAND,  
WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF  
“THE IRISH HERCULANEUM.”

BY THE REV. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D., M.R.I.A.

IN the summer of 1826, I paid a visit to the county of Wexford, and took up my residence at the house of a friend in the parish of Bannow, which Mrs. Hall has so happily illustrated in her “Sketches of Irish Character.” As many circumstances render it an object of curiosity, a few local details will be interesting.

Between the harbours of Wexford and Waterford is a tract of fertile land, containing about sixty square miles, called the Baronies of Forth and Bargie. The appellations are significant—Bar is fruitful, Forth is plenty, and Geo the sea; the names therefore indicate exactly the character of the place, a fertile and plentiful tract on the sea coast. Behind it runs a ridge of mountains, and before it is the sea. So that it is in some measure insulated, and retains much of the

primæval and original character of a place cut off from free intercourse with the rest of the country. It moreover lies directly opposite Cardiganshire in Wales; and certain promontories projecting to the east approach so near to the contiguous coast as to invite the inhabitants of the other side to come over and visit it. From the earliest periods, therefore, long before the Anglo-Norman invasion, a free intercourse had taken place between the two principalities, and many Irish families settled in Wales, and many Welsh in Ireland. The latter were so numerous, that a large district in the county of Wexford is called Scarla Walsh; and there is a long tract of high land in the neighbouring county of Kilkenny called the Welsh mountains, from the number of families of this name and nation which occupied them, where at this day they form a sept or clan; and as the colonization was gradually effected by free consent and friendly intercourse, the name of Walsh is held in more esteem by the peasantry of the country than they attach to others which are not strictly native, because it is not connected with those traditions of rapine and blood which generally distinguished later foreign settlers during the troubles in Ireland. The language of Wales also was Celtic, and spoken by both people in common; even at this day they are the same, and differ only in some dialectic peculiarities.

In the year 1169, however, this friendly intercourse



was interrupted, and the first hostile foot from Wales pressed the soil of Ireland. The occasion was not very creditable to the morality of the invaders. The Normans having conquered England, were now determined to pass over to Ireland, and only waited for a pretext to effect their purpose. This was soon afforded. Dermot Macmorrogh, the King of Leinster, had looked with a profligate eye on the wife of his neighbour, and seduced her to abandon her husband, and take up her residence in his Castle of Ferns. The Irish, it appears, held at this time in high respect the sacred obligation of marriage, for a general spirit of indignation was felt and expressed all over the country, particularly by his own subjects, and Dermot was compelled to abandon his throne. In this distress he applied to Henry II. and the Normans who had recently conquered England, and they readily, and without scruple, undertook to reinstate the adulterer. From this *causa teterrima belli*, the Lady has been called the "Irish Helen." The Greeks, however, proceeded to punish and not to protect the seducer of their frail beauty.

In the month of May, 1169, Robert Fitzstephen, then Governor of Cardigan Castle, in Wales, accompanied by Harvey de Monte Marisco, collected a force of 30 knights, 60 esquires, and 300 archers, and embarking in two ships, called Bagg and Bunn, according to the tradition of the country, they ran for the nearest headland,

and disembarked at a point called at this day Baganbun, from the names of the vessels which brought them over. They were next day joined by Prendregast, with 10 knights, and 200 archers, making in all an army of 600 men. Dermod had remained secreted in his Castle of Ferns, waiting the arrival of the strangers ; they therefore apprised him of their coming, and in the meantime fortified themselves on the promontory till some expected reinforcements, which he promised to send, should arrive, to assist and guide them. In a short time he was able to dispatch his natural son Donald, with 500 horse ; and with this reinforcement they set out from their position to penetrate into the interior of the country. Their direct road would have been through the parish of Bannow, which lay opposite to them ; but as they had two deep and rapid channels of the sea to cross, at the mouth of the bay, they were obliged to proceed round the other extremity of it. In their way they were opposed by some Irish collected hastily at Feathard. Here the first encounter took place between the Anglo-Normans and the Irish ; and it is still called by the peasants “ battles town,” in commemoration of the circumstance. It is further added, by the tradition of the country, that Feathard was a name given to the town built on the spot by the conqueror, who called it “ Fought-hard,” which was, in process of time, corrupted into Feathard.

From hence, ascending the river, which falls into Bannow Bay, he passed through Goffe's Bridge, and so to the town of Wexford. Wexford was originally built by the piratical Danes at a very early period, and called by them "West, or Wex-fiord," the western bay. It was rudely fortified, but could not resist the invaders, now reinforced by all Macmorrogh's adherents. It was therefore taken, and Dermot made it a present to Fitzstephen and Fitzgerald, as a reward for their services. Fitzstephen built on the river not far from it, a castle, on the promontory of a lime-stone rock, and so erected the first Norman fortification ever built in Ireland. This still stands, commanding the navigation of the Slaney, and is a very curious and conspicuous object. It so struck a Catholic barrister in his way to the assizes of Wexford, that he afterwards declared, as is reported, in a speech at the Association, that "it ought to be pulled down as a revolting object of Ireland's first degradation."

This expedition was followed by that of Strongbow, Earl of Chepstow, who has gained the reputation of a conquest, which had been achieved by his predecessor, as Americus Vesputius defrauded Columbus of his title to America. Strongbow passed the promontory of Baganbun, and proceeded up the contiguous harbour of Waterford. Waterford was also built by the Danes, and was a place of some strength and trade. It was called by them "Vader Fiord," the Father's

Harbour, and dedicated to Woden, the Father of Scandinavian deities, of which the present name Waterford is an absurd corruption. On one side of Strongbow stood a tower, erected by the Danes on the Wexford shore; on the other, a church, built by the Irish, on the Waterford. It was necessary to land, but he hesitated on which shore he should disembark to march to Waterford. He inquired the names of the places he saw, and he was informed one was the tower of Hook, and the other the church of Crook. "Then," said he, "shall we advance and take the town by Hook or by Crook?" And hence originated a proverb now in common use. Strongbow took Waterford, where his grim statue, in blue limestone, stands at this day in the front of the Ring Tower, close beside the river. He was followed by Henry II. with a large army, and so the warriors obtained the same footing in Ireland as they had done in England, though it took them a much longer time afterwards to establish it. Henry adopted the example of Dermot; he made Dublin a present to his good citizens of Bristol, and the original of this cool and extraordinary gift of the capital of a kingdom to the traders of a commercial town is still extant in the Record-office of the Castle of Dublin.

The prime object of my curiosity on entering this historic ground, was to visit the spot where the first Norman foot had pressed the shore. It was a con-

spicuous point from my friend's house, at the extremity of a neck of land; the annexed sketch points out the locality.



I embarked in a small boat, and crossed the narrow but rapid Frith which had stopped Fitzstephen's army. From hence I walked along the sand-hills to the romantic and solitary village of Feathard, where there was no inn; but a man from whom I inquired, directed me to a private house. Here the kind landlady set before me a plentiful breakfast of tea, fish, and eggs; and, what I valued even still more, a folio volume of Irish antiquities, which it was her delight to study. From her I obtained all the directions I wanted, and then

proceeded to the object of my search. I enquired, when near the place, from a peasant who was digging potatoes, the nearest path to it. He immediately threw down his spade, and, in the true spirit of Irish courtesy to a stranger, begged to "go with my honor if agreeable, to shew me the ins and outs of it." He was full of local information, and I was well pleased to have him for a companion.

The whole headland called Baganbun consists of about thirty acres. It forms a bold projection towards the Welsh coast, and is the only one near Wexford, the shore which extends from it to Carnsore point, near that town, being a flat sand, not safe for shipping to approach. On the side of the greater promontory is a lesser, running from it at right angles, and stretching to the east, about two hundred yards long, and seventy broad; presenting inaccessible cliffs, except at its extreme point where it is easily ascended. Outside this is a large, high, insulated rock, which forms a break-water to the surf on the point, and from this several smaller stretch to the shore, just appearing above water, and affording a kind of causeway. Here it was Fitzstephen ran in and moored his ships, protected from the surf by the insular rock, and availing himself of the low ridge to reach the land. The distance of the last rock to the point is considerably wider than the rest, but Fitzstephen, with his heavy armour, sprung across it, and it is called at this day, "Fitzstephen's Stride."

My companion tried to follow his example, without his encumbrance, and fell into the sea.

Ascending from hence to the esplanade on the summit, he pitched his tent and established his headquarters. In the middle of the esplanade is still to be seen an oblong hollow space, like the foundation of a house, and as the surface of the soil was never disturbed in this place since the period of his landing, it seems not improbable that such a trace would not be obliterated, and that the use assigned to it by tradition is the true one. His next care was to fortify his situation, to secure him from attack while waiting for Macmorrogh's promised reinforcements ; and these hasty fortifications yet remain, evincing that the Normans had attained to no small science in the art of defensive war. On the isthmus which connects the lesser peninsula with the greater, a deep fosse, about seventy yards long, extends from side to side ; this was bounded on each edge by high mounds of earth, and in the centre covered by a half-moon bastion, twenty yards in circumference. On each side of the bastion, through the fosse, were the approaches to his camp, by two passages ; and a mound of earth connected the bastion with the esplanade. Centinels placed in this half-moon entirely commanded the approaches, and were themselves protected by a rampart which rose round them, and overlooked all the ground in the vicinity. Beyond

this, on the neck of the greater promontory, he also sunk a fosse, much more profound and extensive, stretching across the whole breadth, for the space of two hundred and fifty yards. This formed a deep and wide covered way, and was lined with a high mound on either side ; that on the outside being defended by another deep fosse. All these remains are very distinct and perfect at the present day, changed only by the growth of vegetable matter, rendering the fosse somewhat more shallow, and the mound less elevated.

But a discovery was made a short time ago connected with this encampment, which adds considerably to the interest it excites. About five years before my visit, some labourers were throwing up a low hedge round the cliffs to prevent the sheep which graze there from falling over. On turning up the soil, they discovered about one foot below the surface, the remains of fires at regular intervals on the edge of the precipices. These were supposed to be the watch-fires of the Videttes, which were stationed round the encampment. Some of the freestone flags on which they were made, were also found ; and as there is no such stone in this part of the country, they must have been brought for that purpose by the strangers. Sundry pieces of bones of sheep and oxen, consumed by the army were strewed round the fires, particularly cow's teeth, the enamel of which remained perfect,



though the osseous parts were decayed; and on the whole promontory, fragments of rings and spears were picked up wherever the soil was disturbed. Curious to see some of these remains I requested my companion to get a shovel and dig for me; he did not require to be asked a second time, but ran off and soon came back with a spade, and began to dig with all his heart, where the first had been discovered; he soon upturned pieces of charcoal and parts of burnt bones, which I brought away with me as memorandums of the first fires ever lighted by the Anglo-Normans on the shores of Ireland.\*

It is now nearly seven hundred years since that event, and every thing connected with it on this spot is in singular preservation. It is so remote as to be entirely out of the way of intercourse with other places, and seldom trampled on by human feet. The soil, tradition says, was never turned up, and the surface continues at this day as it was then left by the Normans,—it is, and has always been a sheep-walk. The remains also consist of the most undecaying materials; charred wood and bone are nearly imperishable.

\* Holingshed, in his notes on Geraldus Cambrensis, says of this place, following the traditions of the country, "There were certain monuments made in memorie thereof, and were named the *Banna* and the *Boenne*, which were the names (as common fame is) of the two greatest ships in which the English arrived." There are now no monuments on this spot, except the very striking ones of the encampment. It is evident, however, that the present name of the place *Baganbun*, has the same origin as that assigned by Holingshed, a corruption of *Banna* and *Boenne*.

The circumstances connected with it are perhaps the most interesting in the history of our country; the first landing of the strangers in this place was of deep importance to England, and still deeper to Ireland. "Baginbun, where Ireland has lost and won," is the universal expression of the people of the country, and they consider it an occult and prophetic saying. My companion when we were leaving the place asked me, if I had ever heard "the ould saying about it," I replied "yes; but I do not understand how Ireland has won on this spot." "Oh!" said he, "that's to come they say; sure didn't the boys in the ruction want to fight it out here, entirely?" It is certainly affirmed, that some of the leaders in the Wexford Insurrection in 1798, wished to avail themselves of the feeling it excited. They actually deliberated on retiring to this spot, and bringing on a decisive engagement here, with this powerful prestige strongly impressed on the minds of their followers.

My next visit was to the town of Bannow, which is justly denominated the "Irish Herculaneum."

As this was in the more immediate vicinity of his house my kind host accompanied me. We proceeded to the mouth of the harbour, and entered over a stile into a large enclosure, having the remains of a dilapidated church in the centre. The ground was a low eminence of sand, partly covered with a scanty vegetation, on which some sheep and goats were feeding. It

was every where undulated with hillocks, between which were long straight depressions, having an appearance more formal and regular than is usually seen among sand hills. Rising from these was a square mass of hollow masonry, about seven feet high, which, with the exception of the ruined church walls, was the only appearance of the work of man visible around us. After looking about here for some time, I proposed to my friend to proceed to the town of Bannow; when he astonished me by saying, " You are now in the high-street in the midst of it." In effect so I was. The sands of the shore had risen and swallowed it up as effectually as the ashes and lava of Mount Vesuvius could have done. The hillocks were the houses, the straight depressions were the streets, the dilapidated walls half covered, were the high parish church, and the square tube of masonry was the massive chimney of the town house peeping above the soil, while the rest of the edifice was buried under it.

On more closely inspecting these remains it was easy to trace the plan of the town, which consisted of several wide streets, crossing one another, and extending generally eighty or a hundred yards before the traces were lost. One of them ran down to the sea at the mouth of the harbour; we followed its traces, and there found what appeared to have been a fine quay at the edge of the water, the remains of which were nearly two hundred yards in

length; and higher up was the foundation of a very extensive edifice, evidently some public building. As it was clear that here had existed a large and important town, it was greatly my wish to excavate some part of it in search of antiquities; and a gentleman of the vicinity who seemed as zealous as myself, promised to assist me with fifty men. He did not keep his word, however, and I made only such discoveries as were possible by my own personal exertions. I cut across one of the hollow ways, and ascertained it was paved beneath the soil, and so had been a street. I dug into one of the mounds and came to the foundations of walls of masonry, and so was convinced they had been houses. I visited the church, and saw it was a very ancient structure. The windows were not the pointed Gothic, such as were subsequently introduced by the Normans; but Saxon, similar to those of Cormac's chapel, at Cashel, and in that style of architecture known to have existed in Ireland long before the invasion. I examined the inside and found it filled with sculptured ornaments, as remarkable for their antiquity as their beauty. Among them was a stone coffin or kistvaen, in the cavity of which was a receptacle for the head and shoulders of the man. Beside it was a baptismal font, of very antique sculpture in relief,—it was that alluded to by Mrs. Hall in her "Sketches." In fact, the whole appearance of the place,—the impression that we were standing over

a once populous city, which yet remained almost entire, with all its busy inhabitants, it might be, buried under our feet, gave to its present silence and solitude an interest greater, perhaps, than is attached to any other remains in the United Kingdoms.

To inquire into its history, and ascertain what was known of its former state was my next care. It appears to have existed as a place of some note at the time of the Invasion, as it is mentioned both by native and foreign historians.\* Sir James Ware says, the name “Bannow” signifies “auspicious,” and it induced the Anglo-Normans to land in its vicinity, as a

\* Among the native historians who mention it, is Maurice Regan; he calls it Bann. When the Anglo-Normans landed, Regan was secretary to Dermot, and was an actor in, and eye-witness of, the events of the invasion. His work is exceedingly valuable as a document, and curious as a composition. It was written, originally, in Irish, but translated into French verse, by some Norman of his acquaintance. His details are graphic and his heroes make speeches, so that you become acquainted with events and persons, as with those described by Homer. The cause assigned for the Norman invasion, the abduction of a man's wife, is treated very lightly by the English historians, from Cambrensis down to Hume. Harris says, “The defection of the nobility could never be brought about, merely from a motive of gallantry with the wife of another prince!” The Irish historians thought otherwise. Regan, with all his partiality for his master and his allies, tells the circumstance like a man of feeling and principle. “She was a fair and lovely lady, entirely beloved by Dermot. He, by letters and messengers, pursued her love with such fervency, that she sent him word she was ready to obey and yield to his will, and appointed time and place where he should find her. Dermot assembled his lords, entered Leitrim, found the lady, took her away, and returned with joy to Ferns. O'Rourke, full of affliction and wounded pride, addressed himself to O'Connor, king of Connaught, complaining of the wrong and scorn done him by the king of Leinster, and imploring his aid to avenge so great an outrage; O'Connor, moved with honour and compassion, promised him his succour.”

good omen of success. In the Irish Annals of Ennisfallen, it is called *Cuall an bAinne*, which literally means “the bay of the pig,” from the multitude of these animals reared there by the Irish, a peculiarity for which the neighbouring county is still distinguished, where they are attended with the greatest care, and increase to an enormous size. It was situated at the mouth of a large inlet of the sea in the barony of Bargie, about twenty-four miles S. of West or Wexford. The bay was formerly entered by two deep channels, as appears by a map in the Down Survey in the Record Office, Dublin; and from its favourable situation for trade attained much prosperity. From the quit-rent rolls which I examined at Wexford, it contained among others, the following streets, viz. :—

High-street, Weaver-street, St. George-street, Upper-street, St. Toolock’s-street, St. Mary’s-street, St. Ivory-street, Lady-street, Little-street, &c.

Fair slated houses, horse-mills, gardens, and other indications of a prosperous place, are also mentioned as paying quit-rent.

It had, moreover, a royal charter of incorporation, and sent two members to the Irish Parliament, who were elected by the burgesses or citizens of the town. This last indication of its prosperity continued up to the time of the Union. My friend remembered himself, when notice for the election was issued. It was posted on the solitary chimney as the only representa-

tion of the houses of the town. The burgesses were supposed to assemble round it; the Members were put into nomination by Lord Ely, and so the forms of election were regularly gone through, and for a series of years, two representatives were returned to Parliament from one chimney.

It is not known at what precise time the submersion of this city by the sands took place, but the process by which it was destroyed is still going on in its vicinity. Before it lies a very extensive tract of fine sand, which is continually shifting and changing its place and form. I watched its progress as it rose in little columns, like the sand pillars of African deserts on a small scale. It was driven about by the slightest winds in currents and eddies; wherever it met an obstruction, it formed round it as a nucleus, and in the course of a few hours materially altered the appearance of any particular spot. Not only the town, but the whole harbour has undergone an extraordinary mutation from this cause. So late as the period of the Down Survey, in 1657, in the map of this district which I examined, the Island of Slade lay opposite to the site of the town, separated from it by a broad channel; and it appears from other authorities that directions were given to mariners how to steer up this channel, so as to clear some rocks which lay in the middle of it. There is now *no* Island of Slade, or *no* navigable channel; the whole was filled up by that process which covered the

city: the dangerous rocks are high and dry at a considerable distance inland, and a firm road, over which I passed in a carriage, with several heavy carts, now runs across the Harbour—

Puppibus illa prius, patulis nunc hospita plaustria.

The Bay of Bannow abounds with sea fowl, and among them is one which has been the occasion of very extraordinary opinions. It is a bird resembling a wild goose, and is found in abundance in this Bay, and also in that of Wexford. It feeds on the tuberous roots of an aquatic grass, which is full of saccharine juice; and instead of the rank taste of other sea fowl, which feed partly on fish, this bird acquires from its aliment a delicate flavour which renders it highly prized. But the circumstance which long made it an object of the highest curiosity, was an idea that it was not produced in the usual way, from the egg of a similar parent, but that it was the preternatural production of a shell-fish, called a Barnacle. This singular absurdity is not to be charged to the Irish; it was first published to the world by Geraldus Cambrensis, who accompanied the early invaders, and saw the bird in this place. It was received with avidity in England, and set down among other *speciosa miracula* of the new and barbarous country, where every thing was wild and monstrous. The shell supposed to produce it, is frequently found on this coast, adhering



to logs of wood and other substances, which had remained long in the sea-water; it is attached by a fleshy membrane at one end, and from the other issues a fibrous beard which curls round the shell, and has a distant resemblance to the feathers of a fowl; and on this circumstance the story was founded. So late as the time of Gerard the botanist, this was firmly believed by the naturalists in England. In a folio edition of Gerard's works, in my possession, there is a long account of this prodigious birth, which he prefaces by saying, "What mine eyes have seen, and mine hands have touched, that I will declare;" and he accompanies his description with a plate, representing one of these birds hanging by its head to a barnacle-shell, as just excluded from it, and dropping into the sea. This fishy origin of the bird rendered it also an object of ecclesiastical controversy. It was disputed with much warmth in England, before the Reformation, that this Irish bird, having a fish for its parent, was not properly flesh, and so it might be eaten with perfect propriety on fast-days; and hence this delicious meat was an allowed luxury, in which many worthy ecclesiastics conscientiously indulged in Lent. One learned man made a syllogism to defend his practice: "Whatever is naturally born of flesh is flesh, but this bird has no such origin, therefore it is not flesh." Another retorted on him by the following ingenious position, "If a man," said he, "were disposed

to eat part of Adam's thigh, he would not be justified I imagine, because Adam was not born from a parent of flesh."\* So universal, however, was this belief in the extraordinary origin of this bird, that its supposed parent, the shell fish, is called by conchologists at this day, *Lepas ansifera*, "the Goose-bearing Lepas."

The whole of the district of Bannow, and the neighbouring ones, are covered over with castles, built by the strangers to secure themselves against the attempts of the natives to recover their forfeited land. In the village of Clomines, on the shores of the bay, are seven castles clustered together, forming a very romantic picture.† Many farm-houses are built against the remains of these fortresses of former times, which are converted by the farmers into stables and out-offices. The general appearance, however, of the habitations of the peasantry is singularly neat and comfortable, and indicate a prosperity far exceeding that of any other part of Ireland, with the exception of the

\* Quicquid est caro ex carne communi naturæ cursu gignitur,  
Ast talem ortum Bernaculæ non habent  
Non sunt igitur Bernaculæ carnes.

Stanihurst.

Si quis enim ex primo parentis, carnei quidem licet de carne non nati,  
femore comedisset, eum a carnium esu non immunem arbitrarer.

Cambrensis.

† This place was formerly celebrated for its *silver mines*, which were worked before the invasion, and some remains of the shafts may be seen at this day. The *gold mines* of the neighbouring county (Wicklow) were at first supposed to be a recent discovery; but there is evidence that they also were known and worked at a remote period:

county Down, round Belfast; and as in that county, no beggars are permitted to resort there.

The soil is exceedingly rich, and justifies its Irish appellation. Large tracts of marl are found, but not used; and the ground produces a succession of crops without exhaustion, though never suffered to lie fallow. The only manure is occasionally sea-wrack. The great and favourite crop of the peasantry is beans, so little cultivated in other parts of Ireland. I passed through when they were in flower, and the rich perfume, which loaded the air from so extensive a surface of blossoms, was almost too strong to endure, and threatened to kill us "with aromatic pain." On these blossoms an immense abundance of bees feed, and every farmer has a number of hives in his garden. All the honey consumed in Dublin comes from this neighbourhood. It is brought in great quantities, and is of an excellent quality.

The air is as mild and salubrious as the soil is fertile. Cambrensis spoke of it, in his time, in the highest terms. "So great," said he, "is its clemency, that here is neither the infecting cloud, nor the pestiferous gale, nor the tainting atmosphere. The island needs no physician; you meet no sickly men except the dying; there is no interval between uninterrupted health and parting life."\* In a long series

\* *Aeris tanta clementia ut nec nebula inficiens, nec spiritus hic pestilens nec aura corrumpens. Medicorum opera parum indiget. Morbidos etiam*

of centuries it has not deteriorated, and the longevity of the inhabitants is particularly remarkable. In Bannow church-yard is the tomb of a man of the name of French, who died at the age of 144. I enquired into the truth of this extraordinary statement, and found it was correctly given, and borne out by the records of his family. Some persons told me they had seen his son, who was likely to exceed his father in length of years. He was killed by accident at the age of 100, and though not in the prime of life at the time, was certainly in the vigour of health.

Among the customs of the people, those of marriage are somewhat peculiar. The friends bring a provision of food of all kinds along with them; the bride sits veiled at a table, unless called out to dance, when one of her bride's-maids supplies her place; the feasting and dancing are kept up all night, and concluded by cutting an apple into small pieces, and throwing it among the crowd. This practice is not Irish, and was probably introduced by the strangers.

Among their amusements, the "pathern" is perhaps one of the greatest favourites. It is, in fact, a religious ceremony, paying homage to the "patron" saint of some particular well or holy spot, and

*homines præter moribundos paucos invenies. Inter sanitatem continuam mortemque supremam nihil fere medium. Cap. 9. Cambrensis was nominated to the See of Ferns, by Prince John: Bannow is one of the parishes of this Diocese. His description is generally of the salubrity of Ireland, but particularly applies to this place, with which he was best acquainted.*

usually commences with prayers, but always ends with dancing, and often with fighting. The most celebrated of these spots is the "Ladies' Island," between Wexford and Bannow, of which the Virgin Mary is the patron. When I paid it a visit, a number of persons were in procession on their knees. They had commenced at the peninsula which connects it with the main, and were bound to proceed in that posture round the shore, till they arrived at a small shrine, in which was an image of the Virgin, which they were then allowed to kiss. This practice was so universal that the nose and part of the face of the marble bust were actually kissed away.

Notwithstanding the high interest that on many accounts attaches to this district, it is but little known or visited. With the exception of a brief and imperfect notice in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy for 1787, by the late General Valancey, who gave more importance to words than things, and copies of it by others, I do not remember to have seen any account of it. Annexed to Valancey's paper, is a vocabulary of words then in use among the people; among them are some which are found in Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Ben Jonson, but are now obsolete in England. They were the phraseology of English settlers at different times, and continued to be spoken in this secluded place, when their use elsewhere had passed away.

# THE BANKS OF THE DOVE.\*

BY MICHAEL THOMAS SADLER, M. P.

(Written on leaving my native Village in early youth.)

## I.

ADIEU to the banks of the Dove!  
My happiest moments are flown;  
I must leave the retreats that I love,  
For scenes far remote and unknown:  
But wherever my lot may be cast,  
Whatever my fortunes may prove,  
I shall dwell on the days that are past,  
And sigh for the banks of the Dove.

\* My Dear Sir,

Being at present so circumstanced as to prevent me from writing any thing expressly for your very beautiful and interesting work,—“The Amulet;” I place at your disposal some lines, which, though they may deserve little notice, were written at an age and on an occasion that may, perhaps, disarm criticism.

My Dear Sir,

Most sincerely your's,

S. C. Hall, Esq.

M. T. S.

## II.

Ye friends of my earliest youth,  
From you how reluctant I part !  
Your friendship was founded on truth,  
And shall ne'er be erased from my heart.  
Companions perhaps I may find,  
But where shall I meet with such love ?  
With attachments so lasting and kind,  
As I leave on the banks of the Dove ?

## III.

Thou sweet little village, farewell !  
Every object around thee is dear ;  
Every woodland, and meadow, and dell,  
Where I wandered for many a year :  
These scenes which could rapture impart,  
These seats of contentment and love,  
And thee ! the dear home of my heart,  
I leave ;—and the banks of the Dove !

## IV.

The hours of my childhood are past,  
They seem even now as a dream ;  
They glided as peaceful and fast  
As the waves of this beautiful stream :  
They fled—but their memory remains,  
Nor shall from my bosom remove ;  
As the fugitive flood still retains,  
Reflected, the banks of the Dove.

## V.

But I go ! for the Dove's crystal wave  
Now murmurs commixt with my tears ;  
My mother is laid in her grave,  
Where yon hallowed turret appears ;  
Ye villagers, think of the spot,  
And lay me beside her I love ;  
For here in my birth-place forgot,  
I'll sleep on the banks of the Dove !

## VI.

Till then, in the visions of night,  
O may her loved spirit descend ;  
And tell me, though hid from my sight,  
She still is my guardian and friend !  
The thought of her presence shall keep  
My footsteps, when tempted to rove,  
And sweeten my woes while I weep  
For her, and the banks of the Dove !



# PREPARING FOR THE FESTA.

BY FREDERICK MULLER.

## I.

WREATH, wreath thy brow with summer flowers,  
And deck with gems thy hair ;  
Whilst twilight from her purple bowers  
Comes on the balmy air ;  
And spreads her wings with a gentle sigh  
Above the blue and the southern sky.

## II.

Blue spreads th' Italian heaven above,  
Blue rolls the evening sea,  
Where a white sail gleams like a far-off dove,  
That is waiting there for thee  
Thou lovely one, and crowned with flowers!  
Thou star of eve 'midst the festal hours!

## III.

'Thou hast nought to mar thy spirit's peace ;  
No thought of a vanished light ;  
No cloud to tell when the stars shall cease  
To gladden the calm midnight—  
That shall spread its loveliest rays for thee  
O'er thy festal joys and thy revelry!

## IV.

Then haste thee, maid, for the vesper bell  
Chimes faintly from yon tower ;  
And the first faint star of the day's farewell  
Is gleaming from her bower—  
A lonely bell, and a star from heaven,  
Telling of joy at the close of even.

## A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

BY MISS MITFORD.

“CAN any one tell me of a house to be let hereabouts,” asked I, this afternoon, coming into the room, with an open letter in my hand, and an unusual animation of feeling and of manner. “Our friends, the Camdens, want to live amongst us again, and have commissioned me to make enquiries for a residence.”

This announcement, as I expected, gave general delight; for Mr. Camden is the most excellent and most agreeable person under the sun, except his wife, who is even more amiable than her amiable husband: to regain such neighbours was felt to be an universal benefit, more especially to us who were so happy as to call them friends. My own interest in the house question was participated by all around me, and the usual enumeration of vacant mansions, and the several objections to each (for where ever was a vacant mansion without its objection?) began with zeal and rapidity.

“Cranley Hall,” said one.

“Too large!”

“Hinton Park?”

“Too much land.”

“The White House at Hannonby—the Belvidere, as the late people called it?”

“What! Is that flourishing establishment done up? But Hannonby is too far off—ten miles at least.”

“Queen’s-bridge Cottage?”

“Aye, that sweet place would have suited exactly, but it’s let. The Browns took it only yesterday.”

“Sydenham Court?”

“That might have done too, but it’s not in the market. The Smiths intend to stay.”

“Lanton Abbey?”

“Too low; grievously damp.”

By this time, however, we had arrived at the end of our list; nobody could remember another place to be let, or likely to be let, and confessing ourselves too fastidious, we went again over our catalogue *raisonnée* with expectations much sobered, and objections much modified, and were beginning to find out that Cranley Hall was not so very large, nor Lanton Abbey so exceedingly damp, when one of our party exclaimed suddenly, “We never thought of Hatherden Hill! surely that is small enough and dry enough!” and it being immediately recollected that Hatherden was only a mile off, we lost sight of all faults in this

great recommendation, and wrote immediately to the lawyer who had the charge of letting the place, whilst I myself and my most efficient assistant, sallied forth to survey it on the instant.

It was a bright cool afternoon about the middle of August, and we proceeded in high spirits towards our destination, talking, as we went, of the excellence and agreeableness of our delightful friends, and anticipating the high intellectual pleasure, the gratification to the taste and the affections, which our renewed intercourse with persons so accomplished and so amiable, could not fail to afford; both agreeing that Hatherden was the very place we wanted, the very situation, the very distance, the very size. In agreeing with me, however, my companion could not help reminding me rather maliciously how very much, in our late worthy neighbours', the Norris's time, I had been used to hate and shun this paragon of places; how frequently I had declared Hatherden too distant for a walk, and too near for a drive; how constantly I had complained of fatigue in mounting the hill, and of cold in crossing the common; and how, finally, my half yearly visits of civility had dwindled first into annual, then into biennial calls, and would doubtless have extended themselves into triennial marks of remembrance, if our neighbours had but remained long enough. "To be sure," added he, recollecting, probably, how he, with his stricter sense of politeness, used to stave off

a call for a month together, taking shame to himself every evening for his neglect, retaining ‘at once the conscience and the sin!’ “To be sure, Norris was a sad bore! We shall find the hill easier to climb when the Camdens live on the top of it.” An observation to which I assented most heartily.

On we went gaily; just pausing to admire Master Keep, the shoemaker’s farming, who having a bit of garden-ground to spare, sowed it with wheat instead of planting it with potatoes, and is now, aided by his lame apprentice, very literally carrying his crop. I fancy they mean to thresh their corn in the woodhouse, at least there they are depositing the sheaves. The produce may amount to four bushels. My companion, a better judge, says to three; and it has cost the new farmer two superb scarecrows, and gunpowder enough for a review, to keep off the sparrows. Well, it has been amusement and variety, however! and gives him an interest in the agricultural corner of the county newspaper. Master Keep is well to do in the world, and can afford himself such a diversion. For my part, I like these little experiments, even if they be not over gainful. They show enterprise: a shoemaker of less genius would never have got beyond a crop of turnips.

On we went—down the lane, over the bridge, up the hill—for there really is a hill, and one of some steepness for Berkshire, and across the common, once

so dreary, but now bright and glittering, under the double influence of an August sun, and our own good spirits, until we were stopped by the gate of the lawn, which was of course locked, and obliged to wait until a boy should summon the old woman who had charge of the house, and who was now at work in a neighbouring harvest-field, to give us entrance.

Boys in plenty were there. The fine blackheaded lad, George Ropley—who, with his olive complexion, his bright dark eyes, and his keen intelligent features looks so Italian, but who is yet in all his ways so thoroughly and genially English—had been gathering in his father's crop of apples, and was amusing himself with tossing some twenty, amongst as many urchins of either sex who had gathered round him, to partake of the fruit and the sport. There he stood tossing the ripe ruddy apples: some high in the air for a catch, some low amongst the bushes for a hunt; some one way, some another, puzzling and perplexing the rogues, but taking care that none should go appleless in the midst of his fun. And what fun it was to them all, thrower and catchers! What infinite delight! How they laughed and shouted, and tumbled and ran! How they watched every motion of George Ropley's hand; the boys and the girls, and the "toddling wee things," of whom one could not distinctly make out whether they were the one or the other! And how often was that hand tossed up empty, flinging nothing, in order

to cheat the wary watchers!—Now he threw an apple into the midst of the group, and what a scramble! Then at a distance, and what a race! The five nearest started; one, a great boy, stumbled over a mole-hill and was flung out; two of the little ones were distanced; and it was a neck and neck heat between a girl in a pink frock (my acquaintance Susan Wheeler) and a boy in a tattered jacket, name unknown. With fair play Susan would have beaten, but he of the ragged jacket pulled her back by her new pink frock, rushed forward, and conquered,—George gallantly flinging his last apple into her lap to console her for her defeat.

By this time the aged portress (Dame Wheeler, Susan's grandmother) had given us admittance, and we soon stood on the steps in front of the house, in calm survey of the scene before us. Hatherden was just the place to like or not to like, according to the feeling of the hour; a respectable, comfortable country house, with a lawn before, a paddock on one side, a shrubbery on the other; offices and a kitchen garden behind, and the usual ornaments of villas and advertisements, a green-house and a veranda. Now my thoughts were *couleur de rose*, and Hatherden was charming. Even the beds intended for flowers on the lawn, but which, under a summer's neglect, were now dismal receptacles of seeds and weeds, did not shock my gardening eye so much as my companion



evidently expected. "We must get my factotum, Clarke, here tomorrow," so ran my thoughts, "to clear away that rubbish, and try a little bold transplanting; late hollyhocks, late dahlias, a few pots of lobellias and chrysanthemums, a few patches of coreopsis and china-asters, and plenty of scarlet geraniums, will soon make this desolation flourishing. A good gardener can move any thing now-a-days, whether in bloom or not," thought I, with much complacency, "and Clarke's a man to transplant Windsor forest without withering a leaf. We'll have him tomorrow."

The same good disposition continued after I entered the house. And when left alone in the echoing empty breakfast-room, with only one shutter opened, whilst Dame Wheeler was guiding the companion of my survey to the stable-yard, I amused myself with making in my own mind, comparisons between what had been, and what would be. There she used to sit, poor Mrs. Norris, in this large airy room, in the midst of its solid handsome furniture, in a great chair at a great table, busily at work for one of her seven small children; the table piled with frocks, trowsers, petticoats, shirts, pinafores, hats, bonnets, all sorts of children's gear, masculine and feminine, together with spelling books, copy books, ivory alphabets, dissected maps, dolls, toys, and gingerbread, for the same small people. There she sate a careful mother,

fretting over their naughtiness and their ailments; always in fear of the sun, or the wind, or the rain, of their running to heat themselves, or their standing still to catch cold: not a book in the house fit for a person turned of eight years old! not a grown up idea! not a thought beyond the nursery! One wondered what she could have talked of before she had children. Good Mrs. Norris, such was she. Good Mr. Norris was, for all purposes of neighbourhood, worse still. He was gapy and fidgetty, and prosy and dosy, kept a tool chest and a medicine chest, weighed out manna and magnesia, constructed fishing-flies, and nets for fruit-trees, turned nutmeg-graters, lined his wife's work-box, and dressed his little daughter's doll; and had a tone of conversation perfectly in keeping with his tastes and pursuits, abundantly tedious, thin, and small. One talked down to him, worthy gentleman, as one would to his son Harry. These were the neighbours that had been. What wonder that the hill was steep, and the way long, and the common dreary? Then came pleasant thoughts of the neighbours that were to be. The lovely and accomplished wife, so sweet and womanly; the elegant and highly-informed husband, so spirited and manly! Art and literature, and wisdom and wit, adorning with a wreathy and garlandy splendour all that is noblest in mind and purest in heart! What wonder that Hatherden became more and more interesting in its

anticipated charms, and that I went gaily about the place, taking note of all that could contribute to the comfort of its future inhabitants.

Home I came, a glad and busy creature, revolving in my mind the wants of the house and their speediest remedies—new paper for the drawing-room ; new wainscoting for the dining parlour ; a stove for the laundry ; a lock for the wine cellar ; baizing the door of the library ; and new painting the hall ;—to say nothing of the grand design of Clarke and the flower-beds.

So full was I of busy thoughts, and so desirous to put my plans in train without the loss of a moment, that although the tossing of apples had now resolved itself into a most irregular game of cricket,—George Copley being batting at one wicket, with little Sam Roper for his mate at the other ;—Sam, an urchin of seven years old, but the son of an old player, full of cricket blood, born, as it were, with a bat in his hand, getting double the notches of his tall partner,—an indignity which that well-natured stripling bore with surprising good humour ; and although the opposite side consisted of Susan Wheeler bowling at one end, her old competitor of the ragged jacket at the other, and one urchin in trowsers, and one in petticoats, standing out ; in spite of the temptation of watching this comical parody on that manly exercise, rendered doubly amusing by the scientific manner in which little Sam stood at his wicket, the perfect gravity of

the fieldsman in petticoats, and the serious air with which these two worthies called Susan to order whenever she transgressed any rule of the game :—Sam will certainly be a great player some day or other, and so (if he be not a girl, for really there's no telling) will the young gentleman standing out. In spite, however, of the great temptation of overlooking a favourite divertisement, with variations so truly original, home we went, hardly pausing to observe the housing of Master Keep's wheat harvest. Home we went, adding at every step a fresh story to our Castle in the Air, anticipating happy mornings and joyous evenings at dear Hatherden ;—in love with the place and all about it, and quite convinced that the hill was nothing, the distance nothing, and the walk by far the prettiest in the neighbourhood.

Home we came, and there we found two letters : one from Mr. Camden, sent per coach, to say that he found they must go abroad immediately, and that they could not therefore think of coming into Berkshire for a year or more ; one from the lawyer, left in charge of Hatherden, to say, that we could not have the place, as the Norris's were returning to their old house forthwith. And my Castle is knocked down, blown up—which is the right word for the demolishing of such airy edifices ? And Hatherden is as far off, and the hill as steep, and the common as dreary as ever.

## SONNET.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

OH! for the time—the happy sinless time  
When first we murmured forth our infant prayer,  
Listened with reverence to the church bell's chime—  
Gazed on the sky and deemed that God dwelt *there!*  
That time is past—burdened with sin and care  
No more we hear those holy deep-toned bells;  
But as their echo trembles on the air  
So in our sorrowing minds Remembrance dwells,  
Rising reproachful from the deepest cells—  
Breathing of those fine days ere passion's sigh  
Remorse and sorrow, (sad the tale she tells,)  
Polluted the petition sent on high ;—  
When we knelt sinless—and our God alone  
Was in the prayer that rose to his Almighty throne.

# THE MOURNING OF RACHEL.

MATT. II. 18.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, A. M.

## I.

“ OH! whither, whither shall I fly,  
My beautiful, my best beloved?—  
I hear the tread of warrior's nigh,  
Men of stern mood and tearless eye,  
E'en by a mother's prayer unmoved.  
Soon will they stand beside thee—  
Where shall thy mother hide thee?

## II.

Cleave, cleave, thou solid earth! and yield  
A shelter in thy central cave:  
Heaven! be thy red right arm revealed,  
Avert the tyrant's wrath, and shield  
My last, my sole one from the grave—  
The foe, the foe are near him,  
O whither can I bear him?

## III.

A curse upon thee, ruthless king !

A mother's with a nation's prayer  
Mount on the tempest's rapid wing,  
And to the Eternal Presence bring

The frantic accents of despair !  
Now is the Avenger nigh thee ;  
Let not his sword pass by thee !

## IV.

Again—again—my babe, again

I clasp thee to this bleeding heart.—  
They come—and are thy people slain,  
And dost thou still, O God ! restrain

The avenger, ardent to depart ?  
Or have the lightnings past them,  
Which thou hadst sent to blast them ?

## V.

They come ! they come ! Hold, hold thine hand—

Thou canst not shed an infant's blood—  
Sheathe, murderer, sheathe thy reeking brand—  
Thou wilt not ?—Is the Fiend's command

Fulfilled by his own demon-brood ?—  
O if ye will not spare him,  
Strike first at her that bare him !”

## VI.

There's blood upon that mother's brow,  
Blood of her child by ruffians shed—  
A voice is heard in Rama now,  
A voice of wailing long and low—  
'Tis Rachel weeping for the dead.  
The mother, broken hearted  
Calls on her babe departed !

## VII.

'Twere vain to bid her weep no more—  
Only the dreamless grave shall bring  
The rest she cannot feel before ;—  
But when thy reign of blood is o'er  
What doom is thine, detested king ?  
Guards, sceptres, left behind thee,  
The mother's curse shall find thee !



# THE MINSTREL OF CHAMOUNI.\*

BY MRS. PICKERSGILL.

## I.

THE sun has sunk behind the brow,  
The giant-height, of proud Montblanc,  
Gilding its glorious crown of snow  
With his last beams,—while all along,  
From peak to peak, each trackless height  
Reflects rich hues of vivid light ;  
That o'er Chamouni's valley fall,  
One bright resplendent coronal.

## II.

And summer's cheering short-lived pow'r  
Sheds o'er the vale its genial spell,  
While all around, eve's witching hour  
Is greeted by the vesper-bell.  
That knell, perchance, the hunter's ear  
May reach, amidst the glaciers drear,  
In some wild chasm, where his prey  
Has lured his venturous steps astray.

Vide the Frontispiece.

## III.

Still at that sound, though distant far,  
His aching bosom homeward turns,  
To that sweet home, his polar star,  
Where, for his welcome, brightly burns  
The pine-fire, and affection's eye  
Awaits his coming, while a sigh  
Is wafted toward those caverns wild,  
Where ice in pillar'd heaps is pil'd.

## IV.

When summer gilds the verdant plain,  
Midst wreaths of snow e'en roses spring,  
And Hesper, with his starry train,  
Will youthful mirth and pleasure bring.  
The hunter, now the danger's o'er,  
Remembers his stern toil no more ;  
The dance is twin'd, the song, the tale,  
Now cheer Chamouni's snow-clad vale.

## V.

“ Why then, young maiden, at this hour,  
Wak'st thou alone thy dulcet strain,  
Sitting beneath thy cottage bower,  
Till echo waft it back again ?  
What tender chord has raised thine eye  
In sad communing with the sky ;  
Is it devotion's holier theme,  
Or the first pulse of love's soft dream ?

## VI.

“ Has thy young hunter sought the chase  
Of the swift chamois in its flight,  
With fearless foot its haunts to trace  
From rock to rock, from height to height ?  
Dream not thou see'st his form e'en now  
Enshrouded in a wreath of snow,  
Or hurled beneath the ponderous weight  
Of the fierce avalanche—by fate.

## VII.

“ Rather let hope thy bosom cheer,  
The sweetest boon to mortals given,  
For e'en midst rocks and caverns drear  
The hunter is the care of heaven :  
And where scarce footing may be found  
For the scar'd chamois,—with a bound  
He clears the precipice's brow,  
Nor heeds the gulf concealed below.

## VIII.

“ And think how often, when a child,  
Thou sought'st the drowsy marmot there,  
Where crystal grotts on grottos piled,  
Seemed fairy domes and temples fair ;  
When, midst those snows and depths profound,  
Nought but thy voice was heard around,  
Save where the mountain torrent fell,  
Murm'ring athwart some rocky dell.

## IX.

“ Then would'st thou strike thy soft guitar,  
And sing some native mountain lay,  
Till thy wild notes were heard afar,  
Perchance upon his homeward way ;  
And loaded with his furry spoil,  
The chamois, guerdon of his toil,  
Thy sire would hear thy well-known strain,  
And hasten to his home again.”

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## SONNET.

THEY picture death a tyrant gaunt and grim,  
And for his random aim, temper a dart  
Of bite so mortal, that the fiery smart  
Consumes and turns to dust the stoutest limb.  
Thus dire to meet, yet shrink not they from him,  
Who walk by faith in singleness of heart ;  
The simply wise who choose the watchful part,  
Nor let their eyelids close or lamps grow dim.  
Nor always dark and terrible his mien,  
As those, who by the couch the night-watch keep,  
Have known, spectators of the blessed scene,  
When friends, who stand around, joy more than weep,  
As with hushed step, and smile of love serene,  
In the sweet guise he comes of gentle sleep.

CHARLES STRONG.





# THE MANDOLINE.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

They sat beneath a bower, where, faintly shed,  
The day-beam quivered yet o'er ocean's bed—  
With amethystine clusters hung on high,  
Waved the light vine's enwoven canopy ;  
And far behind the stately city rose,  
Calm, in the shadowy beauty of repose :  
But fast that time approaches when the heart  
Must feel anew those sorrowing words, "we part."  
Below, in idlesse, flaps the loitering sail,  
The loosened pennon flutters in the gale ;  
And lo ! that crescent moon, with deepening ray,  
Has called the fisher to his trackless way.  
Yet ere those moments, dear as brief, were spent,  
Above his mandoline the lover bent  
Awhile in silence, with abstracted eyes,  
Gazed on the darkening earth and purpled skies ;  
Then, as the thronging fancies passed along,  
And on his spirit fell the might of song,  
Thus, while the gentle wind replied again,  
Sang to no heedless ears his parting strain.

## I.

“ She comes ! she comes ! the dark-stoled night,  
Amidst her starred array ;  
And fainter sinks the gleaming light  
On tower and rippling bay ;  
The sea-bird clamours to its nest,  
Low sounds the vesper bell,  
And I, albeit with sorrowing breast,  
Must breathe at length “ Farewell ! ”

## II.

“ To night before that rising breeze  
My lonely bark must fly ;  
But, whispered on the mighty seas,  
Thy voice shall still be nigh :  
And when above the billows hoar  
The twinkling tapers shine,  
Mine eyes shall seek the distant shore  
To gaze in thought on thine.

## III.

“ And oh ! may those unearthly powers  
Who shield repose from ill,  
Bright watchers through the voiceless hours,  
Be with thy slumbers still ;  
And Hope, that soars on fairy wings,  
Before the dreamer's sight ;  
And Fancy, with her thousand springs  
Of deep and pure delight.



## IV.

“ One tongue, at least, shall breathe the prayer,  
To guard thy peaceful sleep ;  
One heart, in viewless presence, there  
Its patient vigil keep.  
Despite of storm or peril, blest—  
Though vain the hope may be  
If, mingling with thy golden rest,  
A thought arise of me !

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## THE SPIRIT OF THE SPRING.

SPIRIT of ethereal birth !

Thy azure banner floats  
With lucid folds o'er air and earth,  
While budding woods pour forth their mirth  
In rapture-breathing notes :  
I see upon the fleecy cloud  
The spreading of thy wings ;  
The hills and vales rejoice aloud ;  
And Nature, starting from her shroud,  
To meet her bridegroom springs !

Z. Z.

# THE AUSTRAL CHIEF.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ELLIS,

Author of "Polynesian Researches," &c.

It was a clear morning, in the spring of the year 1821, when a party of inhabitants of Huahine, left their dwelling in one of its fertile valleys, and ascended the high mountains that rise near its northern shores. The season of westerly winds and heavy rains, the only variation of the tropical year, had passed away, and the calm settled weather that succeeded heightened the effect of the vernal freshness, which was spread over the diversified scenery. The face of the heavens, with the light transparent cloud that occasionally passed over their surface, was reflected from the expanse of water around, while the gentle *maoae*,\* sweeping along the sides of the hills and the surface of the sea, imparted apparent animation to the whole. The sun had reached the mid heavens and cast his vertical

\* The trade wind.

rays upon the lofty mountains, the woody glens, the fall that rolled in silvery streams among the projecting rocks, and the white spray on the edges of the waves, that glittered in his beams, when the travellers reached the high table land that stretches along the base of the sacred mountain. Here they involuntarily halted to gaze upon the extended scene which their elevated position enabled them to command.

On the bosom of the ocean, far from the shore, they observed a vessel, slowly drifting towards the west. Its size and form did not resemble the light nautilus-like canoes used by themselves, and the inhabitants of the adjacent islands, and yet differed still more in appearance from the tall ships of Europe and America, by which they were occasionally visited. They watched its course till they perceived it steadily proceeding towards the western islands, when they pursued their journey, under the influence of an excited curiosity in reference to the "strange sail" they had seen, and the voyagers who might be on board. By subsequent intelligence they learned that the bark contained an *Austral Chief*, and a party of his dependents, and the interest excited by the distant view of his vessel was not diminished by an acquaintance with the adventures of his history.

*Rurutu*, an island about three hundred miles from the spot whence the vessel was seen, was his birth-place. This island is one of a cluster called the AUSTRAL

ISLANDS, stretching along near the tropic of Capricorn, which forms the southern boundary between the temperate and torrid zones. Connected with these islands there is much that is interesting in nature and in history. One of them was explored by Mr. Bass, who, in a small boat, discovered the straits that still bear his name, and separate New Holland from Van Dieman's Land; the scene of a poem, by the late Lord Byron, is laid in another; and a third was the residence of the Chief whose bark had been discovered by the inhabitants of Huahine. The latter is one of the fairest of the islands in the Pacific. The outline of its mountains is romantic and wild, the projecting rocks and deep ravines are exceedingly picturesque, and the structure of the island itself presents a greater variety than appears in any of the adjacent clusters. Basaltic masses appear amidst ancient lavas. The dark red garnet is often met with, and the white crusted stalactite occasionally seen depending in fantastic shapes, from the arched cavern or the overhanging rock. Some parts of the mountains are bare, others covered with moss and verdure, but the greater part clothed with shrubbery and wood. And if its distance from the equator diminishes the rich luxuriance of its foliage, it favours the growth of a greater diversity of plants.

The variety in vegetable productions equals that prevailing in the materials of which this island itself is composed. The convolvulus shoots its tendrils along

the ground, and spreads its large pink fringed flowers to the sun. The *Dracanae* expands its glossy spear-shaped leaves, and the *Barringtonia* rears its gigantic form, and attains a magnitude seldom reached in the more northern isles. Its trunk is frequently three or four feet in diameter, while its spreading branches, shining foliage, and large and brilliant flowers render it a splendid object. The elegant *casuarina* abounds in the island, and the lofty cocoa nut, towering above the trees of the grove, with its graceful crown or plume of perennial verdure, imparts to the country the most striking peculiarity of a tropical landscape.

The shore presents, in miniature, every variety of coast scenery. In some parts the rocks rise perpendicularly from the sea, and overhang its waters in projecting promontories. Against the base of these the long heaving billows of the largest ocean in the world, roll with violence and break in foam. In other parts a ledge of rocks protects the shore, and the placid wave that flows within these, bathes a sandy beach often strewn with shells. The coast is not surrounded by one of those natural breakwaters which defend the intertropical islands, yet there are several extensive reefs. In these the varieties of coral common to the other isles abound, and as seen, through the transparent waters, resemble in their singular structure and glowing colours, a submarine parterre more than a rock in the ocean, or the habitation

of the insects of the deep. Birds of gayest plumage and varied note sing among the trees, and sea-fowl skim the surface of the waters or tenant the rocky parts of the coast.

This charming and retired spot was inhabited by a mild and inoffensive race, whose origin is involved in obscurity equal to that which veils the source whence the Polynesian isles were peopled. They were, however, placed under circumstances which are generally regarded as favourable to happiness. Removed alike from the chilling cold of the frigid and the scorching heat of the torrid zone, the air was genial and pure. The soil was prolific, and with partial culture, yielded in abundance and variety the most nutritious edibles, while the sea around their shores was the resort of numerous kinds of fish.

In the seclusion of their fertile valleys, by the side of a winding stream, or near the margin of the sea the inhabitants usually erected their dwellings, which, although they marked the primitive simplicity of the people, often displayed ingenuity. The floor was of earth, covered with grass or carpeted with matting. The walls were formed with reeds, fixed perpendicularly in the ground; the sides of the houses were parallel, the ends circular, and the roof thatched with leaves. The dwellings of the chiefs were large; and the massy pillars, sometimes two or three feet in diameter, which supported the roof were ornamented

with neat and regular figures, curiously carved. The posts of the doors were formed with broad planks of the fine grained wood of the *Thespia populnea*, elegantly carved or painted. The doors were larger than those ordinarily used by uncivilized tribes, who generally manifest a total disregard to comfort in the structure of their habitations, and seldom leave an opening sufficiently large to allow them to enter without bending the body, or proceeding on the hands and knees. The door was the only aperture and was designed to admit light and air, as well as to afford ingress and egress to the occupants.

In front of the house a platform of earth was raised and paved with smooth flat stones. Along the side next the door, a number of columnar basaltic stones were fixed erect, with square ones placed at their base. Around this platform the casuarina, Barringtonia, and other umbrageous trees, were planted; and beneath their shade, sitting on the square stones, and leaning their backs against the upright ones behind them, the aged inhabitants passed much of their time, regaling themselves with delicious fruits, or amused with the game, the dance, or the song, exhibited or sung on the pavement.

Their occupations in agriculture or fishing, were but healthful exercises of recreation: seldom here was man required in the sweat of his brow to eat his bread. And whether they wove the slender rushes into

matting for their beds, beat the bark of trees into articles of dress, broke up the mellow soil, plucked the ripe fruit, or followed on the surface of the deep in their light canoes, the albacore, the hook-entangled dolphin or the salmon, it was more a sportive pastime than a fatiguing toil.

Such was the state in which, fifty years ago, those whom the ardour of enterprise and discovery prompted to circumnavigate the globe, found the inhabitants of the Austral and other islands of the Pacific, and when we consider the enthusiasm natural to discoverers, the effect of the enchanting scenery and the novelty of every object they beheld, we are not surprised at their imagining that they had discovered society

“ In that Elysian age (misnam’d of gold),  
 The age of love, and innocence, and joy.  
 . . . . . man’s sole employ  
 To deck the bosom of his parent earth :  
 To aid the flow’ret’s long-expected birth,  
 And lull the bed of peace, and crown the board of mirth.

Although so much combined to favour the impression that they were happy, it was but a delusion. The social virtues of domestic life were unknown; vice polluted every scene; the female sex were regarded but as slaves; discord often reigned; pride and violence prompted to oppression and cruelty; while war, savage war, often spread its murder and its devastation over the fairest portions of the country. Idolatry, dark, debasing, and sanguinary



idolatry, opposed alike to all that is approved by God and beneficial to man, threw over them its shroud of mystery and gloom, and bound them in its fetters. The rude marae, or temple, often crowned the rocky promontory, or occupied the deep recesses of the grove. Here the grotesque and unsightly image, the work of their own hands, received that homage due to the Creator. Here the rude altar was reared, offerings presented, and all the abominations of pagan worship practised. These were not the only sources of their misery. Disorders, painful and protracted, often preyed upon them, or swept like pestilences through the land; and about nine years ago one of these visitations threatened the annihilation of the race.

A disease appeared among them which affected all classes, and with many terminated fatally. The infant whose countenance beamed with innocence and joy, and the aged islander, whose hairs were grey and whose beard was silvered with years, the chieftain and the peasant, fell alike beneath its influence. Taught by their priests to regard every calamity as a visitation from some unpropitious deity, they resorted to the temple. Day after day, prayers were preferred, and costly offerings presented; but still the scourge remained. The anger of the malignant demon seemed but to increase; deaths multiplied, and the corpses often remained unburied, from the dejection or debility of the survivors.

At this time, when every hope of safety seemed delusive, *Auura*, a chief of ardent mind and fearless enterprise, casting his glance upon the ocean that rolled in all its majesty round his apparently devoted island, beheld in this element the only prospect of deliverance and life, and formed the daring project of seeking on its boundless waters, some happier isle. He communicated his purpose to a friend and to his own dependents, and proposed to them to fly from the anger of the evil spirit, and seek a land in which they yet might live. Some, influenced by an impression that to remain would be to die, and that to embark could but be the same, though it might also be the means of escape, acceded to his proposal ; others who thought the anger of the god might yet subside, and the remnant of the people live, were anxious to proceed to a distant island for the purpose of obtaining pieces of iron, and therefore adopted his proposal. His canoe was launched, and while disease and death appeared as instruments of supernatural vengeance, sweeping the race into oblivion, *Auura*, his friend, and their wives embarked, and followed by a select and devoted band of dependents, left their native shore, fearlessly unfurled their sail, and committing themselves to the winds and the waves, pursued their adventurous way.

After a propitious voyage, they reached the island of *Tubuai*, about one hundred miles distant, and the nearest land, but one, to that which they had

left. Here they experienced all the alleviations of sympathy and hospitality. Time passed pleasantly away, and having recruited their strength and spirits, Auura and his party launched their vessel, bade their friends farewell, and, little anticipating the perils that awaited them, embarked for their native island, in hopes of finding that the plague was stayed.

Scarcely had they lost sight of the friendly shore, when the heavens gathered blackness, and the threatening storm, after lowering around, at length burst upon them. Their bark, though creditable as a specimen of rustic naval architecture, was but ill adapted to sustain its fury. It was a large double canoe, of singular construction : its length was forty feet, the depth twelve, and the width three feet, gradually diminished to a point at the extremity. Each canoe was composed of a number of planks of *Barringtonia* wood, frequently three feet broad. These were fixed on a strong frame-work, and sewn together with finely braided cinet. The hull was ornamented with carved work and painting, and decorated with large brilliant mother-of-pearl shells. The stem and stern were not only pointed, but elevated several feet above the centre ; causing the vessel to resemble a floating crescent. The tackling, composed of cordage made with the twisted bark of a tree, was neither multiplied nor intricate ; and the sails were of finely-woven native matting. When they embarked from

Tubuai, the size and figure of their vessel might inspire confidence, while it was but ill adapted to sustain the force of the storm, or urge its way against the elements that now raged around the voyagers, whom, in anger, the evil spirit, "like a staunch murderer steady to his purpose," appeared still to pursue.

For a time they endeavoured to continue their course; but the increasing violence of the tempest obliged them to reduce their sails, and place their labouring bark in a position the least likely to be affected by the sea. The sun by day, and the moon and stars by night, were their only guides; and by these, instead of chart and compass, they steered their vessel; but the darkness of the storm and the night deprived them of the aid of these friendly lights, and rendered them unable to ascertain the course in which they were driven.

While the tempest lasted, the preservation of their fragile bark, was the chief object of their solicitude; but when, as this subsided, the horizon became clear, they cast around their anxious glance in hope of seeing land. Long they stretched the eager sight, but all was one unbroken sea. Their vessel, however, had outlived the storm; the agitated deep was calm, and the winds again blew gently. Thus encouraged, they loosed their palm leaf sail, and hoping some friendly spirit would guide them to a hospitable shore, they seized the helm, and steered their

way across the trackless waters. Each day when morning dawned they unloosed their sail, and some of the party took the steersman's post, while others stood upon the elevated prow, or climbed the slender mast, and eagerly looked out for land. Here, with transient intervals of rest, they kept their stations, until the rays of light gleamed faintly in the western sky, when they took in their sail, and lying down in their wave-cradled bark, sought relief and rest in sleep.

Day after day was thus employed in sailing, sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another, but no sign of land appeared. Ignorant of the relative situation of the island they had left, as well as of that which they sought; wearied with constant watching and disappointment, their hopes languished. Their strength, wasted by fatigue, rendered them incapable of working their vessel, while the scanty fragments of their provision convinced them, that if no other calamity befel them, famine would soon seal their doom. The implacable vengeance of the evil spirit seemed to pursue them still. Already they endured the daily augmenting misery of hunger and thirst, anticipating that their vessel, hitherto the ark of their safety, might become their grave, and perhaps bear to some distant shore their mingled skeletons\*,

\* A canoe arrived at the island they had left, some years before, containing only a human skeleton.

or sinking, consign the mariners as some of them afterwards expressed it, to be “devoured by the evil spirit in the deep,” they gave up hope of life. Their vessel was drifting they knew not whither; and they now abandoned all expectation that the supernatural beings, by whom they imagined their destruction was determined, would relent.

Three weeks had passed away when hope again broke on the voyagers as the summits of Huahine were seen from their vessel. This island is about three hundred miles from that which they had left; though, from the direction in which they were sailing when discovered, it is evident they had traversed a much greater distance. The appearance of land relieved them from despair; but although the waves had conveyed them within sight of the shore, being unable to trim their sails, or steer their vessel, they were borne past the inviting object. It was under these circumstances that they were descried by the inhabitants of Huahine, at the time they were passing within a few miles of the coast.

Happily for them, there were several islands, with surrounding reefs, still before them; and in hopes that one of these might yet arrest their progress, they passed the day. The wind and the current conveyed them onward till they had passed the large islands of Raiatea, Tahaa, and Borabora. One little isle, Maurua, still remained in sight. It was their only

hope, for had they passed this group, it is hardly possible that they could have existed till they should have reached the Harvey Islands, which are about 700 miles farther west. In this season of their extremity, He, whom winds and waves obey, and who, unknown and unacknowledged by them, had hitherto watched over them, caused the waves to bear their bark towards the shore ; and, though impeded by this barrier, the current eddied round the island, their canoe drifted to the coral reef, struck, and stayed its progress. The friendly natives no sooner saw the stranded vessel than they hastened to the reef, conveyed the famished and exhausted crew to the shore, and then removed their canoe to a place of security.

The attention and hospitality of the Mauruans soon raised the spirits, and restored the strength of the strangers, who narrated to their friends the calamities that had befallen their country—the direful anger of the evil spirit—the perils of the tempest, and the distressing incidents of their voyage. The former, after listening with interest and sympathy to the recital of their sufferings, assured them that they themselves formerly attributed every ill to the malignity of evil spirits, whom they feared and worshipped ; but now had learned that their destinies depended on a higher power—the living God, the Creator of the world, and the Preserver of mankind.

Him, they said, they now desired to love and serve ; and leading them to what were once regarded as their sacred groves, they pointed to demolished temples, broken altars, and mutilated idols, in confirmation of the impotency of their once dreaded, and, as they imagined, powerful gods.

These things were no less new than startling to the strangers, who anxiously inquired what had induced this change. To this their friends replied, that many years ago, white men had come in ships from a distant land, bringing with them a Book, which they said made known the will of the true God ; that these strangers took up their abode in one of the islands they had passed, and declared among the people that they were no gods that were made by man ; that there was but one God, and that all men should render him homage and obedience ; that costly offerings and human sacrifices could obtain no pardon for offenders ; but that there was one through whom his mercy was bestowed, the Saviour Jesus Christ. They told them too, that after many years, the people of those islands were convinced that what they said was true, demolished their temples, broke their altars, burnt their idols, and sought to know and to obey the Christian's God, and seek his favour through that Saviour whom the white man's book made known. They added, that the chieftains in the eastern islands soon after this proposed to them to do the same ; and



that although at first they feared the anger of the evil spirit, they had at length complied.

This account increased the astonishment and curiosity of the strangers, who anxiously inquired if any of these individuals still remained ; they were informed that some of them were residing in the neighbouring islands, the summits of whose mountains might be seen in the eastern horizon. Hither they determined to proceed ; and when the wind blew from the west, the Austral chief and his devoted band again embarked, not to fly from the anger of a malignant deity, but to search for the white men who could explain more fully the strange things they had heard.

The winds were favourable, and they soon reached the nearest island, Borabora ; but, being unacquainted with the coast, they missed the entrance to the harbour. A boat came to them out at sea, and finding that they could not steer their vessel in, conveyed Auura and his wife, with one or two attendants, to the shore. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the party as they landed on the strong and extensive pier or causeway, built of coral rock, and proceeded through the settlement to the white man's dwelling. They probably regarded Mr. Orsmond, the missionary residing there, as a superhuman being ; and when they saw some of his books, remembering, perhaps, what they had heard

about the knowledge derived from the white man's book, they asked if they were not *tūis* or spirits.

The party that were left in the vessel proceeded to Raiatea, near which they were met by boats from the shore, and piloted into the harbour, whither they were soon followed by Auura, their chief. Here his astonishment was again excited, and he seemed to be transported into a new world. The white men and their families, the European dresses, hats and bonnets of the natives; their neat white plastered dwellings, turning lathes, forge, schools, chapel, &c. filled the voyagers with admiration and surprise. They were introduced to the king and chiefs, and treated with hospitality equal to that which they had received in the islands already visited. They became acquainted with the use of letters; and renouncing the gods of their ancestors, united with their friends in Christian worship.

The society of their new friends, the novel and interesting pursuits, which daily added to their knowledge, and occupied their time, were eminently adapted to impart satisfaction and delight to the chief and his companions. Still their happiness was incomplete. Auura was not a stranger to the kindling emotions of patriotism; and, though he had fled from his native land as the only means of escaping destruction, it was still his native land; and if any of its inhabitants survived, they were still his country-

men. Month after month passed away ; and often they thought and spoke of their native home, and while the new and wondrous things they each day saw and heard, produced a deeper impression on their minds, they became still more desirous to impart a knowledge of them to their former friends.

No means of effecting this occurred until a vessel of auspicious name, *The Hope*, bound for England, touched at the island where they were residing. The captain on being told their history and their wishes, generously offered to land them on their native island, near which his ship would pass. Auura and his friends received the announcement with demonstrations of the liveliest joy, and strongly impressed with a desire to benefit by his return his countrymen, he hastened to the white man's dwelling. His appearance and his speech upon this occasion were peculiarly affecting. He was in the prime of life, less than thirty years of age ; his figure was tall and somewhat slender ; a native pareu was bound around his waist, and a light scarf hung carelessly over his shoulder : his dark hair, curled slightly ; and on his head he wore a curiously plaited helmet, surmounted with a palm leaf tuft, which, waving in the wind, or bending gracefully with each movement of his head, added to the animation of his countenance. He addressed the missionaries in brief unstudied language, earnestly requesting them to visit his native island, or at least

to send instructors. His request was made known to the inhabitants of the settlement, when two intelligent, industrious, and judicious christian men offered to accompany the party. The chiefs and people brought a number of useful iron tools, which they presented to the stranger and his friends. They now collected writing paper, pens, ink, knives, scissors, tools, books, &c. for their own countrymen and their wives, who were excellent women, that they might instruct the people among whom they were going, in useful arts as well as sacred truth.

On the following morning the people met in their neat and spacious chapel. Here Auura tendered his grateful acknowledgements for their kindness, and with evident emotion, affectionately bade them farewell.

The men who had so generously offered to accompany them, and who had that morning left their comfortable dwellings and their cultivated gardens, appeared there, attended by their wives, and one of them by his children; with mingled feelings they took their leave. They were now, by those who remained, committed in solemn prayer to the care of Him, who rules the winds and waves, and is "the confidence of them that are afar off on the sea." The king, chiefs, teachers, and people, then accompanied them to the shore, where they exchanged their parting salutations, embarked in the boat, and proceeded to the ship.

Numbers, anxious to defer the moment of final separation, attended them to the Hope; and when they, and the Raiateans by whom they were accompanied, were safely on board, returned to the beach, watching with intensity of feeling the vessel, until its white sails appeared like a small speck in the distant horizon.

Three days after their departure they beheld the summits of the Rurutuan mountains. When the vessel had approached within a few miles of the land, Auura, and his friends entered the boat, and under strong and mingled feelings, proceeded to the shore, where he was welcomed by the remnant of his countrymen residing at the place. The tidings of his return soon spread through the island; and the whole population, small indeed since the removal of the scourge from which he had fled, came to tender their congratulations. On the night of his arrival, Auura conveyed his own idol on board the ship in which he had returned; and on the following day convened a public meeting of his countrymen. In honour of the chief, they came arrayed in the dress and ornaments worn on public occasions, and presented a singular spectacle. Chiefs bore their curiously carved staves; warriors appeared with their plumed helmets and formidable spears; while the priests and others exhibited on their persons all the varieties of native costume.

The little Christian band met the assembly; and Auura, demanding attention, narrated the incidents of his voyage, the countries he had visited, and informed them especially of the knowledge he had obtained respecting the true God; the destiny of man, and the means of securing enjoyment in a future state: denouncing their mythology as false—their idols as mere images—their priests as impostors; and proposed to his countrymen to follow his example in renouncing their ancient religion, and adopting that which led to happiness in this world, and promised immortality. This startling proposition was opposed by the priests, but received with acclamation by others; among whom an aged man in particular, alluded to the momentous declarations that day made, that they had souls; that after death these souls would live, truths which, he said, they never heard before. After further opposition from some who, assuming all the wild attitude and gesture of a Delphic priestess, and pretending to be inspired by the gods, threatened vengeance, it was proposed to bring the power of the gods to public trial. A number of kinds of food were regarded by them as sacred, and it was declared, that if any female should eat of these, death, or some other signal punishment, would instantly follow. The chiefs were recommended to prepare these kinds of food for a public entertainment, of which both sexes should partake, that they might thereby demonstrate the idol's impotency, and the

priests' deception. The prohibited food was dressed and served up in public, at the time appointed on the following day. After acknowledging the bounty and soliciting the blessing of the true God, Auura, his wife and friend, the Raiatean Christians, with their wives and children, sat down and partook, unitedly, of the sacred viands. The chiefs, and people who stood around, were not uninterested spectators; and when they saw this inflexible law of the gods thus openly violated, and neither convulsive agony nor instant death follow, they simultaneously exclaimed "the priests have deceived us." And but for the influence of Auura and his friends, they would have fallen in rage upon the aged chief priest who was present. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of the chief they instantly destroyed his house and plantations. The multitude then went to the temples, hurled the idols from the thrones they had for ages occupied, burnt to the ground their sacred buildings, and then proceeded *en masse*, to the demolition of every temple in this island.

When visited, three years after this event, Rurutu presented all the attractive peculiarities of its romantic scenery, improved by the change in its inhabitants. The Raiatian teachers had not only instructed the people in the use of letters, and the principles of religion, but had introduced among them a number of useful mechanic arts, which, while they promoted industry, increased the comforts of the people. Near

the spot once occupied by the temple of Rurutu's former god, stood a neat and spacious building for Christian worship ; and within sight of this the school and dwellings of the teachers. Auura had built himself a white plaistered cottage, and surrounded it with a neat and well stocked garden. The comforts he enjoyed were shared by others, who regarded him with gratitude and admiration ; and future generations will perhaps honour him as the Alfred of their history. The Austral Chief had the satisfaction of beholding his countrymen, whom a few years before he viewed as doomed to perish from the anger of malignant demons, now rescued from the dread delusion, and rapidly advancing to a state of intelligence and piety, industry and happiness.

*August 1829.*



# A DOMESTIC SCENE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“ The priest-like father reads the sacred page.”

*The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

## I.

'Twas early day—and sunlight stream'd  
Soft thro' a quiet room,  
That hush'd, but not forsaken, seem'd—  
Still, but with nought of gloom :  
For there, secure in happy age,  
Whose hope is from above,  
A father communed with the page  
Of Heaven's recorded love.

## II.

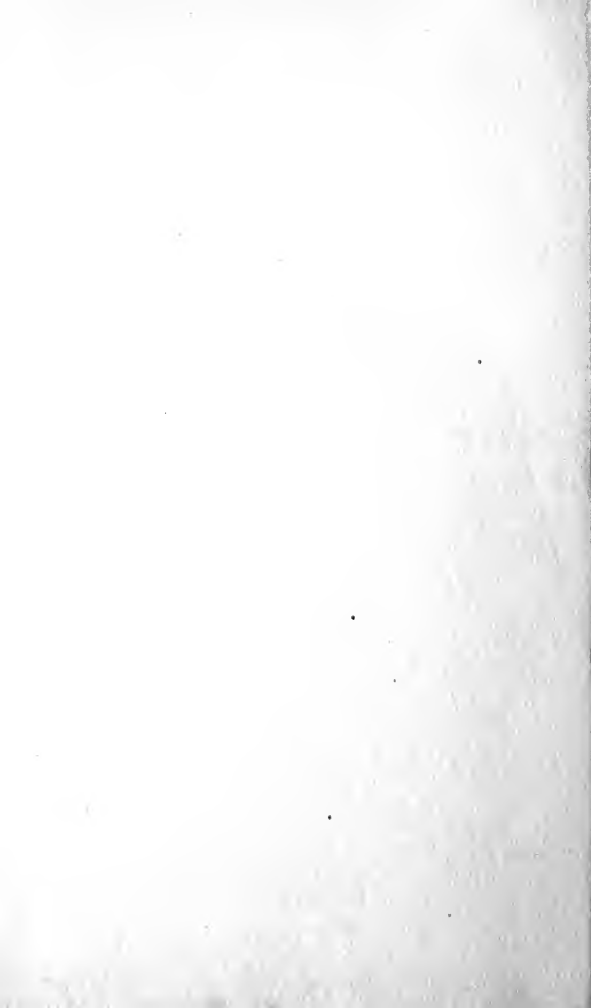
Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,  
On his grey holy hair,  
And touch'd the book with tenderest light,  
As if its shrine were *there* :  
But oh! that Patriarch's aspect shone  
With something lovelier far—  
A radiance all the spirit's own,  
Caught not from sun or star.

## III.

Some word of life ev'n then had met  
His calm benignant eye ;  
Some ancient promise, breathing yet  
Of Immortality ;  
Some heart's deep language, where the glow  
Of quenchless faith survives ;  
For every feature said—" I know  
That my Redeemer lives."

## IV.

And silent stood his children by,  
Hushing their very breath  
Before the solemn sanctity  
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death :  
Silent—yet did not each young breast  
With love and reverence melt ?  
Oh ! blest be those fair girls—and blest  
That home where God is felt !





B. P. L. Binder  
NOV 20 1911

